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POOLED SELF-ESTEEM

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I

I AM, I confess, astonished at the lack of curiosity which even psychologists, and they more than most men, discover about the most familiar, yet most surprising, facts of the human mind. They have their formulæ, as that the human mind is unconsciously always subject to the sexual instinct; and these formulæ, while they make psychology easier for those who accept them, utterly fail to explain the most familiar, yet most surprising facts.

There is, for instance, self-esteem, — egotism, — we have no precise scientific name for it; if we go by our own experience, it seems to be far more powerful and constant than the sexual instinct, far more difficult to control, and far more troublesome. The sexual instinct gets much of its power from this egotism, or self-esteem, and would be manageable without it; but self-esteem is, for many of us, unmanageable. Often we suppress it, but still it is our chief obstacle to happiness or any kind of excellence; and, however strong or persistent it may be in us, we never value it. In others we dislike it intensely, and no less intensely in ourselves when we become aware of it; and, if a man can lose it in a passion for something else, then we admire that self-

surrender above all things. In spite of the psychologists, we know that the sexual instinct is not the tyrant or the chief source of those delusions to which we are all subject. It is because we are in love with ourselves, not because we are in love with other people, that we make such a mess of our lives.

Now, what we ask of psychology, if it is to be a true science, is that it shall help us to manage ourselves so that we may achieve our deepest, most permanent desires. Between us and those desires there is always this obstacle of self-esteem, and if psychology will help us to get rid of that, then, indeed, we will take it seriously, more seriously than politics, or machinery, or drains, or any other science. For all of these, however necessary, are subsidiary to the management of the self; and all would be a thousand times better managed by a race of beings who knew how to manage themselves. There is not a science, or an art, that is not hampered by the self-esteem of those who practise it; for it blinds us both to truth and to beauty, and most of us are far more unconscious of its workings than we are of the workings of our sexual instinct. The Greeks were right when they said, 'Know thyself'; but we have not tried

to follow their advice. The self, in spite of all our attempts to analyze it away in physical terms, remains unknown, uncontrolled, and seldom the object of scientific curiosity or observation.

In the past, the great masters of religion were well aware of self-esteem; and our deepest and most practical psychology comes from them, though we do not call it psychology. For them the problem was to turn self-esteem into esteem for something else; and to that all other human problems were subsidiary. By God they meant that in which man can utterly forget himself; and they believed in God because the self can sometimes utterly forget and lose itself in something which cannot be seen or touched but which does cause self-forgetfulness. They were sure that the self could not so forget itself except in something more real than itself. 'With thy calling and shouting,' says St. Augustine, 'my deafness is broken; with thy glittering and shining, my blindness is put to flight. At the scent of thee I draw in my breath and I pant for thee; I have tasted and I hunger and thirst; thou hast touched me and I am on fire for thy peace.' Augustine had, no doubt, an exorbitant self, which tormented him; and he was far more aware of his self-esteem and its workings than most men are, even to-day. He was concerned with a real, psychological fact, and his *Confessions* are still interesting to us because of that concern. And the Sermon on the Mount itself is also practical and psychological, concerned with the satisfaction of the self in something else, so that we are still interested in it, however little we may obey it. But still, from this supreme object of self-control, we turn to other tasks and sciences, at best only subsidiary.

We might begin by asking, if once our curiosity were aroused — Why are we born with this exorbitant self? It seems to have no biological purpose; it

does not help us in the struggle for life, any more than in the arts and sciences, or in conduct, to be always esteeming, admiring, and relishing the self. The products of our egotism, open or suppressed, are useless and unvalued; the very word vanity expresses our opinion of them. But what a vast part of ourselves is just vanity — far vaster than the part that is instinct or appetite. The demands of appetites cease, for the time, with their satisfaction, but the demands of vanity never. Consider, for instance, how your whole opinion of any man is affected by the fact that he has wounded or flattered your vanity. If he does either unconsciously, the effect on your opinion of him, on your whole feeling toward him, is all the greater; for your vanity knows that unconscious homage or contempt is the most sincere.

The greatest villain in literature, Iago, acts from vanity. He did not know it; we may not know it as we read the play; but Shakespeare knew it by instinct; he saw the possibilities of his own vanity in that of Iago, saw that it was cruel as the grave, and developed it in his tragedy of vanity. Those satanic criminals who seduce and murder woman after woman are not sex-maniacs, but vanity-maniacs, and their conquests feed their vanity more than their lust. They are imprisoned in the self, enslaved to it. And the great masters of religion, intensely aware of this tyrannical self in themselves, fear to be enslaved to it and cry to God for freedom. That is why they are almost morbidly, as it seems to us, concerned with sin. Sin means to them this exorbitant self, this vanity that may draw a man into any monstrous and purposeless villainy. They *will* not allow the analysis of sin into other and more harmless things, or the analysis of righteousness into other things less lovely. For them there is one problem — to be free of the self and of vanity, to be aware of that which glit-

ters and shines, which shouts and calls to the self to forget itself and be at peace. Sin is the blindness, deafness, captivity of the self when it is turned in upon the self; righteousness is its peace and happiness when it is aware of that superior reality they call God.

You may think them wrong in theory, but in practice they are right; they are concerned with the real human difficulty, and aiming at that which all human beings do most deeply and constantly desire. The riddle of life is this riddle of the exorbitant self, which somehow or other must be satisfied, but can be satisfied only when it forgets itself in a superior reality. I say *satisfied*, because suppression or self-sacrifice, as it is commonly understood, is no solution of the problem. You can almost kill the self by lack of interest; but if you do that, you will not satisfy it and, in some indirect way, its egotism will still persist and work mischief in you.

Ascetics are often the worst egotists of all, thinking about nothing but their own souls, which means their own selves, living a life of inner conquest and adventure, which is all artificial because internal. Their interest, because they refuse it to external reality, is the more intensely concentrated on themselves; their very God, to whom they incessantly pray, is but an idol made and set up within the temple of the self and has no likeness to the real God, if there be one. Or it is like a medium, or the leading articles of a newspaper, telling them what they wish to be told, and persuading them that it is true because it seems to come from outside, whereas all the time it is really only the voice of the self echoed back. By those methods we can attain to no freedom because we attain to no self-knowledge or control or satisfaction.

If one is concerned purely with psychology, freed from all biological or other assumptions, one may conjecture that

the self comes into life with all kinds of capacities or faculties itching to be exercised, and that the problem of life, for some reason a very hard one, is to find a scope for their exercise. We are born with all these faculties and capacities, but we are not born with a technique that will enable us to exercise them. And, if we never acquire it, then the self remains exorbitant, because they all, as it were, fester and seethe within it. It is as exorbitant as when we have an abscess at the root of a tooth and can think of nothing else. Any thwarting of a faculty, capacity, or appetite produces this exorbitance and tyranny of the self, but, since the satisfaction of faculties and capacities is, for most people, much harder than the satisfaction of appetites, the exorbitance of the self is more often caused by the thwarting of the former than of the latter. The problem of the satisfaction of appetites is comparatively simple, for it does not even need a technique of the mind. We can eat without learning to eat; we can make love, even, without learning to make love; but when it comes to turning the mind outward and away from itself, then it is the mind itself that has to learn, has to realize and discover its external interests by means of a technique painfully acquired.

Civilization means the acquirement of all the techniques needed for the full exercise of faculties and capacities, and, thereby, the release of the self from its own tyranny. Where men are vainest, there they are least civilized; and no amount of mechanical efficiency or complication will deliver them from the suppression of faculties and the tyranny of the self, or will give them civilization. But at present we are not aware how we are kept back in barbarism by the suppression of our faculties and the tyranny of our exorbitant selves. We shall discover that clearly and fully only when psychology becomes really psychology; when it concerns itself with the practi-

cal problems which most need solving; when it no longer tries to satisfy us with dogmas and formulæ taken from other sciences.

II

And now I come to the practical part of this article. I, like everyone else, am aware that we are kept back in barbarism and cheated of civilization by war; but behind war there is something in the mind of man that consents to war, in spite of the fact that both conscience and self-interest are against it; and it seems to me that a real, a practical science of psychology would concern itself with this something, just as the science of medicine concerns itself with pestilence. And a real, a practical science of psychology would not be content to talk about the herd-instinct, which is not a psychological, but a biological hypothesis, and only a hypothesis. It would not say, 'Man is a herd animal; therefore it is natural for herds of men to fight each other.' In the first place, it would remember that herds of animals do not necessarily fight other herds; in the second, that we do not know that man, in his remote animal past, was a herd animal; and, in the third place, that, as psychology, it is concerned with the mind of man as it is, not with what other sciences may conjecture about the past history of man.

Now, if psychology asks itself what it is in the present mind of man, of the peoples we call civilized, that consents to war, it will at once have its attention drawn to the fact that wars occur between nations, and that men have a curious habit of thinking of nations apart from the individuals who compose them; and of believing all good of their own nation and all evil of any other which may, at the moment, be opposed to it. This is commonplace, of course; but, having stated the commonplace, I wish to discover the reason of it. And I cannot content myself with the formula that man is

a herd animal, not only because it is not proved, but also because there is no promise of a remedy in it. There is something in me, in all men, which rebels against this blind belief that all is good in my nation, and evil in some other; and what I desire is something to confirm and strengthen this rebellion. When we can explain the baser, sillier part of ourselves, then it begins to lose its power over us; but the hypothesis of the herd-instinct is not an explanation — it says, merely, that we are fools in the very nature of things, which is not helpful or altogether true. We are fools, no doubt, but we wish not to be fools; it is possible for us to perceive our folly, to discern the causes of it, and by that very discernment to detach ourselves from it, to make it no longer a part of our minds, but something from which they have suffered and begin to recover. Then it is as if we had stimulated our own mental phagocytes against bacilli that have infected the mind from outside; we no longer submit ourselves to the disease as if it were health; but, knowing it to be disease, we begin to recover from it.

The habit of believing all good of our own nation and all evil of another is a kind of national egotism, having all the symptoms and absurdities and dangers of personal egotism, or self-esteem; yet it does not seem to us to be egotism, because the object of our esteem appears to be, not ourselves, but the nation. Most of us have no conviction of sin about it, such as we have about our own egotism; nor does boasting of our country seem to us vulgar, like boasting of ourselves. Yet we do boast about it because it is our country, and we feel a warm conviction of its virtues which we do not feel about the virtues of any other country. But, when we boast and are warmed by this conviction, we separate ourselves from the idea of the country, so that our boasting and warmth may not seem to us egotistical; we persuade ourselves that

our feeling for our country is noble and disinterested, although the peculiar delight we take in admiring it could not be if it were not our country. Thus we get the best of both worlds, the pleasures of egotism without any sense of its vulgarity, the mental intoxication without the mental headaches.

But I will give an example of the process which, I hope, will convince better than any description of it. Most Englishmen and, no doubt, most Americans, would sooner die than boast of their own goods. Yet, if someone says — some Englishman in an English newspaper — that the English are a handsome race, unlike the Germans, who are plain, an Englishman, reading it, will say to himself, 'That is true,' and will be gratified by his conviction that it is true. He will not rush into the street uttering the syllogism: 'The English are a handsome race; I am an Englishman; therefore I am handsome'; but, unconsciously and unexpressed, the syllogism will complete itself in his mind; and, though he says nothing of his good looks even to himself, he will *feel* handsomer. Then, if he sees a plain German, he will say to himself, or will feel without saying it, 'That poor German belongs to a plain race, whereas I belong to a handsome one.' Americans may be different, but I doubt it.

So, if we read the accounts of our great feats of arms in the past, we ourselves feel braver and more victorious. We teach children in our schools about these feats, and that they are characteristic of Englishmen, or Americans, or Portuguese, as the case may be; and we never warn them, because we never warn ourselves, that there is egotism in their pride and in their belief that such braveries are peculiarly characteristic of their own country. Yet every country feels the same pride and delight in its own peculiar virtues and its own preëminence; and it is not possible that every country should be superior to all others.

Further, we see the absurdity of the claims of any other country clearly enough, and the vulgarity of its boasting. Look at the comic papers of another country and their patriotic cartoons; as Americans, look at *Punch*, and especially at the cartoons in which it expresses its sense of the peculiar virtues, the sturdy wisdom, the bluff honesty, of John Bull, or the lofty aims and ideal beauty of Britannia; or those other, less frequent, cartoons, in which it criticizes or patronizes the behavior of Jonathan and the ideals of Columbia. Does it not seem to you incredible, as Americans, that any Englishmen should be so stupid as to be tickled by such gross flattery, or so ignorant as to be deceived by such glaring misrepresentations? Have you never itched to write something sarcastic to the editor of *Punch*, something that would convince even him that he was talking nonsense? Well, Englishmen have just the same feelings about the cartoons in American papers; and just the same blindness about their own. Disraeli said that everyone likes flattery, but with royalty you lay it on with a trowel; and nations are like royalty, only more so: they will swallow anything about themselves while wondering at the credulity of other nations.

What is the cause of this blindness? You and I, as individuals, have learned at least to conceal our self-esteem; we are made uneasy by gross flattery; we are like the Duke of Wellington, who, when grossly flattered by Samuel Warren, said to him: 'I am glad there is nobody here to hear you say that.'

'Why, your Grace?' asked Warren.

'Because,' answered the duke, 'they might think I was damned fool enough to believe you.'

But when our country is flattered, and by one of our countrymen, we do not feel this uneasiness; at least, such flattery is a matter of course in the newspapers and at public meetings in all coun-

tries; there is such a large and constant supply of it, that there must be an equally large and constant demand. Yet no one can doubt that it is absurd and dangerous, if not in his own country, in others. Believe, if you will, that all the praises of your own country are deserved, and all the more, because of that belief, you will see that the praises of other countries are not deserved. If America is superior to all other countries in all essential virtues, then, clearly, all the other countries cannot be superior, and there must be some cause for their blind belief in their superiority. Englishmen, for instance, however bad their manners, do not proclaim, or even believe, that they are individually superior to all other men — indeed, you hold that the bad manners of Englishmen come from their belief, not in their individual superiority, but in the superiority of England; if they could be rid of that, they might be almost as well-mannered as yourselves. It is a national vanity, a national blindness, that makes fools of them.

But what is the cause of a folly so empty of either moral, or æsthetic, or even biological value, so dangerous indeed, not only to the rest of the world, but even to themselves? For the danger of this folly, its biological uselessness, has been proved to us in the most signal and fearful manner lately by the Germans. They cultivated national vanity until it became madness; and we are all aware of the results. But, if we suppose that they behaved so because they were Germans and therefore born mad or wicked, we shall learn nothing from their disaster. They were, like ourselves, human beings. There, but for the grace of God, goes England, goes America even; and whence comes this madness from which the Grace of God may not always save us? Because it exists everywhere, and is not only tolerated but encouraged, it must satisfy some need of the mind, however dangerously and perversely. Where

there is a great demand for dangerous drugs, it is not enough to talk indigantly of the drug-habit. That habit is but a symptom of some deeper evil, something wrong with the lives of the drug-takers, for which the drug is their mistaken remedy; and the right remedy must be found if the habit is to be extirpated.

National egotism, I believe, is a kind of mental drug, which we take because of some unsatisfied need of our minds; and we shall not cure ourselves of it until we discover what causes our craving for national flattery and also our dislike and contempt of other countries. Somewhere, as in the case of all drug-taking, there is suppression of some kind; and the suppression, I suggest, is of individual egotism. We are trained by the manners and conventions of what we call our civilization to suppress our egotism; good manners consist, for the most part, in the suppression of it. However much we should like to talk of ourselves, our own achievements and deserts, we do not wish to hear others talking about theirs. The open egotist is shunned as a bore by all of us; and only the man who, for some reason, is unable to suppress his egotism, remains an open egotist and a bore, persists in the I—I—I of childhood, and provokes the impatience caused by the persistence of all childish habits in the grown-up.

But this suppression of egotism is not necessarily the destruction of it, any more than the suppression of the sexual instinct is the destruction of that. And, in fact, our modern society is full of people whose egotism is all the more exorbitant and unconsciously troublesome to themselves, because it is suppressed. Their hunger for praise is starved, but not removed; for they dare not even praise themselves. Ask yourself, for instance, whether you have ever been praised as much as you would like to be? Are you not aware of a profound

desert in yourself which no one, even in your own family has ever fully recognized? True, you have your faults, but, unlike the faults of so many other people, they are the defects of your qualities. And then there is in you a sensitiveness, a delicacy of perception, a baffled creative faculty even, in fact, an unrealized genius, which might any day realize itself to the surprise of a stupid world. Of all this you never speak; and in that you are like everyone else in the stupid world; for all mankind shares with you, dumbly, this sense of their own profound desert and unexpressed genius; and if, by some ring of Solomon or other talisman, we were suddenly forced to speak out the truth, we should all proclaim our genius without listening to each other.

I, for my part, believe in it, believe that it does exist, not only in myself, but in all men, and the men of acknowledged genius are those who have found a technique for realizing it. I say *realizing*, because, until it is expressed in some kind of action, it does not fully exist; and the egos of most of us are exorbitant, however much we may suppress their outward manifestations, because they do not succeed in getting themselves born. The word in us is never made flesh; we stammer and bluster with it, we seethe and simmer within; and, though we may submit to a life of routine and suppression, the submission is not of the whole self: it is imposed on us by the struggle for life and for business purposes: and, unknown to ourselves, the exorbitant, because unexpressed, unsatisfied ego finds a vent somehow and somewhere.

III

Self-esteem is the consolation we offer to the self because it cannot, by full expression, win esteem from others. Each one of us is to the self like a fond mother to her least gifted son: we make up to it for the indifference of the world;

but not consciously, for in conscious self-esteem there is no consolation. If I said to myself, 'No one else esteems me; therefore I will practise self-esteem, — the very statement would make the practice impossible. It must be done unconsciously and indirectly, if it is to be done at all and to give us any satisfaction. Most of us have now enough psychology to detect ourselves in the practice of self-esteem, unless it is very cunningly disguised: and, what is more, we are quick to detect each other. It is, indeed, a convention of our society, and a point of good manners, to conceal our self-esteem from others, and even from ourselves, by a number of instinctive devices. One of the chief of these is our humor, much of which consists of self-depreciation, expressed or implied; and we delight in it in spite of the subtle warning of Doctor Johnson, who said, 'Never believe a man when he runs himself down; he only does it to show how much he has to spare.'

By all these devices we persuade ourselves that we have got rid of the exorbitant ego, that we live in a happy, free, civilized, de-egotized world. We are not troubled by the contrast between our personal modesty and our national boasting, because we are not aware of the connection between them. But the connection, I believe, exists; the national boasting proves that we have not got rid of our self-esteem, but only pooled it, so that we may still enjoy and express it, if only in an indirect and not fully satisfying manner. The pooling is a *pis-aller*, like the floating of a limited company when you have not enough capital to finance some enterprise of your own; but it is the best we can do with an egotism that is only suppressed and disguised, not transmuted.

If I have an exorbitant opinion of myself, it is continually criticized and thwarted by external criticism; I learn, therefore, not to express it, and even

that I have it; but all the while I am seeking, unconsciously, for some means by which I can give it satisfaction. It becomes impossible for me to believe that I am a wonder in the face of surrounding incredulity; so I seek for something, seeming not to be myself, that I can believe to be a wonder, without arousing criticism or incredulity; in fact, something which others also believe to be a wonder, because it seems to them not to be themselves.

There are many such things, but the largest, the most convincing, and the most generally believed in, is Our Country. A man may, to some extent, pool his self-esteem in his family; but the moment he goes out into the world, he is subject to external criticism and incredulity. Or he may pool it in his town; but, as I have heard, the Bostonian-born is subject to the criticism and incredulity of the inhabitants of other towns. What, therefore, we need, and what we get, is a something which at the same time distinguishes us from a great part of the human race, and yet is shared by nearly all those with whom we come in contact. That we find in our country; and in our country we do most successfully and unconsciously pool our self-esteem. True, there are other countries also pooling their self-esteem in the same way, and apt to criticize us and to question our preëminence; but they are far away and we can think of them as an absurd, degenerate horde or rabble; we can look at their newspapers and cartoons in our own atmosphere, and laugh at them securely. They have, indeed, a useful function in the heightening of our own pooled self-esteem; for we are able, from a distance, to compare ourselves, *en masse*, with them, and to feel how fortunate we are, with a kind of hereditary merit, to be born different from them —

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main, —

then also it was the command of Heaven that we should in due course be born Britons, and share in the glory of the mariners of England who guard our native seas; and there is not one of us who, crossing from Dover to Calais for the first time, does not feel that he is more at home on his native seas than any seasick Frenchman.

All this is amusing enough to Americans in an Englishman, or to Englishmen in an American; but it is also very dangerous. In fact, it is the chief danger that threatens our civilization, that prevents it from being civilized, and so, secure. We are all aware of private vices, even of individual self-esteem and its dangers; but this great common vice, this pooled self-esteem, we still consider a virtue and encourage it by all means in our power. And this we do because we are not aware of its true nature and causes. We think that it is disinterested, when it is only the starved ego, consoling itself with a *pis-aller*; we suppose that it is necessary to the national existence, when the Germans have just proved to us that it may ruin a most prosperous nation. Still we confuse it with real patriotism, which is love of something not ourselves, of our own people and city and our native fields, and which, being love, does not in the least insist that that which is loved is superior to other things, or people, unloved because unknown. We know that where there is real affection, there is not this rivalry or enmity; no man, because he loves his wife, makes domestically patriotic songs about her, proclaiming that she is superior to all other wives; nor does he hate or despise the wives of other men. In true love there is no self-esteem, pooled or latent, but rather it increases the capacity for love; it makes the loving husband see the good in all women; and he would as soon boast of his own wife as a religious man would boast of his God.

So the true love of country may be clearly distinguished from the patriotism that is pooled self-esteem, by many symptoms. For the patriotism that is pooled self-esteem, though it make a man boast of his country, does not make him love his countrymen. Germans, for instance, before the war, showed no great love of other Germans, however much they might sing 'Deutschland über Alles'; and in England, the extreme Jingo, or nationalist, is always reviling their countrymen for not making themselves enough of a nuisance to the rest of the world. To them the British Empire is an abstraction, something to be boasted about and intrigued for; but real, living Englishmen are, for the most part, unworthy of it. Their patriotism, because it is pooled self-esteem, manifests itself in hatred rather than in love; just because it cannot declare itself for what it is, because it is suppressed and diverted, its symptoms are always negative rather than positive. For, being suppressed and diverted, it can never find full satisfaction like the positive passion of love. So it turns from one object of hate to another, and from one destructive aim to another. Germany was the enemy and Germany is vanquished; another enemy must be found, another danger scented; and there are always enough patriots in every country, suffering from pooled self-esteem, to hail each other as enemies, and to play the game of mutual provocation.

So no league of nations, no polite speeches of kings and presidents, prime ministers and ambassadors, will keep us from hating each other and feeling good when we do so, unless we can attain to enough self-knowledge to understand why it is that we hate each other, and to see that this mutual hate and boasting are but a suppressed and far more dangerous form of that vanity which we have learned, at least, not to betray in our personal relations. In fact, the only

thing that can end war is psychology applied to its proper purpose of self-knowledge and self-control. If once it can convince us that, when we boast of our country, we are suffering from pooled self-esteem, then we shall think it as vulgar and dangerous to boast of our country as to boast of ourselves. And, further, we shall be ashamed of such boasting, as a symptom of failure in ourselves. For pooled self-esteem is self-esteem afraid to declare itself, and it exists because the self has not found a scope for the exercise of its own faculties.

Why did the Germans suffer so much from pooled self-esteem before the war? Because they were a suppressed and thwarted people. The ordinary German was wounded in his personal self-esteem by all the social conventions of his country; he was born and bred to a life of submission; and, though consciously he consented to it, unconsciously his self-esteem sought a vent and found it in the belief that, being a German, he was in all things superior to those who were not Germans. The more submissive he was as a human being, the more arrogant he became as a German; and, with unconscious cunning, his rulers reconciled him to a life of inferiority by encouraging him in his collective pride. So, even while he behaved as if he were the member of an inferior, almost conquered, race, to his military caste, he told himself that this was the price he gladly paid for national preëminence.

Before and during the war the Germans were always saying that they had found a new way of freedom through discipline and obedience; unlike the vulgar, anarchical, democracies of the West, they stooped to conquer; and, since they did it willingly, it was freedom, not servitude. But their psychology was as primitive as it was dangerous. That willingness of theirs was but making the best of a bad job. If only they had known

it, they were not content with their submission; no people so intelligent in some things, so industrious and so self-conscious, could be content. There was in them a dangerous, unsatisfied stock of self-esteem, which, since they dared not express it in their ordinary behavior, found expression at last in a collective national madness. It seems to us now that the German people suffered from persecution mania; but that mania was the vent by which every German eased his sense of individual wrong and soothed his wounded personal pride. By a kind of substitution, he took revenge for the sins of his own Junkers upon all rival nations; and hence the outbreak which seemed to us incredible even while it was happening.

I speak of this now only because it is a lesson to all of us, Americans and English. We too are thwarted, not so systematically as the Germans, but still constantly, in our self-esteem; and we too are constantly tempted to console ourselves by pooling it. In all industrial societies, the vast majority never find a scope for the full exercise of their faculties, and are aware of their inferiority to the successful few. This inferiority may not be expressed politically or in social conventions; in America, and even in England, the successful may have the wit not to insist in any open or offensive manner upon their success; but, all the same, it gives them a power, freedom, and celebrity which others lack. And this difference is felt far more than in the past, because now the poor live more in cities and know better what the rich are doing. Unconsciously, they are wounded in their self-esteem by all that they read in the papers of the doings of the rich; they have become spectators of an endless feast, which they do not share, with the result that they pool their wounded self-esteem either in revolutionary exasperation or in national pride. But, since national pride seems

far less dangerous to the rich and successful than revolutionary exasperation, with the profound, unconscious cunning of instinct, they encourage national pride by all means in their power.

There, I think, they are wrong. I believe that national pride, and the hatred of other nations, is a more dangerous vent for pooled self-esteem even than revolutionary exasperation; for, sooner or later, it will, as in Russia, produce a revolutionary exasperation all the more desperate because it has been deferred and deceived. If we have another world war, — and we shall have one unless we discover and prevent the causes of war in our own minds, — there will be revolutionary exasperation everywhere; and it will be vain to tell starving mobs that it is all the fault of the enemy. The chauvinism of the disinherited mob is but a drug, which increases the evil it pretends to heal. Behind revolutionary exasperation, and behind chauvinism, there is the same evil at work, namely, the thwarting of faculties, the sense of inferiority, the disappointed ego; and we must clearly understand the disease if we are to find the remedy.

The remedy, of course, is a society in which faculties will no longer be suppressed, in which men will cure themselves of their self-esteem, not by pooling it, but by caring for something not themselves more than for themselves. To dream of such a society is as easy as to accomplish it is difficult; but we shall have taken the first step toward the accomplishment of it when we see clearly that we have no alternative except a relapse into barbarism. Suppression, good manners, discipline, will never rid us of our self-esteem; still it will find a vent in some collective, and so more dangerous, form, unless we can, as the psychologists say, sublimate it into a passion for something not ourselves. If we believe that our country is not ourselves, we deceive ourselves; we

may give our lives for it, but it is still the idol in which we pool our self-esteem; and the only way to escape from the worship of idols is to find the true God.

I am not now talking religion; I am talking psychology, though I am forced to use religious terms. The true God is to be found by every man only through the discovery of his deepest, most permanent desires; and these he can discover only through the exercise of his highest faculties. So that is the problem for all of us, and, as we now know, it is a collective problem, one which we can solve only all together. So long as other men are thwarted in the exercise of their highest faculties, you are thwarted also; you are kept always from happiness by the unhappiness of others.

You may be rich, brilliant, and a lover of peace; but, so long as the mass of men can do nothing with their self-esteem but pool it, you will live in a world of wars and rumors of wars. You may be an artist, a philosopher, a man of science; but, so long as the mass of men are set by division of labor to tasks in which they cannot satisfy the higher demands of the self, any demagogue may tempt them to destroy all that you value. Until they also enjoy and so value it, it is not secure for you or for the world.

In the past religion has failed because the problem of release from self-esteem

has been for it a private and personal one. That is where psychology can now come to its aid. When once we understand that our self-esteem, if suppressed, is pooled, not destroyed, and that we can escape from it only by the exercise of our higher faculties, we shall see also that the problem of release is collective. We are, indeed, all members one of another, as the masters of religion have always said; but only now is it possible for us to see the full truth of their saying. In the past there often seemed to be some incompatibility between religion and civilization; but now we are learning that they are one, and have the same enemy. Once men sought for God alone, and in the wilderness; now we may be sure that they will not find Him unless they search all together. Salvation itself is not a private making of our peace with God: it is a common making of our peace with each other; and that we shall never do until, by self-knowledge, we remove the causes of war from our own minds.

All that I have said in this article is vague, loose, and amateurish; and I have fallen into religious language now and again because there was no other that I could use. But the science that we all need, if we are all together to be saved, does not yet exist. I have written to point out our bitter need of it, and in the hope that the demand will produce the supply.

CONSOLATION

BY ALBION FELLOWS BACON

I

THE door-bell rang in the night. It was toward morning, and cold. We sat up and listened.

It rang again.

The children were asleep across the hall. Their father went downstairs quietly and opened the door.

Leaning over the rail, I heard him talking to a messenger. Then he came back upstairs, shaking violently, as with a heavy chill, and handed me a telegram.

It read, 'Margaret is very ill. Come at once.'

We looked at each other in terror and bewilderment. She had gone away, a few days before, so radiant, and seemingly in perfect health. We had letters telling of her happy visit, and the plans for the wedding at which she was to be bridesmaid. In her letters there was no hint of illness or weakness. It seemed impossible that in such a short time she could be seriously ill. Had there been an accident? Could there be a mistake?

I wondered and reasoned, unable to accept the message, but weighed down with dread forebodings. Her father could say nothing, but he looked gray and broken, as if the telegram had brought news of her death. He told me, afterward, that he was convinced that was what it meant.

'Let us pray for her to be well,' I said, after we had turned the heart-breaking puzzle over and over. 'That is all we can do. We have always pray-

ed, and the children always get well. Perhaps we may get another telegram by morning, saying she is better.'

And so I actually hoped; and, at last, praying, fell asleep. But her father could not sleep. I think he lay awake till morning, when, in the chill, early gray dawn, we made his preparations, and he left to take the first train.

Later, I woke the children and told them what had happened. They were distressed with vague fears, watching me with anxious little faces.

I went about in a strange, unhappy daze, feeling a cold hand clutching my heart, imagining her in pain, in fever, wondering what the physicians were doing for her, longing, in an agony of desire and grief, to be with her. I was hoping every minute for a telegram that would say she was better.

After some hours a telegram came. It announced her death.

Holding it with trembling fingers, I reread it with blurred vision, doubting my sight. It brought no conviction, simply more bewilderment. It was impossible. It was unthinkable. *She* to die! I did not believe it. I had never known anyone so vividly alive. Her lithe, slender body, her face, alight and radiant with thought, seemed to be only an expression of her spirit. 'Spirit, fire, and dew' — so I had often thought of her.

I sat and stared at the telegram, stupidly, as one might look at a heavy club that had smitten one on the head.

I know now that the effect it had was that of a physical blow. I could not think coherently, but one idea kept rising insistently. There was some mistake. It might be a trance. I sent a hasty telegram by telephone, and then another, more explicit and urgent. I waited in a state of suspended life. At last the answer came back: —

‘There was no mistake. Five physicians were called.’

There was no mistake. Then —

I could not frame the thought. It was like another, heavier blow. My brain reeled. Thought seemed to stagger, to faint, to rouse and fall, exactly as it does when recovering from an anæsthetic or a blow. I recalled the feeling of the surgeon’s knife, the stabs of pain, dulled and then sharp, as consciousness returns.

That impression of the anæsthetic persisted for days—the feeling of dull stupor, with sudden sharp stabs of pain, as realization came at times. It is a merciful result of such a blow that the stupor prevails.

Then, all at once, a clear thought came to me: ‘Now she is with God. Now she *knows* what we two have so often wondered about.’

I was overpowered by the wonder, the beauty, and the glory of that thought. I rose and stood by the inner door. Suddenly, it seemed to me that Margaret was with me. She seemed to take my hand and draw me up, a step higher, while she stood close to me, a little higher, still holding my hand.

Then it seemed as if, while we stood thus together, a great brilliant sun rose from the horizon, with rays spreading to the zenith, while an ineffable glory spread over the world.

I do not know how long we stood. It was so wonderful that I found myself smiling, though I stood there, at last, alone.

‘She is not dead,’ I said to myself.

‘She is more vitally, strongly alive than ever before, and she is with God. She is happy.’

The beauty and glory of that experience stayed with me. It left an exaltation that lasted for months. It left, too, a deep conviction that Margaret was in a realm of love and happiness and beauty, infinitely transcending ours.

Because I am not a spiritualist, and would not seek or credit any of their ‘communications,’ I want to make it plain that there was no appearance, no voice, no touch, no thrill of contact. There was no illusion. The experience did not seem in the least supernatural, but most natural. It seemed to be of the texture of thought, as if I had a strong thought of her being with me. It was a manifestation of her love, I feel sure. It gave me unspeakable comfort and assurance.

II

‘When she comes home,’ I thought, with throbbing heart,

That danced a measure to my mind’s refrain.
Again from out the door I leaned and looked,
Where she should come along the leafy lane.
And then she came—I heard the measured sound

Of slow, oncoming feet, whose heavy tread
Seemed trampling out my life. I saw her face.
Then through my brain a sudden numbness spread.

The earth seemed spun away, the sun was gone,
And time, and place, and thought. There was no thing

In all the universe, save one who lay
So still and cold and white, unanswering,
Save by a graven smile, my broken moan.
She had come home, yet there I knelt alone.

Years ago I had written that poem, after reading Riley’s ‘When she comes Home.’ Was it a prophecy?

It was some days before they brought her home from that distant state. It seemed like months. I must not dwell on the agony of those days, or anything they held for all of us.

And then she came—I heard the measured sound
Of slow, oncoming feet —

I had looked forward, with a great eagerness, to seeing her again. I went into the room. There, amid a bower of flowers, dressed in glistening, delicate white, lay a beautiful girl. 'So still and cold and white, unanswering' —

I felt a distinct shock of disappointment. This was not Margaret. There was some mistake, after all. But the clear-cut, cameo features were the same, the hair, the hands. I touched them. Who can forget that icy cold! It was marble. It was not Margaret.

I stood, disappointed and puzzled. She was not lying there. I was sure of it. She was alive, and was both with me and in heaven. The flood of triumphant conviction swept over me again. I looked about the room, in a kind of wonder at the funeral flowers — for her, who was not dead! There were pallid white roses. But among them were some splendid rich red roses, full of life and vigor. Yes, they were suitable. And there were her favorite pink ones. Then my eye caught a great wreath of sweet peas, white, rose-pink, and lavender. It seemed to express my thought of her present life and surroundings. I caught it up and laid it over the feet of the beautiful, still figure.

Later in the day someone came and spoke to me about a dress — a black dress. The thought filled me with horror. Black! They wear black for the dead. She was not dead. To wear black would seem to proclaim her dead. I showed them the wreath. 'If it were possible, I should like to wear white, embroidered with rose and lavender, and threads of gold, like light,' I said. 'That is the glorious way I think of her.' But I felt that no one could understand.

They spoke of cards, black-edged, and of kerchiefs, black-edged. It seemed childish to me, even though one

were dead. How wide should the border be, to express one's grief? It would be all black, would it not? But it would seem to say that she was dead. I could not bear it, and ordered only white.

Another day passed while the beautiful form lay among the flowers. I need not tell anyone who has experienced it, what those days were to the grief-stricken household.

Then the time came when we stood on the hillside, while light snow-flakes fell, beside the open grave. It almost seemed true, then, what they all said. Dazed, in bewilderment and dumb pain, I saw the blanket of roses laid over the grave. But as we turned heavily away, I knew that Margaret was with us.

As we entered the door of the home there came that piercing, crushing thought that she would never come back, as she had before. But she was alive. She was 'just away,' as she had been on the visit, as her sister had been at school. Farther? No, nearer, very near. I was sure of it. And we would be going to her.

From that time I have looked forward to that meeting, and I can hardly wait.

III

It was a comfort, that first night, to feel that she was with my father and those others we loved. There comes to us all at such times, at first, — and especially at night, — an overwhelming, instinctive fear of the loneliness and darkness and cold. It is as if those who have gone from us had set forth alone, in a tiny boat, upon a misty sea. Are they frightened? Are they lonely? Are they cold? We can think and feel only in terms of the senses, and we torture ourselves with these unreasoning thoughts. We try to reach out human hands of helpfulness to them; and then

we realize with relief that others, like them, can touch and help them, when we cannot.

The thought makes the flesh seem unreal. It makes God seem more real. We are turned back on the thought of God, and of his promises. The Twenty-third Psalm is a refuge. We sink into the comfort of the thought, 'Underneath are the Everlasting Arms.' We hold to the promise of Christ, 'Lo, I am with you always.' It is unspeakably comforting to realize that 'If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.'

Why, they could not be away from Him *anywhere* in the universe. They could not grope a single step in darkness or bewilderment.

Then I began to realize that we are just as entirely dependent on God in the flesh, as we are after we leave it. How helpless are mortals, before the power of the aroused elements, in flood or fire, earthquake or hurricane! How helpless in pestilence! How little human hands can do to protect us! And we are as helpless to provide for our needs, if provision is not made first by Nature.

I realize how God's care anticipates our human needs, provides light for the eye, sound for the ear, adjusts our physical frame to the pressure of the atmosphere, maintains the thermoequilibrium of the body these and thousands of other provisions. And 'does He not provide as generously for our souls, even while they are imprisoned in the flesh? In how many ways does He minister to the soul — through the eye, the ear, the intellect, and by spiritual communion.

The study, not only of the human body and mind, but also of physical nature, convinces one of open heart of the care of God.

'Consider the lilies of the field.'
'Behold the fowls of the air. . . .
Your heavenly Father feedeth them.'

Many a time, since then, have I stood, as the golden sunset deepened into twilight, and listened to the robins singing their happy vespers among the orchard trees. As it sank to a soft twitter, blending with the contented hum of insects, and the far-off, peaceful sounds of flock and herd, there has swept over me an overwhelming consciousness of the care of the All-Father for his creatures.

Something of this came to me that first night, and I prayed for her who had gone out into what seemed at first to be the great Darkness. It was not that she needed my prayers, for her faith was as deep as mine; but that seemed the only way I could bear her company. Gradually the darkness became luminous, and the horror of cold and loneliness melted away in the warm consciousness of the love and light of God.

The next day a friend brought me a copy of the beautiful prayer that his church uses. It was so comforting that I want to give it to others.

'O God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever world or condition they be; I beseech Thee for her whose name and dwelling-place and every need Thou knowest.

'Lord, vouchsafe her light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation, in Paradise, in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of thy great love. Grant that her life (so troubled here) may unfold itself in thy sight and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. If she hath ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of mine, I pray Thee, of thy great pity, to heal and restore her, that she may serve Thee without hindrance.

'Tell her, O gracious Lord, if it may

be, how much I love her and miss her and long to see her again; and, if there be ways in which she may come, vouchsafe her to me as a guide and guard, and grant us a sense of her nearness, in such degree as thy laws permit.

‘If in aught I can minister to her peace, be pleased, of thy love, to let this be; and mercifully keep me from every act which may deprive me of the sight of her as soon as our trial time is over, or mar the fullness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

‘Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this my prayer, and let thy will be done; for my will is blind and erring, but thine is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.’

‘Light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation.’ What could I pray for her that she would not have? I prayed God to give her all these, and some special, shining joy, because of her mother’s prayer. I prayed for Him to give her my love, and to tell her how deeply we missed her; for, though I lifted my thought to her constantly, I felt that she was more sure to receive the message in that way. I prayed, too, that I might have communion with her, and that my thought might go to her. I feel now that it does. And then I taught the children to pray, ‘Please, God, give her our love.’ But most of all I prayed that she might be kept as close to Christ as possible. That means all safety, all care, all be-attitude.

IV

The pink roses left in the home breathed of her. While they lasted they gave me a kind of faint happiness. When they were gone, I brought more to put by her picture and in her room. She seemed to be there, in a way. But

when I went back to the cemetery, I felt that she was not there. There was no satisfaction in going, or in taking flowers. It seemed better to put them in her room, as if she would know.

Her room, all rose-pink and white, had been closed. Some weeks later, I took it for mine, seeming to be nearer to her. Standing before her mirror, I thought how often there had ‘glowed the clear perfection of her face.’ It seemed as if she must enter through that mirrored door, and smile over my shoulder. The feeling persisted that she would be returning at any time.

Our lives and our thoughts had been much interwoven, and we had much in common. It seemed to me that now, in a peculiar way, I had come to see with her eyes. As I unfolded the delicate gowns she wore, I could not help thinking, ‘How coarse and common these must seem to her, compared to the glorious raiment she can choose and fashion now.’ Suddenly, I had a thought, almost a feeling, of filmy garments, not woven, but of the texture of a flower-petal. How coarse the finest fabric is, compared to that!

Putting away her trinkets, I thought what childish toys they must seem to her now, compared with the wonders of heaven. But I laid my treasures away with reverent care, for they were all I had, and inexpressibly dear. The thought was satisfying rather than disquieting, for it left a stronger impression of her exalted state, and made me seem more attuned to her spirit.

I felt this, too, when I noticed suddenly the unusual effect of sad or minor strains on my ear. I used to love them, and they are generally supposed to be peculiarly acceptable to those in sorrow. Now they smote on my ear as gratingly as a discord. I realized that this was not the kind of music that Margaret was hearing. It should be happy and triumphant.

I saw the grime and dirt of the city with new vision, and with an overpowering thought of the immaculate purity of those streets, 'like unto molten glass,' and of the incorruptible beauty of that fair country, that real 'Place' that Christ promised to prepare for us. It was good to think of her there.

When someone laid before me that beautiful sonnet of Richard Watson Gilder, 'Call me not Dead,' it came to me with new meaning: —

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
 Into the company of the ever-living
 High and most glorious poets. Let thanksgiving
 Rather be made. Say: 'He at last hath won
 Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
 Music and song and light of immortal faces;
 To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
 He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
 To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may
 pass,
 And our lost friend just catch one syllable
 Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
 Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass
 Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
 To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly
 hill.

I had thought of her meeting others. Perhaps she, too, had met Keats and others of those beautiful spirits gone from us, whose books she had loved to read, those masters of music and painting that she enjoyed most. It was a comfort to know that she had always delighted in new places and in making new friends. I pictured her amid groups and companies, amid love and light and harmonies of wonderful music. I could see her conversing, with her bright sparkle and vivacity, with these new friends. How she would enjoy them; and, I could not help thinking, how they would enjoy her!

Then I began to think of her, with a most persistent imagining, as moving in some free, swift, happy motion, almost

as if swept along by light clouds, or by electric currents. Not with the old idea of wings! As I saw her, in thought, she was always smiling, almost always laughing, with that light, joyous laugh of hers. And whenever I lifted my eyes, it seemed that, framed among the trees, wreathed in rainbow colors, there was a vanishing vision of her smiling face.

It took nothing from my comfort to think that memory and imagination each had its part in this strong new visualizing. Accustomed to analyze thought, I was aware of a new, strong element, which I believed to be divine.

Many things about the home have helped to make her, not a memory, but a living part of our daily lives. She seems immanent in all beauty, as a living part of it — in sunset or moonlight, in garden walks or woodland paths. And in all holy communion, being nearer to God, I feel nearer to her who is with God.

Most of all, the thought of her comes at sunrise, in the beauty of the quiet dawn, with the words of her best-loved hymn. The air is Mendelssohn's, but there always awakens at the same time the unearthly music of Grieg's 'Morning,' which she often played. It, too, has in it the faint, growing light of the dawn and the stir of awakening birds.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness — I am with
 Thee.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
 O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought — I am with
 Thee.

To that dawning I lift my eyes.

SHELL-SHOCKED — AND AFTER

BY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

I

HEADQUARTERS, — DIVISION,
—, FRANCE,
November 1, 1918.

COLONEL — — —
General Staff, —

You will proceed to Ceully Woods at once, ascertain the conditions existing upon that front, and report the result of your observations by the quickest available means.

By command of
MAJOR GENERAL —,
Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

I received the above order within half an hour after reporting for duty as liaison officer for the —th Division, A.E.F. Brief, to the point, apparently simple of execution, it was the cause of months of the most perfect and unmitigated hell to me.

My automobile, a beautiful Cadillac limousine, was waiting on the street, below the general's office. I climbed aboard, directing my chauffeur to drive toward the front — we were then about ten miles behind the infantry lines. On the way, I stopped to pick up two Salvation Army girls, walking laboriously through the mud to their advanced station. About three miles back of the lines, we came to the field artillery, and were met in the road by a sentinel, who told me that that was the limit for automobiles. I sent the car back to Division Headquarters, grabbed a side-car, and went on. It was an active sector, and things became interesting very soon. We went on, however, until we reached

a camouflaged road. I got out, told the driver to wait for me at a town I showed him on my map, and went on afoot, gathering up a lieutenant liaison officer familiar with that section of the front.

We walked along the road a bit, leaving it at an opening in the camouflage, through which ran an abandoned Boche narrow-gauge railroad. We followed this railroad, picking our way carefully, while listening intently to the occasional Boche shells that came over, in order to drop on our bellies in case our ears told us the shells were close. At intervals we were jolted by our own artillery fire, as the seventy-fives searched for some irritating battery of the enemy.

Soon we reached the reserves of our infantry. I stopped at the P.C. of a regiment, asked the colonel about conditions, and went on, still up the abandoned Boche railroad. We were in the woods, and the railroad was the easiest road to travel. Shells came thicker, and now and then we would drop as fast as our legs would wilt, wait an instant for the crash, get up and go on. Soon the shelling became heavier, and one time I dropped and heard a man laugh at me. I got up and looked back at him. He was without a helmet, a dirty, nonchalant boy, not as bluffed as I had been by the shelling.

I looked to the front again, and just as I did so, I heard the most terrifying thing I had ever heard in my life — the loud, malicious scream of a big shell. I believe that there can be nothing more

utterly terrifying than that sound. It is wicked, awful; it makes one feel cold and sick when it is loud. These shells carry with them a warning of death in an awful form, from which there is no escape unless God is good to you and you are quick enough to get close to the ground before the spray of splintered steel flies in all directions. This shell was louder than any I had ever heard — it seemed to be right in front of my face; it called its message with a fluttering, whimpering scream that froze me, nauseated me, weakened my legs, made me breathe a most devout, heartfelt prayer: 'O my God, don't let that hit me!'

I dropped. I crumpled up. I simply collapsed on the ground. But I did not get there fast enough. As I was falling, the whole world blew up. It is indescribable, that crash of sound, so loud one cannot hear it. It stuns, it seems to hit you all over at once — things seem to stop going altogether. Perhaps I was knocked out; I don't know. I remember getting to my feet, my head throbbing, my ears banging, my legs wobbling a bit as I tried to get my balance and stay up. I put my hand to my head in a dazed way, to wipe away from my mind the foggiest that seemed to surround it.

Another crash came and knocked me down. Again I got up. The blue layers of smoke were lying all about me, layer on layer, quiet and still, with the trees showing in between. I turned around, and still I saw those horizontal layers of blue smoke. I could n't think, or move away from where I stood.

Then, as if it had just happened, I heard a man screaming. He was holding his body with both hands, kneeling on the ground, and screaming in agony. Another and another were lying quietly on the track. Then my eyes rested on what was left of the boy who had laughed at me, the blood pumping out of his body like red water from an overturned

bucket. Then I realized that the shelling was still going on — heavy, continuous crashes, following closely one after another, many at a time, a perfect din of sound. I fell to the ground, and rolled over and over, off the track into the woods on the side, into a shell-hole, and lay there. My head hurt, my face hurt, my ears and eyes — I hurt all over. I put my hand to my face where it seemed to burn, and found it was covered with blood. I thought how messy it would make my trench-coat, and wondered whether a dry cleaner could get blood out of a fur collar. I lay there in that hole until the barrage lifted a bit — it was a six-inch barrage: the Boche was covering our approaches, which he knew all too well, since we had just pushed him out of that same area the day before. He knew that track very well, and exactly where it was.

I went on to the front, slowly feeling my way, until I got to the lines. There were no trenches, our men were lying on their bellies in the grass, hugging the ground until they went forward a few yards more, only to hug the ground again. At a field-telephone, a bit later, I telephoned back what information I had, and started to return. It took me all the rest of the day to get back to a dressing-station, where I was sewed up. That night I investigated the rest of that immediate sector, found my sidecar, and went back to the division, hugging the right of the road, with no lights of any kind, meeting ammunition-trains lumbering up on the other side, big spectres in the night, noisily making their way to the lines with their load of the iron ration. At times a shell would whinney and flutter — and crash to our right or left. It was a wild ride. Early in the morning we reached headquarters, and I breakfasted with the general and his staff. Jokes were cracked at my hurt face, and I was congratulated on having won a wound-stripe.

II

The Armistice came along in a few days, and I was assigned to command a field-artillery regiment that was to march into Germany. I was glad, as I wanted to make that historic trip. But I wished to high heaven that my head would quit aching. We got ready for the march in, gathering horses here and there, resting our men, sprucing up all we could under the circumstances, hating the quiet and inactivity of it all, wishing we could go home for a week or so, talking about the past already. And still I wished to high heaven that my head would stop its ache, its throb, its feeling as if it were in a vise.

Then our orders came, and in we went. Through miles of horribly devastated France, past miles on miles of barbed-wire entanglements, over roads full of shell-holes, past utterly ruined towns. And then into beautiful Luxemburg, with fields of grain, wonderful forests; through quaint towns, and then to Luxemburg City, where, as I rode at the head of my regiment, the children ran along and threw flowers under my horse's feet — flags waving from the windows, people cheering, until my heart came into my throat and tears to my eyes, and I realized that never in my life again would I feel as I did then. And always my head ached and throbbed, always I wished to high heaven it would some time stop.

The regimental surgeon began to dope me. Every night he would stick something into me, or give me something to drink, feel my pulse, chat a while. Next morning he would stop in and ask how I slept, and sometimes how I ate. I did n't sleep, I could n't eat. And always the ache. And then that dream! It would wake me up in a sweat. Every now and then I would hear that fluttering, whimpering squeal, — and then I would see myself lying on

the ground with my face gone — and the blood pumping itself out of the pieces of the boy who had laughed at me. I would wake up and not sleep any more. Then breakfast and no appetite — and always that damnable ache, and throb, and the vise would squeeze my head.

Food became more scarce, transportation was not adequate, the Boche was moving fast, and we must keep up to him. My horses had been gassed from grazing in gassed areas back of the front; they had not had sufficient nourishment, and were weak. My men were very weary. One time we were told that the next day's march was forty-two miles. It almost broke my heart to make the regiment turn out at 4 A.M., and march those forty-two long miles. Horses died, men were evacuated to the hospitals, and between nine and ten that night we staggered into our billets, almost all in. And the hill we climbed that day — what a pull for those horses! I love horses, and as I rode up that hill, I thought of how little these drafted men knew of driving a six-line team up a hill with a jack-knife turn at the top. So I stopped, spread the regiment out so that there was road-room between the carriages, and personally drove every gun-carriage around that turn. There were only three men in the regiment who knew how to keep six horses in draft around a turn like that. The two majors knew, one a West Pointer, the other an old-type field-artillery first sergeant. I was the other one. It took six hours to get the two miles of regiment over the top of that hill. They got there, though.

Across the river into Germany! How I do remember that day. From the laughter, the waving flags, the happy children strewing flowers in Luxemburg, into Germany — silent, sullen Germany. The women turned their backs, the children clung to their mothers'

skirts, and stared, or scampered into the house, looking backward as they ran. How quiet it all was! How sullenly antagonistic! My men joked and kidded each other about the way the girls turned their backs, and comments were made on how that would all change when the Q.M. furnished us with new uniforms. It did change, too, almost overnight, as if it had been ordered from the German Great Headquarters. Then we were treated well, almost as guests. The sullenness vanished, to be replaced by a welcoming hand and offers of food and shelter if we did not have enough. My orderly came to me and said, 'Colonel, we've been fighting the wrong people!' It shocked me for a moment and made me think, and has made me think a good deal since — that remark. I began to learn how many of my men spoke German, how many had been born in Germany, or were of German parentage.

I was made military governor of an area, was treated well by my host, the mayor of the town where I made my headquarters. I remember how delicious his Frau's outing-flannel sheets felt to me at night, after the variety I had been accustomed to at the front. But I could not sleep well at all, nor could I eat well. The doctor began to talk of my taking a rest, a few days in the hospital, and so forth, to ease up a bit. And there was more dope in my arm, or something to drink. But the throb in my head kept on — and so did the dream. For about three months that continued; my nerves were getting bad, I was becoming more and more irritable. I was ill, but did not quite know it. I was sent to the hospital, was transferred to another, fainted once, was put to bed. And then things began to fade away at times. They were kind to me there, very kind. I shall always remember the kindness of those nurses and doctors.

The next thing I remember I was at Saint-Nazaire, waiting in the hospital for a transport to take me home, with a lot of wounded and sick men. They told me afterward that I acted all right; but the five weeks intervening between the hospital in Germany and Saint-Nazaire are a blank — I simply remember nothing at all.

The trip across was fine — did me lots of good. I was looking forward with a great deal of happiness to meeting some dear friends on this side, and subconsciously waiting for the kind welcome they would give me, and the rest and peace that I would have. A wireless came to me from a girl who had written to me a good deal. If only my head would have let up a bit, — and the nausea have stopped, — I could have been quite happy.

III

We were met in New York by a reception committee, and handed newspapers. Officers came to me, saying that the men were angry at something and wanted my opinion. I happened to be the senior officer on board and, although on sick-report, was, nevertheless, asked about this thing that bothered the men. After hearing it out, I put it up to the men themselves, and they voted to a man that they did not want to be received by a committee headed by a New York newspaper man whom they considered worse than a Boche. The Boche at least would fight — this man stayed home and did all he could to mess up our work apparently. So I told the committee that the men wanted no reception from them, and they departed. How odd it seemed to me that we should be met by a pro-German at such a time! As I look back, I remember this as the first of the disappointments which my country had in store for its men from overseas.

I was feeling a bit rocky, and dodged the good people who met us. The surgeon, who had been sleeping in the same room with me on the way across, took me to a receiving hospital in New York City. A friend of mine, an officer who had been shell-shocked, was missing, and I asked for him. The surgeon said that he had jumped overboard. Then it dawned upon me why the doctor had slept in my room.

I want to give all credit to the wonderful staff of the hospital. The nurses and doctors were all one could want. They were kindness itself, thoughtful, and most considerate. At times in the months to follow there were other bright lights of happiness that shine forth as I look back; but, in the main, the year that followed was dominated by misery, physical pain, and mental anguish. If I knew that I was doomed to go through that period again, I would not face it.

For some reason I shrank from meeting my friends — and the girl. But after a bit I was allowed to go out, and I called on her. She was apparently glad to see me, and for a while I enjoyed her company; but some intuition made me feel uncomfortable — why, I could not tell. Gradually this began to become clearer to me, however, as I came to realize how far apart we were, how different her sheltered life had been on this side, and how utterly impossible it was for her to appreciate how I felt. I closed up like an oyster, finding it out of the question to tell what wanted to be told. I tried to a few times, only to catch the look of conscious interest — and again shut up.

This was my second disappointment. It surprised me — it hurt me. The longer I remained in this country, the more it hurt, until, finally, I became callous to the fact; for I realized, much against my will, that my friends, my country, spoke a different language!

That thought rang through my brain in the long months that followed! Back in my own country, back among my friends, among scenes that I loved, that meant everything to me, and yet not back at all. I know that I am but repeating a thing that has been told many times, but the big fact remains, that the quick abandonment of interest in our overseas men by Americans in general is an indictment against us as a nation, not soon to be forgotten by the men in uniform from the other side. This fact burns in the minds of the thousands of men who at this very moment are living their broken lives in almshouses, jails, insane asylums, and hospitals, or wandering, hopeless, about the streets. I wanted relaxation, rest, anything to take my mind away from myself. I wanted to see musical comedies, read light books; I wanted to laugh and play. These were difficult things to obtain, however. My best friends wanted to see heavier plays — they wanted to see Nazimova writhe and squirm about the stage; they wanted to hear Heifetz play exquisite music, over which they raved. Exquisite music, yes, but not the sort to feed to a man who was in dire need of something vastly different.

I had friends who were intellectual, who were interested in things of real worth; but they could not discuss them in the human terms that interested me.

In New York drawing-rooms I met musicians of international repute, men of letters, of travel, who were interesting to most people and would have been to me, normally; but I was only bored. Back my mind wandered to France; and now and then that old dream came back, and I saw the red blood streaming from the ripped, torn body of the boy who had laughed at me. I became more nervous as sleep kept away, and food lost its interest.

A party of us drove up the Hudson and spent a few hours at my old Alma

Mater, to me the most beautiful spot in America, from which have come so many of our most famous men: the school, founded by George Washington, which gave us Grant, Lee, Sheridan, Sherman, Taylor, Pershing, and many others of international fame in civil as well as military life. There is something about that school that holds its graduates with a loyalty that exceeds anything I have seen.

The Corps! Bare-headed, salute it!
 With eyes up, thanking our God
 That we of the Corps are treading
 Where they of the Corps have trod.
 We sons of to-day salute you,
 You sons of its earlier day;
 We follow close order behind you,
 Where you have pointed the way.
 The long gray line of us stretches
 Through the years of a century told,
 And the last man feels to his marrow
 The grip of your far-off hold.

It was good to be back, but those with whom I was did not understand. They had no realization of the value of such a school to the nation. Somebody remarked that West Point was a place where men were taught to kill Germans who had done us no harm. That grated on me, and I replied that, if I knew anyone who was pro-German at the time, I would most certainly report him to the authorities.

'Would you report me?' asked an American woman in the party.

'I most certainly would,' I answered.

'Well,' she replied, 'you know my friend Fritz — is a German, and I have a great deal of sympathy for Germany.'

My comments were a bit sharp, I am afraid, and were apparently distasteful to another member of the party, who said that I was a coward if I were willing to report to the Secret Service such a friend as the other woman was to me. Things grew disagreeable, but we drove back to New York in peace, though I was worried and tired out. I retired that

night exhausted in mind and body, and could not sleep, though the doctor gave me an opiate. That element of pro-Germanism at that time was extremely distasteful to me — I had seen too much, had felt too much, to be kindly disposed. Besides, it was a distinct shock to learn that my own friends felt so friendly toward those people with respect to whom I felt quite the opposite, because of things I had seen and been through myself. I learned later that that feeling was very prevalent among people calling themselves good Americans.

After a bit I was assigned to duty with the General Staff in Washington. My duties began at once — getting ready for another war. Another war! I used to sit at my desk in the War Department, thinking it over. Another war — God, what a thought! How under high heaven it could be that we should prepare for another war was beyond my powers of comprehension. I could not keep my mind on my work, I thought of other things, fumbled with my papers, dreamed and took walks during office-hours, trying to get my mind clear and get away from that damnable ache in my head. I would go to sleep at my desk, making up for the night before. To the Department I was practically useless.

Occasionally I went to New York, but had best have stayed away. I met an editor of a newspaper which had as its object the uplift of people; but I never got to know exactly what he wanted — he seemed a bit vague himself on that score. I listened to many conversations on the subject of the improvement of the condition of this and that. Then came Germany and the indemnity, and how awful it all was to make poor Germany pay. I went to hear a preacher of the gospel, and was disgusted with his ideas. I heard him address a meeting in Madison Square, at-

tended by hundreds of men and women. As I looked around, I saw not one face that I took to be American; and as this American preacher remarked that the Bolsheviks must succeed, he was cheered to the echo, hats were thrown in the air — the crowd went mad. I told my companions that I would not stay in such a place in an American uniform — and left. They came, too, not because they did not sympathize with the speaker, but because they would not stay alone, without the protecting influence of that same uniform.

The drive home started in silence, but became a *nightmare memory* to me. Two women, one an American, one a foreigner of aristocratic birth, began to talk — and such talk! Again were my eyes opened very wide, and I was stunned and shocked by the opinions expressed. I was told that America should never have entered the war at all; that we should have accepted things peacefully; that, even if the Germans came over here, they would make themselves so hated that they would soon depart whence they came! I was informed that I should be ashamed of myself for ever going to the front; that my decorations were a disgrace to wear, as being tokens given to me for killing Germans! It was a disgrace to be a soldier at all, killing helpless women and children! I was a liar when I said that American troops were not accustomed to doing such things. And this too from well-bred women — intellectuals, so-called.

This was the beginning of the end of my association with these people, of whom I had been very fond before I sailed overseas. I reported them to the Secret Service in Washington, and believe that their pernicious activities ceased. The foreigner had taken refuge on our shores from the violence and anarchy which reigned in her own country; had for three years accepted all

that we had to give — our safety, hospitality, music and art, the associations which meant most to her. And yet, in conversation with me one evening, holding her aristocratic arms aloft, she loudly proclaimed that **REVOLUTION** was what was needed to cure my country's ills! Some things are beyond comprehension, beyond the power of human understanding.

IV

Back in Washington, we still worked on war, preparing for the next one. I did my best, but one day things broke. I was sitting at my desk, and suddenly realized that there was something radically wrong. I got to my feet, laughing and feeling silly. I saw little white circles chasing each other in front of my eyes. They came slowly into view from nowhere and tumbled from left to right, scurrying along one after another; and as I looked after them, they hurried on, always from left to right. I turned my head — and still they rolled over and over, those soft, round things that came out of nothing and fled away just as I turned my head to see where they were hurrying. I grew tense, and laughed. Then I began to play with them as they rolled along from left to right, always just a little ahead of me. I grabbed at them — and laughed and giggled in my play. I turned my head, but they rolled on, always just a bit ahead. I turned around myself, grabbing at those damnable elusive things that seemed to mock me in this game. And as I jumped for them, I laughed and chuckled delightedly.

In the middle of it all I stopped — there came a noise outside that brought me up sharp. I stopped and listened — everything was very still for an instant. Then a car-bell rang on the street below; then came steps in the hall outside, and the subdued voices of officers

in the next room in a conference. I felt a chill of fear grip me. I locked myself in, sat down, and held on to my desk as things got gray and the ache in my head gave way to a hum, a low chanting hum, like the one that comes when one is just going under an anæsthetic. It required all my will-power to keep conscious then. Many times afterward I used my will to keep control of myself; but I remember that as the first time, and it left me tired physically, hot all over, and shaking with an intangible fear of a thing not understood.

Then a thought came to me, slowly, in a vague sort of way — I was losing my mind! Dear God, I was losing my mind! I grabbed my head in my hands, closed my eyes to keep away those fooling, fluffy, flying things that came out of nowhere and tumbled off into nowhere again. Things became quiet, I got control, picked up my cap, unlocked the door, and started to leave the office. My secretary met me at the door and laughingly asked me why I had locked her out — that she had been knocking. I said I would not be back that afternoon.

I went as straight as I could go to the attending surgeon, an old friend. In the seclusion of his office I told him my story, and went all to pieces and sobbed like a woman. Pretty soon we were in my car, and he was driving me to the Walter Reed Hospital, talking to me quietly on the way. Then followed those interminable examinations, day after day, — blood-tests, eye-tests, ear-tests, balance-tests, every test apparently that could be devised. I was thankful for my shoulder-straps, which gave me a room to myself.

There came interviews with a famous nerve specialist, a man whose grasp of human nature was wonderful; but he did not know the answer. He advised one thing and then another; he was kindness itself, and his understanding was

remarkable. A man nationally famous, he had given up his practice to help the army in its time of need — but he had not been ‘over there,’ and he did not know. It was this man, whose opinion I valued so highly, whose keen perception was always a source of wonder to me, whose training was all along the line that would lead to a real understanding of my case, who first showed me how utterly alone I was to be in the year that followed.

I had been more or less alone before, because everyone seemed to be so incapable of seeing things as I saw them, but my previous feeling was but little, compared to what followed. I wish that I could properly describe that feeling of utter loneliness in the world. I wish I could in some way convey to those who had their men on the other side how perfectly damnable that solitude is to some of those men. I wish more still that I could in some way get it into the minds of all Americans who have not been through it, how dreadfully alone a shell-shocked man can be, even though surrounded by those who love him most.

After some weeks I was given more liberty and would drive out to see friends — but with what result? Always I met with the same thing, that lack of interest, — either assumed or real, I do not know, — and would go back to the hospital and lie on my bed and lose all control of myself, and cry like a baby. Sleep did not come when I seemed most to need it, and food was positively repulsive a great deal of the time.

There is no use in going into the details of what followed in the hospital, except that one day three doctors came in to see me. They seemed to have something on their minds, but took some time to get it off. Finally, with the greatest consideration, calmly and with expressions of regret, I was informed that it was their opinion that I

had best get my affairs in shape as I would probably not live for more than a month, or at best would be permanently insane.

Angry? When I had heard them out, I was more than that. I seemed to have an insane desire to hurt those men. I called them all the names I could think of; damned them with as much abuse as I could command. I wanted to break the furniture, to smash anything that came near me. They must have thought me crazy; perhaps I was, but it was the craziness of a wild rage at anybody who was such a fool as to think I was ready to die. Die? Why, I would not have died to please those doctors — and I did n't.

The thought has come to me since, that perhaps those specialists told me that with a purpose. I don't know — I have never asked; but it has occurred to me that perhaps they told me that to bring out all the fight there was in me. If that was their object, I will grant them a hundred per cent of success. That interview was the turning-point in my illness. From that minute I was obsessed with the idea that I would not die — I was damned if I would die! The whole object of my life was to show those men what fools they were to think that I was going to die. I remember how I screamed at them in that room, and how they stood there listening to me, watching me, and saying nothing. I screamed and cursed those men until I cried, and slung myself down on my bed, and wore myself out trying to control the hysterical sobs that seemed to shake me all to pieces.

I locked my nurse out, but she got in and was good to me and gave me an opiate. She was a sweet girl, the daughter of a great man, giving her time and earnest effort to doing good. I knew her brother, who, himself a shell-shock case, had killed himself after returning from overseas.

V

At my own request I was soon allowed to leave the hospital on a long sick leave, to do whatever I wished. Apparently the doctors had done all they could — it was up to me.

I was mad all through, fighting mad. I was simply possessed with the idea that I would not die, that I would show those doctors what fools they were. In the year that followed, I exhausted everything I could think of that would help me to get well, to get back to where I had been two years before. My constant thought was that I was going to win in some way. It would be tedious to tell it, except in the most general way, but I want to remind anyone who may read this that that period of continual, continuous scrap lasted for a year, and in that time there was but one person who spoke my language. With this one exception, I was as alone as if I had been in a deserted world.

I went to one friend after another, searching for help, suggestions that would assist me; but it was like searching for the pot of gold at the rainbow's end — it simply was not there. There were those who were sympathetic in thought and in deed, but apparently they did not know how to do anything practical.

The one person who knew was the military attaché at the French Embassy, a young captain of the French Army. We were chatting in his apartments one day, talking over the past, when it dawned upon us both that we had been through the same terrible thing. It was like finding some precious possession, long mourned as lost, for us to find each other. We clung to each other like blind men left alone. He spoke English — I spoke French — we both spoke the language of the Front, and we both spoke the language that needs no words, which exists between

two men who have experienced shell-fire and suffered the misery of exhausted, shattered nerves known to the world as shell-shock. In the Somme offensive with the battery, he had been filling a sand-bag, when a shell of large calibre struck within a few feet of him. He had been peppered with splinters, but not badly hurt. He had been caught running back and forth behind the front, muttering to himself, and had been for months in hospital until his mind began to clear. Being of a prominent family in France, he had been sent to the United States to get him away from the war, and was going through the same thing I was, fighting it out alone. What long talks we had! We drove about in the country, lay on the grass in the woods, and talked and talked, searching together for the spark in the empty dark that would be a hint of the life to come.

I went to an old friend, a teacher who kept a school for the daughters of rich parents. She was a graduate of Vassar, and I thought she could help me. And the disappointment that followed! I thought that she was human, but she was n't. She had developed into the same sort that I have found elsewhere since then — the type of neurotic weaklings who hide away from reality and live in a comfortable fog of voluntary ignorance. While the war was in progress, she had refused to read about it, on the ground that it was all too horrible. She had purchased Liberty Bonds, in order to be able to tell her clientèle how patriotic she was. She had 'closed her door on the war,' as she dramatically told me.

'Close your door on the war?' I said; 'how can you close your door on the biggest event since the coming of Christ?'

She was shocked, horrified at my blasphemy. She folded her hands, closed her eyes, and said that I must seek

solitude, weeks of solitude — and read *Pilgrim's Progress!*

It is so useless to go through the list of people to whom I went looking for help. To their credit be it said that many of them wanted to do something; but they never did it, because they could not, since they did not have the understanding to do it. So I left them, one after another, and went my way — alone, always alone.

My head continued to ache and throb, I continued to be nauseated, I still could not sleep. An insane desire to kill myself, as four other friends had done, took possession of me. I would toy with my automatic, and think how best to do it. I would lock myself in my room when attacks came that I had to fight, attacks that made me tense all over, that made me want to scream, break the furniture, pull my clothes to pieces. I would lean against the wall, tears running down my face, and scratch at the plaster, and sob and gag, and end by throwing myself on my bed, utterly exhausted by the effort to regain control. I would lock my windows before retiring for the night, lock my door and throw the key through the transom, to prevent my doing some insane thing before morning. I would go to sleep late, and wake at about half-past three in the morning, and stare at the dark, trying to think out the meaning of this thing.

I read New Thought, studied Christian Science, read the Bible, became a regular attendant at church. I got a copy of that great piece of logical thought, Burke's 'Conciliation with the American Colonies,' and read it carefully, searching it for his great ideas on how to cure an ill by removing the cause. What was the cause of this thing? That was what I searched for in my own case. The thing to do was to remove the cause — but what was the cause?

My mother came and stayed with

me. Never in my life before had I known what a mother could be. I believe that very few men really appreciate their mothers. I know I never appreciated mine until then. I have never seen such utter unselfishness, such obliviousness to her own desires, her own interests, as in my mother's loving thought, her anxiety to help her son.

But it was too much—I could not stand her anxiety. I could not have her coming to my room in the middle of the night, and sitting with me hour after hour, listening to my raving. So I got a nurse and traveled for months on end. I took a ship and sailed off on a cruise through the Southern Seas. I stopped at an island in the south, took a house near the sea, and spent a month or more there. It was wonderful in that quiet and peace. I lay in a hammock, looking out over the beautiful blue Caribbean, listening to the pounding of the waves on the rocks, with the limpid azure of the sky, and its fleecy, scattered clouds overhead.

I breathed in the balm of the fronded palms in the hush of the moonlit nights, until a wonderful thing came to me. The shadows broke, the night of that hideous fight was gone, and the first faint dawn of another day of my life came to me, in the knowledge that I was winning. Then the light came truly bursting in upon my consciousness. I was winning! I was getting well again! I was sleeping better—I could eat—the pains in my head were lessening—my periods of depression were coming at lengthening intervals. I was getting well!

The knowledge that I was coming back came to me suddenly, all at once, and gave me a strength that I thought I could never have again. But once it came, the months that were to come were easy indeed, compared with the ones that had gone before. It was still a struggle, it still required all my will-

power to keep going; but I knew that I could win. Before that time I had been trying to find out if that were a possible thing.

Nearly two years after I received the order that sent me into the shelled area of the Front, I left the army and returned to civil life. I got a job that took me again away from my country for several months. I was not yet really well, but this change helped a great deal, and rapidly I returned to normal again. Periods of ache and pain became very short, and few and far between. I believe the last one has come and gone. It was several months ago that I was writing on a typewriter, smoking my pipe. The pipe suddenly rattled in my teeth, my fingers became tense, my muscles tightened. I grabbed my pipe out of my mouth, stood up, forced my fingers out straight against my desk, took my hat, and walked and walked out into the country for a few miles, fighting for myself again. Finally I lighted my pipe again, and smoked. There was no more rattle then, my fingers were again all right. Once more I had won. That was the last time. Since then I have never had an indication that I had a nerve in my body anywhere. That was the last dying gasp of the thing that had held me in its grip for so long.

My work brought me back to the United States. I began to read the papers. Articles caught my eye—ex-soldiers not cared for, ex-soldiers out of work, in insane asylums, in jails, walking the streets. I looked into the matter and found that there were thousands upon thousands of these men in straitened circumstances, in poverty. There were more thousands, who needed hospital attention, who were not getting it. There was trouble in Washington over the means to care for these men. Governmental bureaus overlapped, passed

the buck to each other — and still nothing seemed to be accomplished. What was the matter with my country? Was it really ungrateful? Was it true that the public had tired of this responsibility? Statements were made to me that magazines would no longer accept war-stories, and that publishers would no longer print anything pertaining to the war, or the men who had fought in it. I found that these statements could be easily disproved, but, nevertheless, it was disheartening, when I kept learning for myself how these men were suffering.

I was walking down Broadway, and my walking-stick accidentally struck against a man. I apologized perfunctorily, but upon looking at him, I saw a poorly dressed man who looked familiar. Then he spoke. 'Colonel,' he said, 'can you do me a favor?'

I was astonished — did not know him. But he knew me — he had been in my regiment overseas. He wanted money — two hundred dollars to start a cigar-stand. We went to the bank and he left me happy. Some day I shall hear from that man, who drove a lead pair on the march into silent, sullen Germany. He will win some day. All he needed was a little help, practical

help to start again; not emotional sentimentality, but help — practical, substantial help.

How many others there are just like him, who need just a little help. Are we going to give it? I believe we shall, if we but realize the truth; if we will but see, and not 'close our door on the war.'

There has come a thought to me that I wish the American people would ponder over when they grow tired of the war, which they felt so very, very little. When they damn the men who bother them for jobs, who pester them for help, they should search their own hearts first.

Judge not!

The workings of his heart and of his mind
Thou canst not see.

What in our dull brain may seem a stain,
In God's pure light may only be a scar,
Brought from some well-fought field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

Shall we help back those thousands of humble men who trod the rocky pathway of the Front in France? Shall we give them the little boost that they need, to come back? And what of those other men who have suffered, whose minds are gone? Shall we be but ghosts for those unburied dead — who did not die?

THE ROUND-FACED BEAUTY

A STORY OF THE CHINESE COURT

BY L. ADAMS BECK

IN the city of Chang-an music filled the palaces, and the festivities of the Emperor were measured by its beat. Night, and the full moon swimming like a gold-fish in the garden lakes, gave the signal for the Feather Jacket and Rainbow Skirt dances. Morning, with the rising sun, summoned the court again to the feast and wine-cup in the floating gardens.

The Emperor Chung Tsu favored this city before all others. The Yen Tower soaring heavenward, the Drum Towers, the Pearl Pagoda, were the only fit surroundings of his magnificence; and in the Pavilion of Tranquil Learning were held those discussions which enlightened the world and spread the fame of the Jade Emperor far and wide. In all respects he adorned the Dragon Throne — in all but one; for Nature, bestowing so much, withheld one gift, and the Imperial heart, as precious as jade, was also as hard, and he eschewed utterly the company of the Hidden Palace Flowers.

Yet the Inner Chambers were filled with ladies chosen from all parts of the Celestial Empire — ladies of the most exquisite and torturing beauty, moons of loveliness, moving coquettishly on little feet, with all the grace of willow branches in a light breeze. They were sprinkled with perfumes, adorned with jewels, robed in silks woven with gold and embroidered with designs of flowers and birds. Their faces were painted and

their eyebrows formed into slender and perfect arches whence the soul of man might well slip to perdition, and a breath of sweet odor followed each wherever she moved. Every one might have been the Empress of some lesser kingdom; but though rumors reached the Son of Heaven from time to time of their charms, — especially when some new blossom was added to the Imperial bouquet, — he had dismissed them from his august thoughts, and they languished in a neglect so complete that the Great Cold Palaces of the Moon were not more empty than their hearts. They remained under the supervision of the Princess of Han, August Aunt of the Emperor, knowing that their Lord considered the company of sleeve-dogs and macaws more pleasant than their own. Nor had he as yet chosen an Empress, and it was evident that without some miracle, such as the intervention of the Municipal God, no heir to the throne could be hoped for.

Yet the Emperor one day remembered his imprisoned beauties, and it crossed the Imperial thoughts that even these inferior creatures might afford such interest as may be found in the gambols of trained fleas or other insects of no natural attainments.

Accordingly, he commanded that the subject last discussed in his presence should be transferred to the Inner Chambers, and it was his Order that the ladies should also discuss it, and their

opinions be engraved on ivory, bound together with red silk and tassels, and thus presented at the Dragon feet. The subject chosen was the following: —

*Describe the Qualities of the
Ideal Man*

Now when this command was laid before the August Aunt, the guardian of the Inner Chambers, she was much perturbed in mind, for such a thing was unheard of in all the annals of the Empire. Recovering herself, she ventured to say that the discussion of such a question might raise very disquieting thoughts in the minds of the ladies, who could not be supposed to have any opinions at all on such a subject. Nor was it desirable that they should have. To every woman her husband and no other is and must be the Ideal Man. So it was always in the past; so it must ever be. There are certain things which it is dangerous to question or discuss, and how can ladies who have never spoken with any other man than a parent or a brother judge such matters?

‘How, indeed,’ asked this lady of exalted merit, ‘can the bat form an idea of the sunlight, or the carp of the motion of wings? If his Celestial Majesty had commanded a discussion on the Superior Woman and the virtues which should adorn her, some sentiments not wholly unworthy might have been offered. But this is a calamity. They come unexpectedly, springing up like mushrooms, and this one is probably due to the lack of virtue of the inelegant and unintellectual person who is now speaking.’

This she uttered in the presence of the principal beauties of the Inner Chambers. They sat or reclined about her in attitudes of perfect loveliness. Two, embroidering silver pheasants, paused with their needles suspended above the stretched silk, to hear the August Aunt. One, threading beads of

jewel jade, permitted them to slip from the string and so distended the rose of her mouth in surprise that the small pearl-shells were visible within. The Lady Tortoise, caressing a scarlet and azure macaw, in her agitation so twitched the feathers that the bird, shrieking, bit her finger. The Lady Golden Bells blushed deeply at the thought of what was required of them; and the little Lady Summer Dress, youngest of all the assembled beauties, was so alarmed at the prospect that she began to sob aloud, until she met the eye of the August Aunt and abruptly ceased.

‘It is not, however, to be supposed,’ said the August Aunt, opening her snuff-bottle of painted crystal, ‘that the minds of our deplorable and unattractive sex are wholly incapable of forming opinions. But speech is a grave matter for women, naturally slow-witted and feeble-minded as they are. This unenlightened person recalls the Odes as saying: —

‘A flaw in a piece of white jade
May be ground away,
But when a woman has spoken foolishly
Nothing can be done —

a consideration which should make every lady here and throughout the world think anxiously before speech.’

So anxiously did the assembled beauties think, that all remained mute as fish in a pool, and the August Aunt continued: —

‘Let Tsū-ssū be summoned. It is my intention to suggest to the Dragon Emperor that the virtues of women be the subject of our discourse, and I will myself open and conclude the discussion.’

Tsū-ssū was not long in kotowing before the August Aunt, who dispatched her message with the proper ceremonial due to its Imperial destination; and meanwhile, in much agitation, the beauties could but twitter and whisper in each other’s ears, and await the

response like condemned prisoners who yet hope for a reprieve.

Scarce an hour had dripped away on the water-clock when an Imperial Missive bound with yellow silk arrived, and the August Aunt, rising, kotowed nine times before she received it in her jeweled hand with its delicate and lengthy nails ensheathed in pure gold set with gems of the first water. She then read it aloud, the ladies prostrating themselves.

*To the Princess of Han, the August Aunt,
the Lady of the Nine Superior
Virtues:—*

Having deeply reflected on the wisdom submitted, We thus reply. Women should not be the judges of their own virtues, since these exist only in relation to men. Let Our Command therefore be executed, and tablets presented before us seven days hence, with the name of each lady appended to her tablet.

It was indeed pitiable to see the anxiety of the ladies! A sacrifice to Kwan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, of a jewel from each, with intercession for aid, was proposed by the Lustrous Lady; but the majority shook their heads sadly. The August Aunt, tossing her head, declared that, as the Son of Heaven had made no comment on her proposal of opening and closing the discussion, she should take no part other than safeguarding the interests of propriety. This much increased the alarm, and, kneeling at her feet, the swan-like beauties, Deep Snow and Winter Moon, implored her aid and compassion. But, rising indignantly, the August Aunt sought her own apartments, and for the first time the inmates of the Pepper Chamber saw with regret the golden dragons embroidered on her back.

It was then that the Round-Faced Beauty ventured a remark. This maiden, having been born in the far-off prov-

ince of Ssuch-uan, was considered a rustic by the distinguished elegance of the Palace and, therefore, had never spoken unless decorum required. Still, even her detractors were compelled to admit the charms that had gained her her name. Her face had the flawless outline of the pearl, and like the blossom of the plum was the purity of her complexion, upon which the darkness of her eyebrows resembled two silk-moths alighted to flutter above the brilliance of her eyes—eyes which even the August Aunt had commended after a banquet of unsurpassed variety. Her hair had been compared to the crow's plumage; her waist was like a roll of silk, and her discretion in habiting herself was such that even the Lustrous Lady and the Lady Tortoise drew instruction from the splendors of her robes. It created, however, a general astonishment when she spoke.

'Paragons of beauty, what is this dull and opaque-witted person that she should speak?'

'What, indeed!' said the Celestial Sister. 'This entirely undistinguished person cannot even imagine!'

A distressing pause followed, during which many whispered anxiously. The Lustrous Lady broke it.

'It is true that the highly ornamental Round-Faced Beauty is but lately come, yet even the intelligent Ant may assist the Dragon; and in the presence of alarm, what is decorum? With a tiger behind one, who can recall the Book of Rites and act with befitting elegance?'

'The high-born will at all times remember the Rites!' retorted the Celestial Sister. 'Have we not heard the August Aunt observe: "Those who understand do not speak. Those who speak do not understand"?''

The Round-Faced Beauty collected her courage.

'Doubtless this is wisdom; yet if the

wise do not speak, who should instruct us? The August Aunt herself would be silent.'

All were confounded by this dilemma, and the little Lady Summer-Dress, still weeping, entreated that the Round-Faced Beauty might be heard. The Heavenly Blossoms then prepared to listen and assumed attitudes of attention, which so disconcerted the Round-Faced Beauty that she blushed like a spring tulip in speaking.

'Beautiful ladies, our Lord, who is unknown to us all, has issued an august command. It cannot be disputed, for the whisper of disobedience is heard as thunder in the Imperial Presence. Should we not aid each other? If any lady has formed a dream in her soul of the Ideal Man, might not such a picture aid us all? Let us not be "say-nothing-do-nothing," but act!'

They hung their heads and smiled, but none would allow that she had formed such an image. The little Lady Tortoise, laughing behind her fan of sandalwood, said roguishly: 'The Ideal Man should be handsome, liberal in giving, and assuredly he should appreciate the beauty of his wives. But this we cannot say to the Divine Emperor.'

A sigh rustled through the Pepper Chamber. The Celestial Sister looked angrily at the speaker. 'This is the talk of children,' she said. 'Does no one remember Kung-fu-tse's [Confucius] description of the Superior Man?'

Unfortunately none did — not even the Celestial Sister herself.

'Is it not probable,' asked the Round-Faced Beauty, 'that the Divine Emperor remembers it himself and wishes —'

But the Celestial Sister, yawning audibly, summoned the attendants to bring rose-leaves in honey, and would hear no more.

The Round-Faced Beauty therefore wandered forth among the mossy rocks and drooping willows of the Imperial

Garden, deeply considering the matter. She ascended the bow-curved bridge of marble which crossed the Pool of Clear Weather, and from the top idly observed the reflection of her rose-and-gold coat in the water while, with her taper fingers, she crumbled cake for the fortunate gold-fish that dwelt in it. And, so doing, she remarked one fish, four-tailed among the six-tailed, and in no way distinguished by elegance, which secured by far the largest share of the crumbs dropped into the pool. Bending lower, she observed this singular fish and its methods.

The others crowded about the spot where the crumbs fell, all herded together. In their eagerness and stupidity they remained like a cloud of gold in one spot, slowly waving their tails. But this fish, concealing itself behind a miniature rock, waited, looking upward, until the crumbs were falling, and then, rushing forth with the speed of an arrow, scattered the stupid mass of fish, and bore off the crumbs to its shelter, where it instantly devoured them.

'This is notable,' said the Round-Faced Beauty. 'Observation enlightens the mind. To be apart — to be distinguished — secures notice!' And she plunged into thought again, wandering, herself a flower, among the gorgeous tree pæonias.

On the following day the August Aunt commanded that a writer among the palace attendants should, with brush and ink, be summoned to transcribe the wisdom of the ladies. She requested that each would give three days to thought, relating the following anecdote. 'There was a man who, taking a piece of ivory, carved it into a mulberry leaf, spending three years on the task. When finished it could not be told from the original, and was a gift suitable for the Brother of the Sun and Moon. Do likewise!'

'But yet, O Augustness!' said the

Celestial Sister, 'if the Lord of Heaven took as long with each leaf, there would be few leaves on the trees, and if —'

The August Aunt immediately commanded silence and retired. On the third day she seated herself in her chair of carved ebony, while the attendant placed himself by her feet and prepared to record her words.

'This insignificant person has decided,' began her Augustness, looking round and unscrewing the amber top of her snuff-bottle, 'to take an unintelligent part in these proceedings. An example should be set. Attendant, write!'

She then dictated as follows: 'The Ideal Man is he who now decorates the Imperial Throne, or he who in all humility ventures to resemble the incomparable Emperor. Though he may not hope to attain, his endeavor is his merit. No further description is needed.' With complacency she inhaled the perfumed snuff, as the writer appended the elegant characters of her Imperial name.

If it be permissible to say that the faces of the beauties lengthened visibly, it should now be said. For it had been the intention of every lady to make an allusion to the Celestial Emperor and depict him as the Ideal Man. Nor had they expected that the August Aunt would take any part in the matter.

'Oh, but it was the intention of this commonplace and undignified person to say this very thing!' cried the Lustrous Lady, with tears in the jewels of her eyes. 'I thought no other high-minded and distinguished lady would for a moment think of it!'

'And it was my intention also!' fluttered the little Lady Tortoise, wringing her hands! 'What now shall this most unlucky and unendurable person do? For three nights has sleep forsaken my unattractive eyelids, and, tossing and turning on a couch deprived of all comfort, I could only repeat, "The Ideal Man is the Divine Dragon Emperor!"'

'May one of entirely contemptible attainments make a suggestion in this assemblage of scintillating wit and beauty?' inquired the Celestial Sister. 'My superficial opinion is that it would be well to prepare a single paper to which all names should be appended, stating that His Majesty in his Dragon Divinity comprises all ideals in his sacred Person.'

'Let those words be recorded,' said the August Aunt. 'What else should any lady of discretion and propriety say? In this Palace of Virtuous Peace, where all is consecrated to the Son of Heaven, though he deigns not to enter it, what other thought dare be breathed? Has any lady ventured to step outside such a limit? If so, let her declare herself!'

All shook their heads, and the August Aunt proceeded: 'Let the writer record this as the opinion of every lady of the Imperial Household, and let each name be separately appended.'

Had any desired to object, none dared to confront the August Aunt; but apparently no beauty so desired, for after three nights' sleepless meditation, no other thought than this had occurred to any.

Accordingly, the writer moved from lady to lady and, under the supervision of the August Aunt, transcribed the following: 'The Ideal Man is the earthly likeness of the Divine Emperor. How should it be otherwise?' And under this sentence wrote the name of each lovely one in succession. The papers were then placed in the hanging sleeves of the August Aunt for safety.

By the decree of Fate, the father of the Round-Faced Beauty had, before he became an ancestral spirit, been a scholar of distinction, having graduated at the age of seventy-two with a composition commended by the Grand Examiner. Having no gold and silver to give his daughter, he had formed her mind, and had presented her with the sole jewel of his family — a pearl as

large as a bean. Such was her sole dower, but the accomplished Ant may excel the indolent Prince.

Yet, before the thought in her mind, she hesitated and trembled, recalling the lesson of the gold-fish; and it was with anxiety that paled her roseate lips that, on a certain day, she had sought the Willow Bridge Pavilion. There had awaited her a palace attendant skilled with the brush, and there in secrecy and dire affright, hearing the footstep of the August Aunt in every rustle of leafage, and her voice in the call of every crow, did the Round-Faced Beauty dictate the following composition: —

‘Though the sky rain pearls, it cannot equal the beneficence of the Son of Heaven. Though the sky rain jade, it cannot equal his magnificence. He has commanded his slave to describe the qualities of the Ideal Man. How should I, a mere woman, do this? I, who have not seen the Divine Emperor, how should I know what is virtue? I, who have not seen the glory of his countenance, how should I know what is beauty? Report speaks of his excellences, but I who live in the dark know not. But to the Ideal Woman, the very vices of her husband are virtues. Should he exalt another, this is a mark of his superior taste. Should he dismiss his slave, this is justice. To the Ideal Woman there is but one Ideal Man — and that is her lord. From the day she crosses his threshold, to the day when they clothe her in the garments of Immortality, this is her sole opinion. Yet would that she might receive instruction of what only are beauty and virtue in his adorable presence.’

This being written, she presented her one pearl to the attendant and fled, not looking behind her, as quickly as her delicate feet would permit. On the seventh day the compositions, engraved on ivory and bound with red silk and tassels, were presented to the Emperor,

and for seven days more he forgot their existence. On the eighth the High Chamberlain ventured to recall them to the Imperial memory, and the Emperor glancing slightly at one after another, threw them aside, yawning as he did so. Finally, one arrested his eyes, and reading it more than once, he laid it before him and meditated. An hour passed in this way while the forgotten Lord Chamberlain continued to kneel. The Son of Heaven, then raising his head, pronounced these words: ‘In the society of the Ideal Woman, she to whom jealousy is unknown, tranquillity might possibly be obtained. Let prayer be made before the Ancestors with the customary offerings, for this is a matter deserving attention.’

A few days passed, and an Imperial attendant, escorted by two mandarins of the peacock-feather and crystal-button rank, desired an audience of the August Aunt, and, speaking before the curtain, informed her that his Imperial Majesty would pay a visit that evening to the Hall of Tranquil Longevity. Such was her agitation at this honor that she immediately swooned; but, reviving, summoned all the attendants and gave orders for a banquet and musicians.

Lanterns painted with pheasants and exquisite landscapes were hung on all the pavilions. Tapestries of rose, decorated with the Five-Clawed Dragons, adorned the chambers; and upon the High Seat was placed a robe of yellow satin embroidered with pearls. All was hurry and excitement. The Blossoms of the Palace were so exquisitely decked that one grain more of powder would have made them too lily-like, and one touch more of rouge, too rose-cheeked. It was indeed perfection, and, like lotuses upon a lake, or Asian birds, gorgeous of plumage, they stood ranged in the outer chamber while the Celestial Emperor took his seat.

The Round-Faced Beauty wore no

jewels, having bartered her pearl for her opportunity; but her long coat of jade-green, embroidered with golden willows, and her trousers of palest rose left nothing to be desired. In her hair two golden pæonias were fastened with pins of kingfisher work. The Son of Heaven was seated upon the throne as the ladies approached, marshaled by the August Aunt. He was attired in the Yellow Robe with the Flying Dragons, and upon the Imperial Head was the Cap, ornamented with one hundred and forty-four priceless gems. From it hung the twelve pendants of strings of pearls, partly concealing the august eyes of the Jade Emperor. No greater splendor can strike awe into the soul of man.

At his command the August Aunt took her seat upon a lesser chair at the Celestial Feet. Her mien was majestic, and struck awe into the assembled beauties, whose names she spoke aloud as each approached and prostrated herself. She then pronounced these words: 'Beautiful ones, the Emperor, having considered the opinions submitted by you on the subject of the Superior Man, is pleased to express his august commendation. Dismiss, therefore, anxiety from your minds, and prepare to assist at the humble concert of music we have prepared for his Divine pleasure.'

Slightly raising himself in his chair, the Son of Heaven looked down upon that Garden of Beauty, holding in his hand an ivory tablet bound with red silk.

'Lovely ladies,' he began, in a voice that assuaged fear, 'who among you was it that laid before our feet a composition beginning thus — "Though the sky rain pearls"?''

The August Aunt immediately rose. 'Imperial Majesty, none! These eyes supervised every composition. No impropriety was permitted.'

The Son of Heaven resumed: 'Let that Lady stand forth.'

The words were few, but sufficient. Trembling in every limb, the Round-Faced Beauty separated herself from her companions and prostrated herself, amid the breathless amazement of the Blossoms of the Palace. He looked down upon her as she knelt, pale as a lady carved in ivory, but lovely as the lotus of Chang-su. He turned to the August Aunt. 'Princess of Han, my Imperial Aunt, I would speak with this lady alone.'

Decorum itself and the custom of Palaces could not conceal the indignation of the August Aunt as she rose and retired, driving the ladies before her as a shepherd drives his sheep.

The Hall of Tranquil Longevity being now empty, the Jade Emperor extended his hand and beckoned the Round-Faced Beauty to approach. This she did, hanging her head like a flower surcharged with dew and swaying gracefully as a wind-bell, and knelt on the lowest step of the Seat of State.

'Loveliest One,' said the Emperor, 'I have read your composition. I would know the truth. Did any aid you as you spoke it? Was it the thought of your own heart?'

'None aided, Divine,' said she, almost fainting with fear. 'It was indeed the thought of this illiterate slave, consumed with an unwarranted but uncontrollable passion.'

'And have you in truth desired to see your Lord?'

'As a prisoner in a dungeon desires the light, so was it with this low person.'

'And having seen?'

'Augustness, the dull eyes of this slave are blinded with beauty.'

She laid her head before his feet.

'Yet you have depicted, not the ideal Man, but the Ideal Woman. This was not the Celestial command. How was this?'

'Because, O versatile and auspicious

Emperor, the blind cannot behold the sunlight, and it is only the Ideal Woman who is worthy to comprehend and worship the Ideal Man. For this alone is she created.'

A smile began to illumine the Imperial Countenance. 'And how, O Round-Faced Beauty, did you evade the vigilance of the August Aunt?'

She hung her head lower, speaking almost in a whisper. 'With her one pearl did this person buy the secrecy of the writer; and when the August Aunt slept, did I conceal the paper in her sleeve with the rest, and her own Imperial hand gave it to the engraver of ivory.'

She veiled her face with two jade-white hands that trembled excessively. On hearing this statement the Celestial Emperor broke at once into a very great laughter, and he laughed loud and long as a tiller of wheat. The Round-Faced Beauty heard it demurely until, catching the Imperial eye, decorum was forgotten and she too laughed uncontrollably. So they continued, and finally the Emperor leaned back, drying the tears in his eyes with his august sleeve, and the lady, resuming her gravity, hid her face in her hands, yet regarded him through her fingers.

When the August Aunt returned at the end of an hour with the ladies, surrounded by the attendants with their instruments of music, the Round-Faced

Beauty was seated in the chair that she herself had occupied, and on the whiteness of her brow was hung the chain of pearls, which had formed the frontal of the Cap of the Emperor.

It is recorded that, advancing from honor to honor, the Round-Faced Beauty was eventually chosen Empress and became the mother of the Imperial Prince. The celestial purity of her mind and the absence of all flaws of jealousy and anger warranted this distinction. But it is also recorded that, after her elevation, no other lady was ever exalted in the Imperial favor or received the slightest notice from the Emperor. For the Empress, now well acquainted with the Ideal Man, judged it better that his experiences of the Ideal Woman should be drawn from herself alone. And as she decreed, so it was done. Doubtless Her Majesty did well.

It is known that the Emperor departed to the Ancestral Spirits at an early age, seeking, as the August Aunt observed, that repose which on earth could never more be his. But no one has asserted that *this* lady's disposition was free from the ordinary blemishes of humanity.

As for the Celestial Empress (who survives in history as one of the most astute rulers who ever adorned the Dragon Throne), she continued to rule her son and the Empire, surrounded by the respectful admiration of all.

CRISIS

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I THINK there are two aprons at home that I can hem;
I can put a frill of lace for edge to one of them;
I will have blue ribbon to tie it, and to sew
Just above the pocket in a flaring bow;
And I can sit quite quiet, as if nothing had been
Except the needle's in and out and out and in —
*(Every sorrow ends — every horror ends —
Every terror ends that we have to face or do —
These hours will end, too.)*

Back where I live there still are green things to see —
Lilacs and a rose-bush and a tall old apple tree;
Everything is quiet there — everything will stay
Steady till I come to it as when I went away.
I must remember them, think hard of them, my flowers,
And village folks not caring, and the yellow morning hours —
*(Everything ends that begins beneath the sun —
There will be kind hours after these hours are done —
How slow, how slow they run!)*

All of it will surely stop to-night at least by ten,
And I may be too numb to feel a while before then —
And maybe, if I seem too tired or too like to weep,
They'll give me something merciful to let me get to sleep,
And drop inert and shut my eyes and count, as I lie still,
Sheep slipping through a gap and running down a hill —
*(Lord, once you saw it through, the waiting and the fright,
And being brave for them to see, as if it all was right —
Send me quick — send quick to-night!)*

A VOICE FROM THE JURY

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

My friend and I were discussing the story called 'The Jury,' published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October. It will be remembered that the author leaves with a group of women the problem of whether their old friend, Violet, shall be freely and fully received by them if she accepts the invitation of her husband, Harry, to return to him and to their children, after spending several 'crimson years' with Cyril.

My friend is a business woman, trained in the office and the market-place. I am a professional woman, trained in schools and universities. She chose not to marry. I chose to marry. We have become friends somewhat far along the road, after passing various sorts of milestones. Diverse discipline, work, experiences, and acquaintances have shaped our characters and opinions. Yet these opinions, on matters connected with 'life,' practically always coincide.

So it proved to be when we imagined ourselves parts of the jury in the case of Violet *versus* Society. We began by swiftly agreeing that we had the right to decide in favor of a woman once our friend without feeling too somberly that this decision would be equivalent to a public statement of our own principles. Friendship, once assumed, entails certain obligations; and we claimed the right to stand by a friend without thereby being understood to regard either her action or her character as models for other women. In this matter of Violet it seemed to us clear that, if her husband and daughters wanted her to come back, and if she wanted to come, it was

not for us to create obstacles or to omit the ordinary interchanges of social life with a family that had united in a desire to 'begin again.'

To be sure, we felt that Tina Metcalfe was visionary in thinking that things socially could really be as they were before, and that Harry was tragically mistaken in thinking that his or his children's happiness would bloom again under the given conditions. Violet was to return as arrogantly as she went, still maintaining that her right to a happy life had been superior to theirs. We smiled somewhat cynically over her concern for the *social* status of her daughters, whose every other need she had so readily disregarded. The crimson years had evidently not modified her cold egotism. We anticipated no great success for her in reassuming the rôles of wife and mother, friend and hostess. But that was not our affair. As far as we were concerned, Tina might cable as unanimous a 'come' as she chose.

The thing that alienated us was Violet's own willingness to come. We were both shocked by the cowardice of a woman who could not abide by either choice, by either marriage or free love. Violet was as unsatisfactory as Helena in the recent novel called *Invisible Tides*. Both 'heroines,' without even a decent regret, abandoned their husbands as long as men more agreeable to them lived. Then, when death intervened (in time to save the men from disillusionment), instead of standing alone, as many an unmarried or widowed

woman stands alone, they made use of the love and chivalry of their former victims to return to the comfortable safeties of a conventional life. By this materialistic meanness Violet stripped from her life any pretense of bravery.

We went on to discuss her earlier vagrancy, her original action which, at least, had rejected conventions for the sake of an emotion. But we could not be stampeded by any such show of 'idealism.' The emotion had been one which is glorious only when it submits to be secondary. And with the rejection of certain unessentials went the rejection of priceless treasures that a woman of large mind and large heart would refuse to sacrifice to an isolating passion. Passion harnessed to all the other powers of a generous nature is a mighty dynamo. Divorced from them it shrivels despicably. No, my friend and I knew that Violet, hiding herself with Cyril, had revealed the cheapness of her fibre. She had shown it, too, in the easy frivolity with which she disregarded obligations still scrupulously observed by the other members of a common undertaking. Accustomed to taking seriously business and professional contracts, we were disgusted by the way she tossed aside her spoken contract with Harry — whose only fault was that she liked Cyril better — and shattered brutally the tacit contract made with her children when she forced life upon them.

In our conversation we had not yet reached the profounder expression of our ethical judgment. There was, of course, a stark question of public right and wrong, which must perplex even Harry in relation to his daughters. But ultimately we judged Violet's action, not as it broke a law of church or state, but as it offended against moral princi-

ples which support more external prohibitions. The love of man and woman is not a thing apart, a fleshly accident set loose from the domain of spiritual law. Two human wills can unite to preserve married love by observing the laws which ensure the health of all love. Of these, the first and the last are that love dies in self-seeking and is renewed in every act of self-forgetfulness. 'It's not an exhortation, but an axiom,' I said to my friend as we touched upon the subject.

But we were growing tired of Violet, and the world about us was very beautiful. The October sun was laying a sheet of pure flame behind the trunks of the maple trees on the edge of the wide pasture. There were ardent touches of red on the sumach between the straight green savins. The young moon was silvering above the red and gold of the sunset. In the silence, my friend's thoughts roamed I know not where. My own circled and alighted on the magnificent lover in Meredith's *Tragic Comedians*. The silver moon invited him and Clotilde, on the passion-swept night of their first meeting, to go quite mad. But his brilliant mind refused to be eclipsed — 'the handsome face of the orb that lights us would be well enough were it only a gallop between us two. Dearest, the orb that lights us two for a lifetime must be taken all round, and I have been on the wrong side of the moon. I know the other face of it — a visage scored with regrets, dead dreams, burned passions, bald illusions, and the like, the like, the like! — sunless, waterless, without a flower.'

How stupid to mistake this evening's moon for to-morrow's sun! How stupid to mistake the crimson slash on the sumach for the whole broad upland!

CUNJUR AND 'SUASION

PLANTATION CHRONICLES

BY ELEANOR C. GIBBS

I

TOOMBER KAMID! What a name! Well, she was a woman, a negro woman, tall, black, brawny. About her there was something that attracted me by its singularity; yet with this attraction there was a something indescribable that was almost awe-inspiring to a child like me. When I asked her where she got such a queer name, she told me that it was her grandmammy's grandmammy's name. Her grandmammy, she said, was a Mollie Gloskie (Madagascar) negro; and she had been told that *her* grandmammy remembered all about being in Africa, and had told of many strange customs there, where children never wore clothes until they were as tall as their mothers. Then they were sent to the straw-fields to make long aprons for themselves. She said the mothers had to do something to help them to know their own children from the children of other negroes, so they took a sharp knife, made of a shell, and scratched up and down the children's faces, and up and down their arms and legs. As I listened to her, I saw that she was trying to describe tattooing. She told, too, of the rings she used to wear — gold rings, she said: two in her nose, and four or five around her ears, where holes had been pierced for them.

She said she had been told that her grandmammy's grandmammy was a

queen in Africa. But one day a big ship came sailing up, and the captain had pretty red calico and gold bracelets and looking-glasses in the ship. She and a crowd of other negroes 'scrouged' along and went on the ship, and the captain gave them some good fire-water, and they got sleepy and went to sleep; and when they woke up, they were 'way off, 'way out in the sea, and the 'maremaids' were swimming all around them.

When I expressed doubts about the 'maremaids,' she said, 'Dey sho is maremaids, kaze my own mammy seed 'em in de 'Tomač ribber. I hyeard her tell 'bout de maremaids times 'pon top uv times. She sho did see 'em wid her eyes — in de 'Tomač ribber. You doan' know 'bout maremaids, but niggers knows 'bout 'em kaze dey seed 'em deyselves. Now Gord knows dat's de trufe.'

All these stories were as fascinating to me as 'Cinderella' and 'Jack and the Beanstalk' were to other children. I listened with eager interest to stories of the negroes in Africa who were 'cunjur niggers.' 'All uv em wuz cunjur niggers. Dey knowed how to walk on behind anybody an' pick up de tracks and put 'em in a cunjur bag with poisonous spiders and toad-frogs and tree-frogs and devils' horses — great big old grasshoppers wid red-an'-black

wings. Den doodle-bugs and grub-worms and measuring worms would be put in, and cats' fur, and a piece of leather-wing bat's wing, and thousand-legged worms, and lizards' tails, and scorapins.'

When the conjur bag was completed, it was buried under the eaves of the house where the victim of the conjurer lived. The 'tarrifyin' pains' would soon make themselves manifest, and in the veins, the stomach, and the bowels of the unfortunate conjured person these 'varmint' an' 'insects' would hold high carnival. The victim was doomed. No doctor could relieve him. Only by propitiating the conjurer was there any hope. This could sometimes be done by giving presents to the conjurer. The poor conjured wretch was avoided by all his acquaintances. People did not like to walk on the side of the road where the doomed one lived. When the 'conjur' was getting off, the 'varmint' an' 'insects' would sometimes be heard jumping out and falling down flop on the ground.

Filled with interest and curiosity, I asked Toomber if she could tell me anything about conjuring.

'Yes,' she replied, 'conjurin' sho is true fac'. I bin had de conjur on me, an' I knows 'bout it. I sho do.. One Sunday, when I gwine 'long ter meetin', I seed a conjur 'oman pickin' up my tracks. Dat was Sunday; den on Monday dat 'oman done put de conjur on me. I knowed she gwine do dat, kaze I seed her at her devilment, stoopin' down on de san' an' pickin' my tracks right outen de san', an' puttin' 'em in her pocket. I peeped roun' de corner uv my eye an' seed her. I knowed she gwine do devilment. I knowed she a dang'ous 'oman. 'Fore Gord, ef you ever git de conjur on you, you sho' will know 'bout conjur. Dat 'oman pick up my tracks on Sunday, an Monday 'bout daybreak de conjur 'peared. I could n' git out de

bed, kaze de misery was in my laig, an' my foots, an' my side, an' my head. I des sot propped up on de side uv de bed an' I moan an' groan. I skeered ter tell 'bout what dat dang'ous 'oman done ter me, kaze hit mought make de conjur worse an' worse. Den I crope out de bed, an' tuck a knife an' dug up some poke-root an' biled it an' rubbed my swol'd-up laig wid dat, an' rubbed hit wid karosene. But de conjur did n' leave my cistern. My cistern wuz all discomfused. Hit so full of conjur I did n' know what ter do.

'Dat night ole squint-eye Sary Jane come ter see my misery, an' she say I mus' fix up a big plate full uv good vittles, an' put two dimes in de plate, an' sen' de plate to de conjur 'oman wid my love an' complimen's. Gord knows I did n' want dat dang'ous 'oman ter hab dat plate full uv good vittles, but I so skyeurd uv dat 'oman I was mos' crazy. De conjur kep a-goin' on, an' I kep' sayin', "O Gord! O Gord! O Gord! I'ze conjured mighty bad. De misery's wuckin' all th'oo my cistern. O Gord! O Gord!" Squint-eye Sary Jane say she'll tote de plate ter de conjur 'oman ef I can han' out a nice ashcake to her, kaze her belly wuz a growlin' an' groanin' for vittles. Conjur kin strike you mighty bad when your belly is moanin'. I han' out some taters an' some cushaw an' some lye hominy to Sary Jane, an' she smack'd her mouf an grin' her tooths. Den she toted dat plate uv vittles ter de dang'ous 'oman an' gin her de money. Den de misery got ter 'swagin' down. Den Sary Jane say she pertects herse'f 'ginst conjur. She totes de lef' hin' foot uv a grabeyard rabbit in her pocket day in an' day out. I gwine get me one. Den conjur'l lemme 'lone. I sho is gwine ter pertec' myse'f f'om conjur. I got 'nuf uv conjur.

'Dem Cincinnati niggers is gittin' so dey likes ter hear 'bout conjur an' witches an' grabeyard rabbits. Dem

niggers is mighty ign'an'. Dey doan' know nuthin' 'bout de bref uv heaven. I flings my wooden winder-shutters open an' de bref uv heaven goes a sweepin' th'oo my cabin. Dey got glass winders all shut up tight, an' ain' got no great big fireplace. I feels like I wuz suffocate when I goes in de chu'ch dar. I wants to be back on de plantation whar I kin git de bref uv heaven. I gwine back dar soon 's ole Mistiss comes ridin' back f'om Culpeper Cote House.

'I doan' want ter stay in Cincinnati an' be a free nigger. I doan' want two things — I'ze sot 'ginst bein' a free nigger or bein' po' white trash. Niggers 'spises po' white trash an po' white trash 'spises niggers. I bin uster quality white folks. Dey sets heap uv sto' by niggers, an' niggers sets sto' by dem. Dey sho do like one anurr. I gwine back to Kanawha County an' live out all my born days wid quality folks.

'Dem dar Cincinnati niggers got so now dey lis'ns when my tongue 'gins ter run. One uv dem little Ohio niggers wuz layin' up on de bed groanin' wid de headache. She tol' me she dunno what make her head ache so. I say, "Chile, I'll tell you. Sho's you born, you bin th'owed a stran' uv yo' hyar out de winder, an' a bird done tuck hit up in a tree. Cose den eb'ry time de win' blows yo' head 'bleeged to ache. You all so ign'an' up here, you 'bleeged ter be painified." I tell you I knows a heap. I knows when bad luck is comin' 'long, lickity-split, lickity-split. Scritch-owl tells me 'bout dat. He dess scritch an' scritch when he knows bad luck's comin'. Dat he do. One time a ole scritch-owl sot on de ridge-pole uv my cabin un' mos' split his th'roat scritchin'. I settin' down in de cabin, waitin' for my old man ter come home wid de ox-team. De scritch-owl kep' on scritch'. I th'owed my apurn up ober my face an' sot dar an' shivered an' trimbled. De scritch-owl done got in good chune

den, an' he kep' on scritch'. My ole man nuvar did come home. He done drowned in de creek, cedar creek, one mile f'om de cabin.

'I bin livin' nigh on to a hunderd years, an' I done fin' out how knowin' scritch-owls is. Dey's knowin' in Alabama an' dey's knowin' in de Mississippi bottoms. Whippoorwills is bad-luck birds, too, but scritch-owls kin beat whippoorwills. When I hears a scritch-owl I runs ter de fire, an' sticks a shovel in de fire. Sometimes dat 'pears ter do some good. Sometimes hit doan' do no good. I tries all de ways I hears tell 'bout ter shoo bad luck off. Ef a chunk uv fire rolls down, I puckers up my mouf in a hurry an' spits down, spang on hit. Den when I spittin' I wishes a good-luck wish. Dat's a good way to do. Des say, "Stay dere, ole chunk, an' hev 'memb'ance ter bring good luck!" I spits three times, spang! spang! spang! Den I sets down an' sings a little.

'I likes ter sing. All de plantation niggers likes ter sing. Dem Cincinnati niggers so smart dey say dey sings out-en a book, *do, re, mi*, like white folks. I say, Gord teach'd de plantation niggers an' de mockin' birds how ter sing. I spec' de debble teach'd de jay birds. I dunno 'bout dat.

'I sho does wish ole Mistiss would git up on her prancin' sorrel horse an' ride back home. I tired bein' chambermaid on de steamboat. Dey got cuyous vittles on dat steamboat, an' I'ze tired eatin' dem things whar I ain' bin uster eatin' on de plantation. I wants some possum, I does, possum wid sweet 'taters all ranged roun' hit, wid good possum gravy. Plantation niggers knows what good vittles is soon 's dey sets dey eyes on hit. 'Pear like I cyarn' go back ter de plantation now; but I know whar I kin go when de right time comes: I kin sho' go ter de promis' lan' up de right road ter glory. I'll go when

Marse Jesus calls. When de angels comes, I sho will wrastle wid 'em, an' dey 'll be a flutterin' an' a flyin' roun' worser 'n a chicken wid his head cut off. I ain' 'feard uv angels. I des 'feared uv cunjur an' hants. I gwine ter glory, dat whar I gwine!

Then her wild voice rang out, —

'Some uv dese mornin's bright an' fair
I'll hitch on my wings an' try de air!'

II

'O Gord! O Gord! Lord 'a' massey on me! Poor me! Dat's bad as a scratch-owl, dess as bad. I looked out my doah an' seed a hog, a ole razor-back red sow, des a-runnin' up an' down de pastur' wid a shuck in her mouf. I knowed she tellin' me den 'bout bad luck. Poor me! I knowed bad luck was comin', kaze las' night I dreamt 'bout muddy water. Den to-day I drapped ter sleep in my split-bottom chair an' dreamt 'bout snakes. Dat a mighty bad sign. Secret enemies gwine ter 'pear when you dreams 'bout snakes. Poor me! Poor me! I 'members de fus time I dreamt 'bout hog runnin' roun' wid shuck in his mouf. I wuz livin' 'way down in Mis'sippy den, on Marse Jeems's lower plantation. Dey did n' hab de same ways down dar dat dey got on dis plantation. Dey gin out a tas' [task] ter ebry nigger on de place. Not a hard big tas', des a tas' 'bout de right size. Atter dat tas' done did, all you got ter do is ter work 'long, an' all you makes Marse Jeems's gwine buy f'om you.

'I wuz a sassy little gal when I live down in Mis'sippy on Marse Jeems's place. Marse Jeems nuvar did speak discontempshus ter me but one time. I done hyeard 'im tell Mistiss dat I got gifty-gab. I so uppity I traipsed up ter de house, an' pick up de bunch uv peacock feathers ter keep off de flies. I waved dem peacock feathers an' I waved 'em. Den I say, "Marse Jeems,

please, suh, splainify 'bout what you say I got — 'bout gifty-gab." Marse Jeems th'owed back his head an' laffed an' laffed. Den I say agin, "Marse Jeems, suh, please splainify 'bout gifty-gab." Den he say, "When you fus' begin comin' up ter de house ter set on de bottom step an' play wid my chillern, I tuck noticemen dat you nuvar stop talkin', talkin'. You kep' up yo' clack all de time. When folks doan' nuvar stop talkin' I 'clares dat dey sho got gifty-gab. Talk, talk, talk." Den Marse Jeems th'owed back his head agin. He sho did. I ain' stop gifty-gab yit. I spec' I'll keep up gifty-gab 'tel dey hauls me ter de grabeyard. I doan' see no use uv havin' a tongue ef hit gwine ter be closed up 'tween yo teef, day in an' day out. My mammy say I talks in my sleep. I dunno, I ain' nuvar 'mained wake ter see 'bout dat. Dey say de gifty-gab runs day an' night.

'I did n' like ter stay down on Marse Jeems's plantation. Too many ole alligators down dar. My mammy tell me ter stay up on de hill. She say she hyeard dat alligators would bite off little nigger chillern's laigs. Dey nuvar bit my laigs. I got many laigs now as I uver had in all my born days. Dat's de trufe — dat's Gord's trufe.

'Marse Jeems wa'n't like ole Marster hyeah on dis plantation. Marster's a dignity man. Sometimes Marse Jeems wuz a dignity man — des' sometimes. Den sometimes he so chock full of fun an' devilment, de dignity des' banished. I mos' laffed tell my ribs rattle when I 'members how Marse Jeems punish Nepchune. Dat nigger wuz de lazies' nigger on Marse Jeems's plantation down in Mis'sippy. But he sorter smart nigger, an' he fooled Marse Jeems tel he 'sidered Nepchune a induschus nigger. Den Marse Jeems 'pinted Nepchune for foreman. He tol' 'im ter go an' look at de diff'unt fiel's an' lay off de wuck for hisse'f an' for de gang.

'Nepchune sho did lay off de wuck for hisse'f. All he laid off for hisse'f was ter do nothin' an' res' in de shade. He knowed how ter do. One day Marse Jeems an' Nepchune wuz out in de House gyarden. Marse Jeems 'splained ter Nepchune 'bout plantin' de seed, radish-seed, and turnip-seed, an' all sorts uv little pinhead seed like mustard-seed. Nepchune say he got de understannin' 'bout how ter do. When he went up ter de house an' tol' Marse Jeems he done plant all de seed, Marse Jeems say Nepchune bin mighty smart, an' he gin 'im a present. He gin 'im a whole plug uv 'bacco.

'Nex' day Marse Jeems wuz walkin' in de gyarden, an' unbeknownst he kicked up a brick layin' out dar. Gord 'a' massey! Marse Jeems foun' all de papers uv little pinhead seeds onder dat brick. Marse Jeems a mighty cussin' man when he wuz mad. I heyar 'im say, "Dat infernal rascal! I'll punish im sho as I a born man. I sho gwine punish Nepchune."

'I kep on studyin' 'bout what Marse Jeems gwine ter do ter Nepchune. I foun' out. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Marse Jeems's place most jined on ter Merid'an. One day a Merid'an man comed ter de plantation an' 'swaded Marse Jeems ter buy a great, big, long red hammock. Dat man swung dat hammock up on Marse Jeems's gallery an' lef'. Marse Jeems kep' on studyin' 'bout how Nepchune plant dem seed. I knowed what wuz in his min'. He studyin' an' studyin' 'bout punishin' Nepchune. I sho thought he gwine whip Nepchune bad. Dat I did. No, suh, Marse Jeems mighty notionate man. He got heap uv devilment 'bout 'im, an' heap uv fun. He call Nepchune up ter de gallery an' say:—

"Nepchune, I mighty sorry you had to work so hard plantin' de gyarden. I knows you tired mos' ter def, poor nigger. I gwine give you some res'.

Yo' Marse Jeems ain' gwine ter let you work yo'se'f 'tel yo' tongue mos' hangin' out yo' mouf. He sho ain' gwine ter do dat. Come hyeah, Nepchune, an' teck a li'l' res'. Poor fellow, yo' Marse Jeems sorry for you, he sorry for induschus nigger like you, Nepchune. You needs a res', nigger. Come hyeah."

'Nepchune stepped up on de gallery, an' Marse Jeems say, "Now, Nepchune, git up in dis big red hammock an' stretch yo'se'f out long as you kin."

'Nepchune sorter swunk back. Den Marse Jeems say, "Is you work so hard you got deaf? Poor devil, you sho needs a good res'."

'Nepchune 'bleeged ter git in de hammock an' stretch out. He 'peared mighty sorrowful like. Marse Jeems mighty dignity dat day; talk mighty onnateral, so gently an' sweetified, Nepchune did n' know what wuz de 'casion uv dat soft-soap talkin' to a nigger. When Nepchune done stretch out good, kaze he skyeard not to do dat, Marse Jeems sot hisse'f down by de red hammock. He done tied a twine string ter de hammock. He sot in a big split-bottom chair an' pull dat string, an' made it swing an' swing.

'Presen'ly Nepchune say, "Marse Jeems, I'ze mightily res' up; I wants ter go out in de fiel', suh."

"No, no, Nepchune. No, no, poor fellow. I gwine ter let you hab a good ole res'."

'Den Marse Jeems swunged Nepchune an' swunged 'im, an' swunged 'im. Eb'ry now an' den some uv de niggers comed up ter de house, 'tendin' dey 'bleeged ter come on business. Dey kep' on comin', an' laffin', an' sayin', "Nepchune, you sho gittin' a good res'. Dat you is." Nepchune nuvar 'sponded nuthin'. Marse Jeems kep' on swingin' dat nigger, an' lookin' like he walkin' 'hind a hearse ter de grabeyard down by de ribber. I wuz des' shakin' my

ribs lookin' at Nepchune restin' in de long red hammock. 'Pear like Marse Jeems could n' git tired swingin' Nepchune. He swunged an' he swunged.

'Pear like all de niggers on de plantation got business in de house-yard dat day. Mos'ly dey did n' say nuthin'. Sometimes dey step up close ter de gallery an' look devilish an' call out, "Nepchune, is you gittin' a good res'?"

You ain' nuvar be tired again, I 'spec'."

'Nepchune nuvar said nuthin'. He did n' even grin. Mos'ly Nepchune wuz a mighty grinnin' nigger. He did n' 'pear so grinny de day he wuz restin' in de hammock. He des' 'peared discomfused, mightily discomfused wid all de niggers laffin' at 'im. I seed Nepchune wuz mad. But Marse Jeems — Marse Jeems got mealy-moufed an' sweet-spoken more an' more, more an' more. He sho did hab a injoicin' time seein' dat induschus nigger restin' in de red hammock. Dat wuz a good fun day on Marse Jeems's plantation. 'Pear like Marse Jeems mighty induschus, pullin' dat twine string an' swingin' Nepchune.

'Mos' all de niggers on de place, tendin' dis an' tendin' dat, traipsed 'long th'ough de house-yard while Nepchune wuz gittin' his res'. 'Pear like dey could n' keep deyse'ves 'way f'om seein' dat sight. Nepchune mos' daid he so mad wid dem niggers. Dey so consarned 'bout poor, tired Nepchune. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! 'Pear like de sun could n' set. Pear like hit got hitched in a crotch uv de tree while Marse Jeems wuz swingin' de poor tired nigger. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Dat nigger would n' nuvar git tired agin. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

'Atter while de sun did drap. Den I hyeah Marse Jeems say, "Nepchune, nex' time you gits tired, I gwine gib you a long res' agin. I gwine dig a hole six foot deep for you to res' in. Den when you res'n' dar, you won't hear when Gabriel blows his horn."

'All de niggers done flock roun' de gallery den, an' Marse Jeems call out, "Boys, is any of you tired?" Dey all 'spond, "No, Marse Jeems, we doan' need no res'. We ain' tired." Den Marse Jeems say, "Hurrah for you, boys, hurrah!"

III

'I doan' know but five Injin words. Dey's Choctaw Injin words. Marse Jeems's plantation wuz close to whar dem Choctaw Injins lived in Mis'sippy. Dem Injins say dey's de frienlies' Injins uv all de Injins. Dey sho did count mighty cuyous. "Onarby, tosharby, tuckaloo, toochany": one, two, three, four, five. Dey helt dey fingers out when dey count dem words. Dem Choctaw Injins sho did meck pretty willer baskets. Dey dug up some sort uv roots, or sumpin', an' dyed de willer. Red willer, yaller willer, black willer, all sorts of culled willer. Den dey made de baskets: little baskets for de gal chillern at Marse Jeems's house ter put hick'y nuts in; baskets for Marse Jeems's wife ter tote her keys in; great big roun' baskets ter hol' de fold-up work whar gwine ter be sewed on; cuyous baskets, one on each side runnin' down ter a p'int: forks goes down in one side, knives in t' other. Den dey made a monst'ous big basket to put dey puscooses [pappooses] in. Dem baskets got a long strop ter go roun' de haid. Dem little puscooses looked comf'able wid dey heads stickin' out dem baskets.

'Eb'ry year, 'bout time chinkapins an' ches'nuts an' muscadines gits ripe, dem Injins sho ter come. De Injin men come ridin' on Injin ponies. Dey sho ter be tottin' some blow-guns. I doan' know whar dey git dem big ole canes. Dey gits 'em somewhar, an' tecks out all de pith. Den dey mecks Injins arrers, sharp at one eend, an' feathers on t' other eend. Jes' blow in one dem blow-

guns an' dem arrers goes flyin' out. You can kill a jay bird dat way, or a sparrer. 'Cose nobody ain' gwine kill a robin dat way. Dey wait for de robin ter fly up in a Chiny tree an' git drunk. Eb'ry chile on de plantation thinks he 'bleeged ter hab a blow-gun when dem Choctaw Injins comes ridin' in. Jay birds better watch out den. Folks say Choctaw Injins ain' smart as Cher'kee Injins. I doan' know 'bout dat. Dey sho mecks pretty baskets an' blow-guns. But dey doan' know nuthin' 'bout alphabits like Cher'kee Injins does.

'Marse Jeems wuz a mighty smart man. I sot my min' an' cotch heaps uv smartness f'om Marse Jeems on his lower plantation down in Mis'sippy. Dat I did. I 'stonish de Al'bama niggers wid my smartness when I went back to de Black Belt. Dat sho is a Black Belt. Dat ole prairie mud's black as a tar-ball — an' sticky! Gord knows hit's sticky! Des' walk 'long a little way an' de mud sticks so fast to de soles uv yo' foots you cyarn' sca'cely lif' em up. I likes sandy town myse'f, like Livi'ston an' Selma.

'Bless Gord! I knows I is got giftigab, like Marse Jeems say. I mos' forgot how skyeard I wuz 'bout bad luck. Mighty bad luck for bird ter come flyin' in yo' house. Bird come flyin' in my house one day. I druv dat bird out. Nex' mornin' dar wuz dat same bird flatted 'ginst my winder-shutter. I so 'stressed I des th'owed myse'f down on de flo' an' put my apurn up over my haid. I tryin' ter fool dat bird. But I could n' fool 'im. He knowed me, an' dat very day de bad luck struck me. I fell down an' broke my laig, my poor old laig wid de rheumatiz pain mos' killin' me. I could n' skyeard de bad luck away. Hit done come, an' 'pear like hit gwine ter stay. Poor me!

'Here I is giftigabbin' an' forgittin' all de teachmen's my mammy tol' me 'bout huccome niggers han's, an' down

side uv dey han's, is white, an' de bottoms uv dey foots. Mammy say Gord A'mighty made all de folks white when he fus' started out ter make 'em. Den he got plum tired lookin' at all dem white folks. Den he 'cided he 'd paint 'em diff'unt colors. He made some red folks like Injins, an' some yaller folks, an' some brown folks. Den he studied 'bout what he gwine do nex'. He 'cided he 'd meck some black folks. Den he tol' some de white folks ter git down on all fours, kaze he gwine paint 'em black. He paint dem folks black while dey down on all fours. 'Cose de bottom uv dey han's an' dey foots did n' git painted black. Dat's de trufe, sho's I 'ze a born nigger. My mammy had heaps uv knowin's. White folks doan' know how much knowin's niggers got.

'One day I wuz out in de pastur' gittin' poke-weed. I hyeard ole crook-hand Sal singin' an' singin'. I cotch de words. Dey wuz hitched on ter a chune. Mighty easy ter ketch de words ef dey's hitched on ter a chune. She kep' on a-singin': —

'Yonder go de bell cow.
Ketch her by de tail.
Turn her in de pastur',
Milk hit in de pail.
Milk hit in de pail,
An' strain hit in de gourd.
Set hit in de cornder,
And kiver wid a board.

'I sung dat over in my min' 'tel I cotched hit good.

'Dat wuz de day a nigger man comed ter Marse Jeems's place f'om Merid'an. He think he mighty smart kaze he bin livin' in Merid'an. He seed me, an' wave his ole black paw at me. Den he hollered out, "Howdy, sweetie!" He all dress up mighty fine in white clo'es. Fus' I would n' look at 'im. Den he holler out agin, "Howdy, sweetie. How is you to-day?" I say, "I worse off on 'casion uv seein' you. Sho's I born, you look des' like a black snake in a bowl uv cream." Dat smarty-jack

nigger f'om Merid'an 'pear like he dis-comfused den. He riz up agin' an' hol-lered out, "You look mighty peart to-day, sweetie!" Den I 'spond, "Keep yo' sweetnin' for yo'se'f, ole black snake." I sho did discomfuse dat nigger. But he kep' on wavin' his black paw at me. He did n' come back f'om Merid'an no more ter call me sweetie.

'One nice white lady comed f'om Merid'an one time ter see Marse Jeems's wife. She comed f'om de Norf an' she mighty ign'an' lady. She seed me set-tin' on de tip-top uv de high ten-rail fence, staked an' ridered, an' she say she so 'feared I gwine fall down. I say I doan' see no use in tumblin' down. I mighty com'fable up hyeah. Den I 'menced callin' out, "Cur rench! Cur rench! Cur rench!" She ax me what for I keep sayin' "Cur rench" so much. I tell her she ain' got un'erstannin' ter know what I talkin' 'bout. De cows an' de bulls got un'erstannin'. Look at 'em. Marse Jeems say cows got jog-raphy an' 'rithmetic in dey haid. Ef dey long way f'om de cuppen [cow-pen] dey starts home soon. Ef dey short way off, dar dey lays 'tel dey see me puttin' down de bars. Dey got heap uv sense.

'One time, I wuz a little gal den, I layin' down on de flo' kickin' up my heels an' cryin'. Mammy say, "Wha' de matter wid you, chile?" I tol' her my haid wuz splittin' open wid head-ache. She 'spond, "Chile, I spec' you got de hollow horn like de ole red bull got." Den I got ter laffin' an' laffin'. Den de headache des upped an' went off somewhat.

'When I comed back from Marse Jeems's place, I met ole black Jubiter. I bin gone seb'ral years. When I went dar, de wool on my haid wuz black. Wool on my mammy's haid bin white 'long time. Ole black Jubiter hollered out to me, "Hi! hi! hi! Is you come back ter Al'bama? I mos' did n' know

you. You heap more like yo' mammy dan yo'se'f. Dat's a sho fac'."

'I stannin' by de car track den. I axed Jubiter ef de trains wuz regilar in runnin'. He 'spond, "Dey's mighty regilar in bein' onregilar." He sho did tell de trufe dat time — dat one time. Mos'ly Jubiter wuz a big lie-teller. He 'joyed tellin' lies. He had 'joymen' f'om sunup ter sundown dat way.

'I bin havin' 'joymen' all dis day des studyin' 'bout buckwheat cakes. 'Fore Christmus come, on Marse Jeems's plantation, 'peared like ebrybody was busy makin' bags. Bags 'pon top uv bags wuz piled up on de shelves in de house. I knowed what dem bags was for. Ebry Christmus dem bags wuz piled up dar. 'Bleeged ter hab a high-up pile uv bags for de 'casion. Den de Mistiss had a pile uv dimes an' pica-yunes in her trunk. She knowed what she gwine do wid all dat silver money. I knowed, too, kaze I bin on Marse Jeems's place 'fore dat time. I knowed dem wuz Chris'tmus bags for buckwheat. Niggers nuvar seed buckwheat but one time eb'ry year. Dat wuz Christmus mornin'. All de niggers got up 'fore sun-rise dat day. Eb'rybody had big fire in dey big fireplace by time de sun riz. Den all uv 'em went flockin' up ter de house, ter jump out sudden, an' holler out, "Christmus gif! Christmus gif! Christmus gif, marster! Christmus gif, mistiss." Dem niggers got Christmus gif's, eb'rybody down ter de suckin' babies. Eb'rybody wuz laffin' an' whoopin' an' hurrahin'. Eb'rybody got Christmus in dey bones.

'Den eb'ry nigger gits a bag, an' back dey troops ter dey cabin. Dey snatches up dey sifters an' 'mence siftin', siftin', siftin'. Dey knowed dimes an' pica-yunes wuz in dem buckwheat bags. Dey 'terminated ter sif' out de money. All de chillern des' scrouges one anurr, an' gits up close ter de sifter ter see if dey kin git a dime or a picayune wid a

hole in it. Dey likes ter hang picayunes an' dimes roun' dey neck, an' strut roun' proud as a ole peacock. Dat what dey wants ter do on Christmus mornin' on Marse Jeems's plantation.

'Some uv de marsters in Mis'sippy does dat away like Marse Jeems. Some doan' do dat away. Dey fix up some sorter way for Christmus fun. Marse Jeems got a big ole barrel uv whiskey in his smoke-house. He sho gits a barrel uv dat once eb'ry year f'om Mobile. He got a 'mission merchan' in Mobile ter sell his cotton. Dat 'mission merchan' buys de sugar an' de flour an' de whiskey an' de rice an' all sort o' groceries down in Mobile. He puts 'em on de steamboat an dey's fotch up ter de landin' at Moscow. Den de wagons goes down dar an' hauls 'em up. Dat's de time we sees oranges an' lemons. Dat's de onlies' time. We's mos' crazy when de wagons comes back. Eb'rybody on de place 'pears ter be plum crazy den. All de chillern in special, white chillern an' nigger chillern. All dey moufs is waterin' an' drippin'. Eb'rybody is hollerin' out, "Yonder comes de wagons!"

'When dey does come, Gord A'mighty! eb'rybody sho is crazy den. De men lif's out a great big hogshead of rice. Dey knocks out de head an' 'mences divin' down in de rice an' pullin' out tin buckets an' tin pans an' sifters, an' I dunno what, all packed in de rice. Sometimes out comes a tin plate wid letters all roun' de edge, big *a*, little *a*, big *b*, little *b*. We knows de house-'oman — one uv de house-'omans — gwine git dat tin plate. Certain sho, she gwine git dat. Dey keeps a-divin' down an' divin' down in dat rice, an' pres'n'ly out comes some doll-heads. All de chillern 'gins ter dance an' laf an' holler. Dey knows Mistiss gwine cut out doll-bodies an' stuff 'em wid cotton. Den up in de seamster's room de seamsters gwine ter sew de doll-heads on de doll-bodies.

'All de chillern stannin' roun' eb'ry-whar dances roun' an' hurrahs an' holers, 'tel Marse Jeems step out an' say, "Too much noise! Too much noise! Ef you cyarn' be quiet, you mus' go back ter yo' cabins." Hit gits so quiet den 'pears like somebody's dyin'. But in a minute dey gins ter 'spond, "Yes, suh, Marse Jeems, yes, suh! We gwine be still as a church mouse. Yes, suh, Marse Jeems, yes, suh!"

'I gits ter studyin' 'bout dem days sometimes 'tel hit 'pears like dem days is right here agin. 'T wuz a injoicin' time eb'ry year when de wagons come back f'om Moscow. Sometimes Marse Jeems would han' out some drams ter de niggers. De house-servants done had egg-nog when dey runned up Christmus gif'ing. Marse Jeems had a bung-hole in de whiskey barrel, an' he'd teck a mighty cuyous vial, solid heavy at de bottom, an' let it down th'ough de bung-hole an' draw up de whiskey. Dat vial too little ter draw much whiskey. Nobody did n' get none but special house-niggers. Dey did n' git much.

'All de whiskey Marse Jeems ever drunk was one mint julep once a day. I hyeard him say one day, "Mint is de grass dat grows on de graves uv all good Virginians." Dat's what I hyeard Marse Jeems say. Dat what he tol' his comp'ny settin' up dar on de gallery. Once eb'ry day Marse Jeems tuck one mint julep. All his chillern runned to him den, an' he gin each one a teaspoonful of dat good julep.

'Somehow I keeps on studyin' an' studyin' 'bout dem ole days. 'Pears like I kin set down in Jerushy's cabin an' see de fiddler fiddlin'. He sot up on a high stool on top uv a table. He de one dat called out de figgirs uv de dance. 'Fore dat, one o' de niggers would step out an' cut de pigeon wing, an' one would give a double shuffle. All de niggers would clap an' rap den, an' somebody would holler out, "Play 'Chicken

in de bread tray,' play 'Ole Firginny nuvar tire,' play 'Susanna gal.'"

'De fiddler did n' pay no 'tention ter all dem callin's-out. He de one gwine call out. Den he'd stan' up a minute an' holler, "Time's a-flyin'. Choose yo' pardners! Bow perlitley! Dat de way! S'lute yo' pardners! Swing corners! Cyarn' yo' hear de fiddle talkin'? Hail, Columbia! Halleloo! Hol' yo' han's up highfilutin'! Look permiskus! Dat's de way! Dat's de way! Keep on dancin'!" An' dey sho did dance an' promenade, tel de bref mos' gin out.

'Den de fiddler sho ter put his fiddle down an' call out, "I knows what you wants. You wants some banjo music." When de banjo started up, de niggers 'peared plum 'stracted. Dat's de music for niggers. Dey kin fling a souple toe when de banjo talkin' ter 'em. But I got rheumatiz in my laig, an' I doan' dance dese days. I'd be skyeard ter dance too, kaze I mought cross my foots, an' den de debble'd cotch me. I 'members de song: "He! Hi! Mr. Debble! I knows you'ze at de doah. I knows you'ze grabblin' grabble wid yo' ole sharp toe."

'Here I is studyin' so much 'bout de debble I mos' los' 'membrance uv all de good Christmus vittles. Up at de house de table sho' did look scrumshus; a whole roas' pig at one eend uf de 'hogany table, wid a lemon in his mouf an' red ribbon on his tail. Dey had turkeys too 'pon top uv turkeys, tame turkeys an' wil' turkeys, an' roas' ducks, an' fried chickens, an' baked hams, an' mutton saddles, an' venison, an' — O Gord 'a' massey! dey had so much good vittles dat I ain' got de 'membrance uv one half uv all dat. Eb'rybody sho did git a fill-up wid good vittles. Den come de de'sert: drop-cakes, an' hole-in-de-middle cakes, an' snowball cakes, an' jelly, an' ice-cream, an' apples, an' blackberry cordial, an' pork wine. All de house-niggers got so much leavin's

on de white folks' plates dat dey was stuffed full as a egg.

'Eb'rybody down on Marse Jeems's plantation say dey'd like ter have Christmus all de year, 'stid uv des' one week. All dat Christmus day you could n' sca'cely hear yo'se'f talk. Eb'rybody wuz tryin' to see how much noise dey could meck. De white folks, up an' down de plantation, wuz firin' off Christmus guns f'om sunup ter sundown. Dey'd teck a big hick'nut tree wid a nachul hollow in hit, or dey'd meck a hollow. Den dey'd fill dat hollow plum-full uv gunpowder an' plug hit up. When de match wuz tetchted ter de powder, you sho did hear noise. Sometimes dey'd fill up bottles an' canisters wid gunpowder an' put 'em onder barrels an' hogsheads an' set a match to 'em. Eb'rybody'd holler, an' hurrah, an' whoop eb'ry time de 'sploshun come. Dat de way 't wuz all day long.

'I nuvar did go down ter de cow-house Christmus night, but I hear tell 'bout what gwine-ons dey wuz down dar. Out in de fiel's, an' down in de cow-house, an' out in de stables, all de cattle knowed when midnight come. Des' like roosters knows when ter crow. When midnight come, all de cattle fell down on dey knees wid dey faces turned ter de eas'. Dar dey 'mained, clean till daylight. I sorry I did n' go down dar ter de cow-house an' see de cattle prayin', an' prayin', an' prayin'. Beastes got a heap uv sense. Dat dey is. I b'leeve all de beastes is gwine ter heab'n. I sho do. Hit sho'd be mighty lonely up dar bedout any beastes.

'Folks doan' know how ter hab good Christmus times now like dey knowed on Marse Jeems's plantation down in Mis'sippy. Dem sho wuz good ole Christmus times, mun! Dey doan' know 'bout good Christmus times up hyeah in Livi'ston. Dey ain' nuvar live down in Mis'sippy on Marse Jeems's plantation.'

SOME TRAITS IN THE CHINESE CHARACTER

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

THERE is a theory among Occidentals that the Chinaman is inscrutable, full of secret thoughts, and impossible for us to understand. It may be that a greater experience of China would have brought me to share this opinion; but I could see nothing to support it during the time when I was working in that country. I talked to the Chinese as I should have talked to English people, and they answered me much as English people would have answered a Chinese whom they considered educated and not wholly unintelligent. I do not believe in the myth of the 'subtle Oriental': I am convinced that in a game of mutual deception an Englishman or American can beat a Chinese nine times out of ten. But as many comparatively poor Chinese have dealings with rich white men, the game is often played only on one side. Then, no doubt, the white man is deceived and swindled; but not more than a Chinese mandarin would be in London.

One of the most remarkable things about the Chinese is their power of securing the affection of foreigners. Almost all Europeans like China, both those who come only as tourists and those who live there for many years. In spite of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, I cannot recall a single Englishman in the Far East who liked the Japanese as much as the Chinese. Those who have lived long among them tend to acquire their outlook and their standards. New arrivals are struck by ob-

vious evils: the beggars, the terrible poverty, the prevalence of disease, the anarchy and corruption in politics. Every energetic Westerner feels at first a strong desire to reform these evils, and of course they ought to be reformed.

But the Chinese, even those who are the victims of preventable misfortunes, show a vast passive indifference to the excitement of the foreigners; they wait for it to go off, like the effervescence of soda-water. And gradually strange doubts creep into the mind of the bewildered traveler: after a period of indignation, he begins to doubt all the maxims that he has hitherto accepted without question. Is it really wise to be always guarding against future misfortune? Is it prudent to lose all enjoyment of the present through thinking of the disasters that may come at some future date? Should our lives be passed in building a mansion that we shall never have leisure to inhabit?

The Chinaman answers these questions in the negative, and therefore has to put up with poverty, disease, and anarchy. But, to compensate for these evils, he has retained, as industrial nations have not, the capacity for civilized enjoyment, for leisure and laughter, for pleasure in sunshine and philosophical discourse. The Chinaman, of all classes, is more laughter-loving than any other race with which I am acquainted; he finds amusement in everything, and a dispute can always be softened by a joke.

I remember one hot day, when a party of us were crossing the hills in chairs. The way was rough and very steep, the work for the coolies very severe. At the highest point of our journey, we stopped for ten minutes to let the men rest. Instantly they all sat in a row, brought out their pipes, and began to laugh among themselves as if they had not a care in the world. In any country that had learned the virtue of forethought, they would have devoted the moments to complaining of the heat, in order to increase their tip. We, being Europeans, spent the time worrying whether the automobile would be waiting for us at the right place. Well-to-do Chinese would have started a discussion as to whether the universe moves in cycles or progresses by a rectilinear motion; or they might have set to work to consider whether the truly virtuous man shows *complete* self-abnegation, or may, on occasion, consider his own interest.

One comes across white men occasionally who suffer under the delusion that China is not a civilized country. Such men have quite forgotten what constitutes civilization. It is true that there are no trams in Peking, and that the electric light is poor. It is true that there are places full of beauty, which Europeans itch to make hideous by digging up coal. It is true that the educated Chinaman is better at writing poetry than at remembering the sort of facts which can be looked up in *Whitaker's Almanac*. A European, in recommending a place of residence, will tell you that it has a good train-service; the best quality he can conceive in any place is that it should be easy to get away from. But a Chinaman will tell you nothing about the trains; if you ask, he will tell you wrong. What he tells you is that there is a palace built by an ancient emperor, and a retreat in a lake for scholars weary of the world,

founded by a famous poet of the Tang dynasty. It is this outlook that strikes the Westerner as barbaric.

The Chinese, from the highest to the lowest, have an imperturbable quiet dignity, which is usually not destroyed, even by a European education. They are not self-assertive, either individually or nationally; their pride is too profound for self-assertion. They admit China's military weakness in comparison with foreign powers, but they do not consider efficiency in homicide the most important quality in a man or a nation. I think that at bottom they almost all believe that China is the greatest nation in the world, and has the finest civilization. A Westerner cannot be expected to accept this view, because it is based on traditions utterly different from his own. But gradually one comes to feel that it is, at any rate, not an absurd view; that it is, in fact, the logical outcome of a self-consistent standard of values. The typical Westerner wishes to be the cause of as many changes as possible in his environment; the typical Chinaman wishes to enjoy as much and as delicately as possible. This difference is at the bottom of most of the contrast between China and the English-speaking world.

We in the West make a fetish of 'progress,' which is the ethical camouflage of the desire to be the cause of changes. If we are asked, for instance, whether machinery has really improved the world, the question strikes us as foolish: it has brought great changes, and therefore great 'progress.' What we believe to be a love of progress is really, in nine cases out of ten, a love of power, an enjoyment of the feeling that by our fiat we can make things different. For the sake of this pleasure, a young American will work so hard that, by the time he has acquired his millions, he has become a victim of dyspepsia, compelled to live on toast and water, and to

be a mere spectator of the feasts that he offers to his guests. But he consoles himself with the thought that he can control politics, and provoke or prevent wars as may suit his investments. It is this temperament that makes Western nations 'progressive.'

II

There are, of course, ambitious men in China, but they are less common than among ourselves. And their ambition takes a different form — not a better form, but one produced by the preference of enjoyment to power. It is a natural result of this preference that avarice is a widespread failing of the Chinese. Money brings the means of enjoyment, therefore money is passionately desired. With us, money is desired chiefly as a means to power; politicians, who can acquire power without much money, are often content to remain poor. In China, the *tuchuns* (military governors), who have the real power, almost always use it for the sole purpose of amassing a fortune. Their object is to escape to Japan at a suitable moment, with sufficient plunder to enable them to enjoy life quietly for the rest of their days. The fact that in escaping they lose power does not trouble them in the least. It is, of course, obvious that such politicians, who spread only devastation in the provinces committed to their care, are far less harmful to the world than our own, who ruin whole continents in order to win an election campaign.

The corruption and anarchy in Chinese politics do much less harm than one would be inclined to expect. But for the predatory desires of the Great Powers, — especially Japan, — the harm would be much less than is done by our own 'efficient' governments. Nine tenths of the activities of a modern government are harmful; therefore, the

worse they are performed, the better. In China, where the government is lazy, corrupt, and stupid, there is a degree of individual liberty which has been wholly lost in the rest of the world.

The laws are just as bad as elsewhere: occasionally, under foreign pressure, a man is imprisoned for Bolshevik propaganda, just as he might be in England or America. But this is quite exceptional; as a rule, in practice, there is very little interference with free speech and a free press. The individual does not feel obliged to follow the herd, as he has in Europe since 1914, and in America since 1917. Men still think for themselves, and are not afraid to announce the conclusions at which they arrive. Individualism has perished in the West, but in China it survives, for good as well as for evil. Self-respect and personal dignity are possible for every coolie in China, to a degree which is, among ourselves, possible only for a few leading financiers.

The business of 'saving face,' which often strikes foreigners in China as ludicrous, is only the carrying out of respect for personal dignity in the sphere of social manners. Everybody has 'face,' even the humblest beggar; there are humiliations that you must not inflict upon him, if you are not to outrage the Chinese ethical code. If you speak to a Chinaman in a way that transgresses the code, he will laugh, because your words must be taken as spoken in jest if they are not to constitute an offense.

Once I thought that the students to whom I was lecturing were not as industrious as they might be, and I told them so in just the same words that I should have used to English students in the same circumstances. But I soon found I was making a mistake. They all laughed uneasily, which surprised me until I saw the reason. Chinese life, even among the most modernized, is

far more polite than anything to which we are accustomed. This, of course, interferes with efficiency, and also (what is more serious) with sincerity and truth in personal relations. If I were Chinese, I should wish to see it mitigated. But to those who suffer from the brutalities of the West, Chinese urbanity is very restful. Whether on the balance it is better or worse than our frankness, I shall not venture to decide.

The Chinese remind one of the English in their love of compromise and in their habit of bowing to public opinion. Seldom is a conflict pushed to its ultimate brutal issue. The treatment of the Manchu Emperor may be taken as a case in point. When a Western country becomes a republic, it is customary to cut off the head of the deposed monarch, or at least to cause him to flee the country. But the Chinese have left the Emperor his title, his beautiful palace, his troops of eunuchs, and an income of several million dollars a year. He is a boy of fourteen, living peaceably in the Forbidden City. Once, in the course of a civil war, he was nominally restored to power for a few weeks; but he was deposed again, without being in any way punished for the use to which he had been put.

Public opinion is a very real force in China, when it can be roused. It was, by all accounts, mainly responsible for the downfall of the An Fu party in the summer of 1920. This party was pro-Japanese, and was accepting loans from Japan. Hatred of Japan is the strongest and most widespread of political passions in China, and it was stirred up by the students in fiery orations. The An Fu party had, at first, a great preponderance of military strength; but their soldiers walked away when they came to understand the cause for which they were expected to fight. In the end, the opponents of the An Fu party were able to enter Peking and change

the government almost without firing a shot.

The same influence of public opinion was decisive in the teachers' strike, which was on the point of being settled when I left Peking. The Government, which is always impecunious, owing to corruption, had left its teachers unpaid for many months. At last, they struck to enforce payment, and went on a peaceful deputation to the Government, accompanied by many students. There was a clash with the soldiers and police, and many teachers and students were more or less severely wounded. This led to a terrific outcry, because the love of education in China is profound and widespread. The newspapers clamored for revolution. The Government had just spent nine million dollars in corrupt payments to three teachers who had descended upon the capital to extort blackmail. It could not find any colorable pretext for refusing the few hundred thousands required by the teachers, and it capitulated in panic. I do not think there is any Anglo-Saxon country where the interests of teachers would have roused the same degree of public feeling.

Nothing astonishes a European more in the Chinese than their patience. The educated Chinese are well aware of the foreign menace. They realize acutely what the Japanese have done in Manchuria and Shantung. They are aware that the English in Hong Kong are doing their utmost to bring to naught the Canton attempt to introduce good government in the South. They know that all the great powers, without exception, look with greedy eyes upon the undeveloped resources of their country, especially its coal and iron. They have before them the example of Japan, which, by developing a brutal militarism, a cast-iron discipline, and a new reactionary religion, has succeeded in holding at bay the brutal

lusts of 'civilized' industrialists. Yet they neither copy Japan nor submit tamely to foreign domination. They think, not in decades, but in centuries. They have been conquered before, first by the Tartars and then by the Manchus. But in both cases they absorbed their conquerors. Chinese civilization persisted, unchanged; and after a few generations the invaders became more Chinese than their subjects.

Manchuria is a rather empty country, with abundant room for colonization. The Japanese assert that they need colonies for their surplus population, yet the Chinese immigrants into Manchuria exceed the Japanese a hundred-fold. Whatever may be the temporary political status of Manchuria, it will remain a part of Chinese civilization, and can be recovered whenever Japan happens to be in difficulties. The Chinese derive such strength from their four hundred millions, the toughness of their national customs, their power of passive resistance, and their unrivaled national cohesiveness, — in spite of the civil wars, which merely ruffle the surface, — that they can afford to despise military methods, and to wait till the feverish energy of their oppressors shall have exhausted itself in internecine combats.

China is much less a political entity than a civilization — the only one that has survived from ancient times. Since the days of Confucius, the Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman empires have perished; but China has persisted through a continuous evolution. There have been foreign influences — first Buddhism, and now Western science. But Buddhism did not turn the Chinese into Indians, and Western science will not turn them into Europeans. I have met men in China who knew as much of Western learning as any professor among ourselves; yet they had not been thrown off their

balance, or lost touch with their own people. What is bad in the West — its brutality, its restlessness, its readiness to oppress the weak, its preoccupation with purely material aims — they see to be bad, and do not wish to adopt. What is good, especially its science, they do wish to adopt.

The old indigenous culture of China has become rather dead; its art and literature are not what they were, and Confucius does not satisfy the spiritual needs of a modern man, even if he is Chinese. The Chinese who have had a European or American education realize that a new element is needed to vitalize native traditions, and they look to our civilization to supply it. But they do not wish to construct a civilization just like ours; and it is precisely in this that the best hope lies. If they are not goaded into militarism, they may produce a genuinely new civilization, better than any that we in the West have been able to create.

III

So far, I have spoken chiefly of the good sides of the Chinese character; but, of course, China, like every other nation, has its bad sides also. It is disagreeable to me to speak of these, as I experienced so much courtesy and real kindness from the Chinese, that I should prefer to say only nice things about them. But for the sake of China, as well as for the sake of truth, it would be a mistake to conceal what is less admirable. I will only ask the reader to remember that, in the balance, I think the Chinese one of the best nations I have come across, and am prepared to draw up a graver indictment against every one of the great powers.

Shortly before I left China, an eminent Chinese writer pressed me to say what I considered the chief defects of the Chinese. With some reluctance, I

mentioned three: avarice, cowardice, and callousness. Strange to say, my interlocutor, instead of getting angry, admitted the justice of my criticism, and proceeded to discuss possible remedies. This is a sample of the intellectual integrity which is one of China's greatest virtues.

The callousness of the Chinese is bound to strike every Anglo-Saxon. They have none of that humanitarian impulse which leads us to devote one per cent of our energy to mitigating the evils wrought by the other ninety-nine per cent. For instance, we have been forbidding the Austrians to join with Germany, to emigrate, or to obtain the raw materials of industry. Therefore the Viennese have starved, except those whom it has pleased us to keep alive, from philanthropy. The Chinese would not have had the energy to starve the Viennese, or the philanthropy to keep some of them alive. While I was in China, millions were dying of famine; men sold their children into slavery for a few dollars, and killed them if this sum was unobtainable. Much was done by white men to relieve the famine, but very little by the Chinese, and that little vitiated by corruption. It must be said, however, that the efforts of the white men were more effective in soothing their own consciences than in helping the Chinese. So long as the present birth-rate and the present methods of agriculture persist, famines are bound to occur periodically; and those whom philanthropy keeps alive through one famine are only too likely to perish in the next.

Famines in China can be permanently cured only by better methods of agriculture combined with emigration or birth-control on a large scale. Educated Chinese realize this, and it makes them indifferent to efforts to keep the present victims alive. A great deal of Chinese callousness has a similar ex-

planation, and is due to perception of the vastness of the problems involved. But there remains a residue which cannot be so explained. If a dog is run over by an automobile and seriously hurt, nine out of ten passers-by will stop to laugh at the poor brute's howls. The spectacle of suffering does not of itself rouse any sympathetic pain in the average Chinaman; in fact, he seems to find it mildly agreeable. Their history, and their penal code before the revolution of 1911, show that they are by no means destitute of the impulse of active cruelty; but of this I did not myself come across any instances. And it must be said that active cruelty is practised by all the great nations, to an extent concealed from us only by our hypocrisy.

Cowardice is *prima facie* a fault of the Chinese; but I am not sure that they are really lacking in courage. It is true that, in battles between rival tuchuns, both sides run away, and victory rests with the side that first discovers the flight of the other. But this proves only that the Chinese soldier is a rational man. No cause of any importance is involved, and the armies consist of mere mercenaries. When there is a serious issue, as, for instance, in the Tai-Ping rebellion, the Chinese are said to fight well, particularly if they have good officers. Nevertheless, I do not think that, in comparison with the Anglo-Saxons, the French, or the Germans, the Chinese can be considered a courageous people, except in the matter of passive endurance. They will endure torture, and even death, for motives which men of more pugnacious races would find insufficient — for example, to conceal the hiding-place of stolen plunder. In spite of their comparative lack of *active* courage, they have less fear of death than we have, as is shown by their readiness to commit suicide.

Avarice is, I should say, the gravest defect of the Chinese. Life is hard, and

money is not easily obtained. For the sake of money, all except a very few foreign-educated Chinese will be guilty of corruption. For the sake of a few pence, almost any coolie will run an imminent risk of death. The difficulty of combating Japan has arisen mainly from the fact that hardly any Chinese politician can resist Japanese bribes. I think this defect is probably due to the fact that, for many ages, an honest living has been hard to get; in which case it will be lessened as economic conditions improve. I doubt if it is any worse now in China than it was in Europe in the eighteenth century. I have not heard of any Chinese general more corrupt than Marlborough, or of any politician more corrupt than Cardinal Dubois. It is, therefore, quite likely that changed industrial conditions will make the Chinese as honest as we are — which is not saying much.

I have been speaking of the Chinese as they are in ordinary life, when they appear as men of active and skeptical intelligence, but of somewhat sluggish passions. There is, however, another side to them: they are capable of wild excitement, often of a collective kind. I saw little of this myself, but there can be no doubt of the fact. The Boxer rising was a case in point, and one which particularly affected Europeans. But their history is full of more or less analogous disturbances. It is this element in their character that makes them incalculable, and makes it impossible even to guess at their future. One can imagine a section of them becoming fanatically Bolshevik, or anti-Japanese, or Christian, or devoted to

some leader who would ultimately declare himself Emperor. I suppose it is this element in their character that makes them, in spite of their habitual caution, the most reckless gamblers in the world. And many emperors have lost their thrones through the force of romantic love, although romantic love is far more despised than it is in the West.

To sum up the Chinese character is not easy. Much of what strikes the foreigner is due merely to the fact that they have preserved an ancient civilization which is not industrial. All this is likely to pass away, under the pressure of Japanese, European, and American financiers. Their art is already perishing, and being replaced by crude imitations of second-rate European pictures. Most of the Chinese who have had a European education are quite incapable of seeing any beauty in native painting, and merely observe contemptuously that it does not obey the laws of perspective.

The obvious charm which the tourist finds in China cannot be preserved; it must perish at the touch of industrialism. But perhaps something may be preserved, something of the ethical qualities in which China is supreme, and which the modern world most desperately needs. Among these qualities I place first the pacific temper, which seeks to settle disputes on grounds of justice rather than by force. It remains to be seen whether the West will allow this temper to persist, or will force it to give place, in self-defense, to a frantic militarism like that to which Japan has been driven.

THE LETTERS IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

BY ELLEN TERRY

SOME years ago, when I was asked to lecture on Shakespeare's heroines in the light of the knowledge which I had gained of their character through impersonating them on the stage, I wondered if it were possible to find anything to say that had not been said before. 'If nothing is, that has not been before, how are our brains beguiled!' However, I found out, when I applied myself to the task, that even Shakespeare, about whom hundreds of books have been written, has a little of the unknown. For years it was my trade to find out, not what he had been to others, but what he was to *me*, and to make that visible in my acting. It was easier to describe what I saw through my own medium, than through one for which I have had no training; but I am glad that I tried, because it meant more study of the plays, and so, more delightful experiences.

In the course of this study for my lectures on the women in Shakespeare, I was struck by the fact that the letters in his plays have never had their due. Little volumes of the songs have been published; jewels of wit and wisdom have been taken out of their setting and reset in birthday books, calendars, and the rest; but, so far as I know, there is no separate collection of the letters. I found, when I read them aloud, that they were wonderful letters, and worth talking about on their merits. 'I should like to talk about them as well as the heroines,' I said. 'But there are so few,' the friend, to whom I suggested them as a subject for a *causerie*, ob-

jected. 'I can't remember any myself beyond those in *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*.' 'That's splendid!' I thought. 'If you, who are not at all ignorant, can't do better than that, there must be hundreds to whom it will be a surprise to learn that there are thirty letters, and all good ones!'

There is all the more reason for giving them our attention because they are the only letters written by Shakespeare that have survived. I doubt whether, as a man, he was a good correspondent. He crowded his great life's work, which has made England more honored throughout the world than the achievements of her great soldiers, sailors, and statesmen, into a score of years. He did not begin his career as a youthful prodigy, and he died when he was fifty-two. What with adapting plays, creating them, retouching them at rehearsal, writing sonnets, acting, managing companies of actors, and having a good time with his friends, he could not have had much leisure for pouring out his soul in letters. The man who does that is, as a rule, an idle man, and Shakespeare, I feel sure, was always busy.

People often say we have no authority for talking about Shakespeare as a man at all. What do we know for certain about his life? But I quite agree with Georg Brandes (my favorite Shakespearean scholar) that, given the possession of forty-five important works by any man, it is entirely our own fault if we know nothing about him. But perhaps these works are not by Shake-

sppeare, but by a syndicate, or by some fellow who took his name! Why should we pursue these tiresome theories? I wish we had just one authentic letter of Shakespeare's to put a stop to it. Otherwise, I should be glad that he left none behind for posterity to thumb. I don't like reading the private letters of a great man. Print is so merciless. Many things pass in hand-writing, which print 'shows up.' Print is so impertinent — flinging open the door of a little room, where, perhaps, two lovers are communing, and saying to the public, 'Have a look at them — these great people in love! You see they are just as silly as little people.' The Browning letters — ought they ever to have been published? The *Sonnets from the Portuguese* gave us the picture of a great love. The letters were like an anatomical dissection of it.

Now these letters in Shakespeare's plays were meant for the public ear — invented to please it; so we can examine them with a clear conscience. Yet they are true to life. We can learn from them how the man of action writes a letter, and how the poet writes a letter. We can learn that, when people are in love, they all use the same language. Whether they are stupid or clever, they employ the same phrases. 'I love you,' writes the man of genius — and 'I love you,' writes the fool. Hamlet begins his letter to Ophelia in the conventional rhymes which were fashionable with Elizabethan gallants:—

'To the celestial and my soul's idol,
the most beautified Ophelia' — 'In her
excellent white bosom, these,' and so on.

'Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.'

So far he writes in his character of 'the glass of fashion.' But he does not like the artificial style and soon abandons it for simple, earnest prose:—

O DEAR OPHELIA, I am ill at these numbers. I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady,
Whilst this machine is to him,
HAMLET.

Is this a sincere love-letter? Was Hamlet ever in love with Ophelia? I think he was, and found it hard to put her out of his life. At the very moment when the revelation of his mother's infidelity had made him cynical about woman's virtue, this girl acts in a way that fills him with suspicion. She hands his letters to her father, allows herself to be made a tool. His conclusion is: 'You are like my mother; you could act as she did.' But he loved her all the same.

I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

Proteus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is one of those professional lovers who are never in love and never out of it. I can imagine him reeling off love-letters with consummate ease, not caring much to whom they were addressed so long as they contained enough beautiful epithets to satisfy him! Of his letter to Julia we hear only fragments: 'Kind Julia'; 'love-wounded Proteus'; 'poor forlorn Proteus'; 'passionate Proteus' — more of Proteus than of Julia, you see! — for Julia, like many another woman, has, for the sake of her self-respect, torn up the letter that she is burning to read! She pieces the torn bits together, but these incoherent exclamations are all that her pride has left legible. Proteus's letter to Silvia we hear complete. It is in the fashionable rhyme, affected, insincere, but quite pretty.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
 While I, their King, that hither them importune,
 Do curse the grace that with such grace hath
 blessed them,
 Because myself do want my servants' fortune.
 I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
 That they should harbour where their lord would
 be.

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.

How this letter-writer enjoyed playing with words! And how different this skill at pat-ball from the profound feeling in the letter from Antonio to Bassanio in *The Merchant of Venice*! Hear how a man, deeply moved, writes to the friend he loves.

SWEET BASSANIO, — My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure. If your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

To my mind, in this letter human love at its greatest finds expression. This love has all the tenderness of a woman's love: 'Sweet Bassanio!' the trustfulness of a child's 'I have only to tell him and he will help me'; the generosity and manliness of a true friend's 'Don't feel that you owe me anything. It's all right, but I would like to see you and grasp your hand'; the unselfishness with which wives and mothers love: 'You must n't think of coming all the same, if it puts you out.' Of all the letters in the plays, this one of Antonio's is my favorite.

Our manner of expression is determined by the age in which we live, but in this letter it is the thing expressed that seems to have changed. It is impossible to study Shakespeare's plays closely without noticing that to him friendship was perhaps the most sacred of all human relations. Valentine offers to sacrifice Silvia to Proteus. Bassanio

says that his wife matters less to him than the life of his friend. To an Elizabethan audience this exaltation of friendship did not seem strange. Two of Shakespeare's comrades, Beaumont and Fletcher, lived together 'on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse,' and had the same 'clothes and cloak between them'; and there were many such all-sufficing friendships. That attractive old sinner, John Falstaff, was cut to the heart when his friend Prince Hal publicly denounced him. His affection for young Harry is a lovable trait in his character; and who does not feel sorry for him, worthless old waster as he is, when the Prince answers his, 'God save thee my sweet boy,' with 'I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers'? But when Falstaff wrote the following letter, Harry was still unreformed and friendly: —

Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, HARRY PRINCE OF WALES, greeting: —

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

Thine by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.

When we meet Sir John again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, — in which play Shakespeare had to bring him out of his grave, 'by request,' because he was so popular in the theatre that audiences wanted to see him in another play, — his wit is not quite so bright, but his epistolary style is much the same. You may remember that he writes two love-letters, word for word the same, to two women living in the same town, who, as he must have known, met often and exchanged confidences. This alone

shows that the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* is not quite the man he was in *Henry IV* — does not carry his sack as well, perhaps!

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, — at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, — that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF.

This letter may not be very funny in print; but when it is read aloud on the stage, it provokes much laughter. Sometimes one thinks that a joke is the thing most affected by the time-spirit. Remove it from its place in time, and it ceases to exist as a joke. Our sense of what is tragic remains the same through the centuries; but our sense of humor — that changes. It is hard to believe that some Elizabethan comedies were ever amusing. In nothing does Shakespeare show himself 'above the law' more clearly than in his fun. It is not always 'nice,' but it is mirth-provoking, that is, if it is not treated academically. If a modern audience does not laugh at Shakespeare's jokes, blame the actors! The letter that Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, palms off on Malvolio as Olivia's has all the material for making us laugh; but I have seen Malvolios who so handled the material as to justify the opinion that Shakespeare's comedy is no longer comic. Here again it is the situation that makes the letter good fun on the stage. It begins in verse of rather poor quality: —

Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.
I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life!

Maria was not much of a poet, but when she takes to prose, she shines.

If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY.

Then follows the postscript; and Maria had reserved her great coup for the postscript (the only one, by the way, that is written in full in the plays): —

If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee!

Shakespeare was no Puritan. He probably enjoyed bear-baiting, and yet, unlike many of his contemporaries, felt sorry for the bear. So after writing this scene, in which Malvolio is baited, and deluded, and made to look a fool, he is able to write another in which our sympathies are roused with the victim of Maria's 'sport royal.' Malvolio's letter to Olivia makes us see that the sport had its cruel side.

By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Although written in circumstances calculated to make the best servant 'a little forget his duty,' this letter is full of the dignity of service, and a just rebuke to those who hold their 'inferiors' up to ridicule.

From a letter from a steward in a gold chain, preserving his dignity in an undignified position, I turn to one from a groom. A plain fellow this. I see him sitting down, laboriously scratching out a few illegible sentences. But they are straight to the point, and they have their dramatic value in adding a touch to the portrait of Cardinal Wolsey in *Henry VIII*.

MY LORD, — The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me, with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the King; which stopped our mouths, sir.

There is a tedious, pedantic letter in *Love's Labour's Lost*, which may have amused Shakespeare's contemporaries because it satirizes the affectations of their day. Armado's style in this letter is only a slight exaggeration of that in which people wrote to Queen Elizabeth. They used six long words when one short one would have conveyed their meaning, and racked their brains for

pretentious and extravagant compliments. I used to read this letter in one of my lectures, and oh, what a job it was to get any fun out of it! Here is a sample of its humor: —

The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar, Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*; which to annothanize in the vulgar, — O base and obscure vulgar! — videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? The king. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? The king's. The captive is enriched; on whose side? The beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? The king's; no, on both in one, or one in both.

And so forth.

But, of course, when the audience has seen the popinjay Armado and knows that this high-flown stuff is written to an illiterate peasant-girl, the letter makes a different impression, especially if Boyet, who has to read it, is a good actor! But if he is a wise one, he will probably beg for the effusion to be 'cut.'

'I say she never did invent this letter,' exclaims Rosalind, after hearing the rhymed jingle that Phebe sends her under the impression that she is a handsome young man. This lets us into a little secret about these rhymed letters. They could be bought in many English villages, from the professional letter-writer of the parish. And this was the sort of letter that he turned out: —

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;

And by him seal up thy minds,
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

In *All's Well that Ends Well*, we find that women of property commanded the services of their stewards when they wanted a letter written. Bertram's mother in this play instructs her steward, Rinaldo, to write to her son for her:—

Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife.
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light. My greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Rinaldo evidently obeyed this instruction faithfully, for we hear later on that the letter 'stings Bertram's nature,' and that on the reading of it 'he changed almost into another man.' Bertram ends his letter to his mother with 'My duty to you.' He is not on good terms with her, but he does not forget to be externally filial and polite. An odious young man, yet Helena, whom he treats so outrageously, is annoyingly fond of him. .

Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

My next letter-writer, Leonatus in *Cymbeline*, plays his wife a dirty trick. But in all ages a man whose jealousy is roused is forgiven much. Leonatus is devoted to Imogen, yet he can make her chastity the subject of a wager with a man who scoffs at the idea of any woman being chaste.

He writes and asks her to welcome this man of whom he has every reason to think ill. He goes so far as to describe Iachimo to her as 'one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust —' 'So far I read aloud,' says Imogen;

and adds that the rest of the letter warms 'the very middle of my heart' — a letter written by a husband who cannot believe in her without proof, and has sent a comparative stranger to make an assault on her virtue!

It is not surprising that, when Iachimo returns with his catalogue of all the furniture in Imogen's room, and a careful description of the mole on her left breast, 'cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cow-slip,' Leonatus should 'see red'; but there is really no excuse for his sitting down and writing a base falsehood to lure his wife to her death. How differently Imogen behaves when Iachimo traduces Leonatus to her! She is not only indignant; she is reasonable and sensible. When he urges her to be revenged, she says that, if it were true, — but she will not let her heart be abused in haste by her ears, — revenge would not help her. And what wisdom there is in her reply to Iachimo:—

If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st.

She sees through this man, but naturally does not see through this letter from Leonatus.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

I never could read it on the stage without believing in its sincerity. A woman would have to be very suspicious to take it as 'a trap.' Imogen's love was so great that she forgave the man who wrote it to make her death sure. Did Shakespeare himself hold the opinion that a woman's love and a

man's love have no common denominator? Leonatus shows his love by planning to kill his wife, when he is convinced that she is unfaithful. When he finds that he has been deceived, he calls himself 'a credulous fool,' and other harsh names. But Imogen refrains from petty reproaches. The worst she says is:—

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.

To love when all goes well — that is easy. To love when the loved one behaves like Leonatus — that requires a self-abnegation which is apparently considered impossible except to women!

Macbeth's letter to his wife is interesting, not only because it is one of those rare tributes that a man sometimes pays to the share his wife has had in the making of his career, but because of the light it throws on the visionary element in Macbeth's character. The goal of his ambition is a material thing, — an earthly crown, — but he believes in the supernatural nature of his 'call.'

They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, King that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

'My dearest partner of greatness!' Is not that a wonderful revelation of the relationship between this husband and his wife? Is not the whole letter a wonderful revelation of the man's character? a man who was driven by

dreams into a common and cruel crime.

We could not have a better example than this of Shakespeare's use of the letter in his plays. Dramatists now condemn them, with soliloquies, as a clumsy expedient for letting the audience 'know things.' But Shakespeare employs both letters and soliloquies with a skill that strikes one more when one sees his plays in action than when one reads them. Bellario's letter to the Duke in *The Merchant of Venice*, besides being a model of what a letter should be, is a masterly preparation for Portia's entrance in the Court scene, and an instruction as to how the actress ought to handle that scene. She is not to behave with feminine inconsequence, and provoke laughter by her ignorance of legal procedure, but to conduct herself like a trained advocate. The letter makes Portia's eloquence and intelligence convincing to the audience.

Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome. His name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. We turned o'er many books together. He is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

What a lot of things there are to think over in this letter! And what pictures it conjures up! No Italian painter could make us see more clearly the learned Bellario receiving his young visitor and instructing her how to conduct her case. With the instinct of genius, the dramatist absorbed the

spirit of the Renaissance in this play, as in *Julius Caesar* he absorbed the spirit of ancient Rome. If Shakespeare knew 'small Latin and less Greek,' he was able to make this letter of warning to Caesar typically Latin in its conciseness: —

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMODORUS.

The whole plot of the play, and the guiding motive of each character, can be found in these short sentences.

If we compare this letter with the long-winded effusion from Armado to the King in *Love's Labour's Lost* (which I am not going to quote here, because it is so terribly long), we get a good idea of the infinite variety of style that the dramatist had at his command, and of his insight into the characteristics of different races at different times. He knew that the Romans were masters of brevity. And he knew that the affected Elizabethan courtier was a master of verbosity. Both he can imitate to the life.

In *Henry IV* Hotspur reads a letter, and this time it is the man who reads it, not the man who writes it, on whom our attention is concentrated. You see a quick-witted, courageous fellow, impatient of cautious people who see both sides of a question and are afraid of going too far. You see the 'extremist,' with all his good points and his bad ones.

He could be contented; why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. . . .

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'The purpose you undertake is dangerous'; — why that's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; . . . the friends you have named uncertain; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.

There is real 'vinegar and pepper' in this outburst of Hotspur's. Compare it with the 'vinegar and pepper' of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's fiery challenge to Viola in *Twelfth Night*. Sir Andrew is, as you know, a very devil of a fellow. He is quite sure that this letter is bold enough to strike terror into the heart of the most confident enemy: —

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't. Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for. I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me, thou killest me like a rogue and a villain. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself.

Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Besides Hamlet's letter to Ophelia, there are two other letters from him in the play which are often omitted in acting versions. The first is to Horatio, and it has its bright side in the complete confidence he places in his friend: —

Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the King; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour. In the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in your ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.

The wording of the second letter, to the King, is simple and direct enough, yet it has a sinister and malevolent sound — its very civility is calculated to terrify the guilty conscience of the King: —

High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

HAMLET.

'And in a postscript here,' says the King, who reads the letter, 'he says, "alone."'

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakespeare adopts the method of making someone give the substance of a letter, instead of reading the actual words of the writer. Twice Octavius Cæsar enters 'reading a letter,' and twice we have to trust to his honor that he is reporting it fairly. The first, which brings news of Antony, is obviously colored by Octavius's jealousy of his great 'competitor.'

From Alexandria

This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the Queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall
find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

You feel at once that Octavius reads this as a stroke of diplomacy. He wants to justify himself in the eyes of the world for hating Antony, and he does not trouble to be accurate. Half a truth is always more damning than a lie.

Antony was, as he is represented here, a pleasure-seeker; he had that reckless determination to enjoy the moment, which is not an uncommon attribute of great rulers and great artists. But he was, as well, a fine soldier, one who was at his best in defeat and misfortune. He loved luxury, but he could at times renounce all comfort for the sake of keeping up the courage of his men. But with Roman fortitude he had neither Roman restraint nor Roman simplicity. He loves striking an attitude. Twice he challenges Octavius to single combat, and in language so vain-glorious that Octavius exclaims: 'He calls me boy' (this time he is too angry to misrepresent Antony, and we may take it that his version of the challenge is true): —

He calls me boy; and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipped with rods; dares me to personal
combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die.

Timon of Athens's last message to the world is melancholy reading! Its fierce and savage cynicism shows our gentle Shakespeare in a new light. Timon makes his grave on the 'beached verge of the salt flood,' and erects his own tomb, —

Entombed upon the very hem o' the sea.

A soldier takes an impression in wax of the inscription scratched on it, and brings it to Alcibiades: —

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft.

Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon, who, alive, all living men did hate.

Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait.

Alcibiades, with a generosity that we should imitate, finds the noble ele-

ment in this last effort after consistency of a consistent hater of men: —

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.

Those are good words with which to bring this little study of a corner of the great world of Shakespeare's mind to an end!

THE IRON MAN AND WAGES

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

OPERATING an automatic machine requires no more than average manual dexterity and ordinary intelligence. In some cases, where the materials in process are heavy, it requires considerable strength and, where several machines are grouped in one man's care, considerable agility. If the operative is willing to trust the company to figure his pay, without checking up in his own interest, no book knowledge is necessary. Simple arithmetic and ability to sign one's name are the top intellectual requirements. Most manufacturers, however, prefer to have their employees read, write, and understand English, though this knowledge is by no means necessary. Consequently, many companies provide instruction in English for immigrants. In general, the ordinary public-school instruction, up to and including the eighth grade, gives a youth all

the mental furnishing he needs to function efficiently in automatic production. Considered strictly as an economic being, he could get along with less. When we come to the salaried workers, the so-called white-collar group, we find public education reinforcing the leveling tendency in those branches, just as automatic machinery does in the mills.

Thus far we have considered the automatic machine as leveling wages and distributing labor between farm and factory, home and the mill. In much the same way, the spreading use of automatic machinery tends to level wages in all plants so equipped, though hindered at many points by special conditions and special labor contracts. Certain automatic machines are widely scattered, and can be found in every industrial centre. Many others present family likenesses. Even the greenest of green

workers needs but short tutelage at his assigned machine; while the man who knows how much — or rather how little — is expected of him, can shake down quickly into efficient production. As was said in an earlier article, the per capita cost of labor turnover on the 1920 basis of pay ranged from \$25 to \$100 per man in the more efficiently organized automobile plants, this cost including the pay of the novice and his teacher, the overhead on machine, and allowance for spoiled work. This verifies the evidence presented by a survey of certain large allied plants, to the effect that 70 per cent of the employees could be fitted into their jobs in three days or less. This means that a worker can shift from one line of production to another without grave loss of time. He may be a woodcutter or harvest-hand this month, and a producer of automobile parts the next. If of a roving disposition, in a single year he may can salmon on the Pacific coast, pour cement on an irrigation dam in Idaho, mill flour in Minnesota, cut pearl buttons in Iowa, mould iron in Ohio, weave silk in Jersey, or make rubber tires in New England. The outcome of such easy transitions must be a highly efficient distribution of labor-power on the one hand, and, on the other, a progressive leveling of wages as among all automatized industries. 'The old trade demarcations,' says Mr. E. F. Lloyd, 'have largely ceased to exist, and with their passing the old differences of pay have correspondingly declined.'

This leveling tendency, moreover, is no respecter of sex. Since women can tend many automatic tools as well as men, it follows that the wages of the two sexes must draw together. They may never reach uniformity, because many women view jobs as temporary stop-gaps on the road to marriage, and this handicaps them as yet in the eyes of many employers. This, and kindred

non-economic considerations, may affect the result; but they cannot stop the drift toward equality of wage. It is no unusual thing, even now, to find a young wife earning as much as, or more than, her husband. As time goes on, this will become too common to command notice.

Likewise, automatic machinery tends to break down the former disparity of wage as between age and youth. Children of twelve can tend many automatic machines as competently as adults. Youths, in fact, approach their highest wage during the very years in which the boys of a generation ago were earning less than living wages as apprentices. The years from eighteen to twenty-five are the most gainful for the 'machinate mammal.'

The leveling proceeds with ruthless disregard for race or nationality. While a knowledge of the native tongue may be desirable, it is by no means essential. Witness the widespread employment on automatic machines of our newly arrived immigrants, their earning on a parity with native-born products of our public schools. Notwithstanding that the color line rarely gives the negro a chance at automatics, the black populations of our northern industrial cities increased faster than the white populations from 1910 to 1920. Bringing black labor north became a highly organized enterprise. The pay of negroes, generally speaking, maintained a parity with white labor on the same kind of work; and while blacks are not often put on machines, there is no doubt that many blacks can fill the requirements of machine attendance. Whether they can stand the steady grind as well as whites, or whether the color line is justifiably drawn at the machine, are moot points, reserved for future discussion. But the general effect of the automatizing process has been to bring the average wages of the two races closer together, not only in the industrial

cities, but to an even greater extent in those sections where the black does most of the field-work. Increased cotton-picking costs and increased wheat-growing costs both resulted from the drain that automatic production put upon rural labor-supplies.

Automatic machines in offices affect the white-collar group in industry precisely as shop-workers are affected. With adding machines and other mechanisms, and standardized office system, need for special skill is decreasing among office-workers. The old-fashioned book-keeper, the aristocrat of *fin-de-siècle* offices, is fast becoming as obsolete a type as the old-fashioned mechanic, the one-time aristocrat of the shops. Stenographic skill is subject to the competition of the phonograph; the typist is entering into competition with the duplicating typewriter. Meanwhile, public schools and business colleges are producing an abundance of persons sufficiently educated for the simplified office tasks. In addition, the higher social status enjoyed by such workers can be depended upon to furnish surplus labor for such activities in ordinary times, with the result that we pay practically the same rate to washerwomen and typists; also to cooks and stenographers, when board-and-lodging costs are considered. These influences tended to bring office-work down to the wage-level of factory-work before the war; as office-workers began to go over into the ranks of factory-workers, owing to war-wage rates in the factories, office wages began to rise. From this on, owing to the fact that labor can flow from one group to the other more easily than ever before, disparity of wage between the two groups will tend to correct itself promptly.

Transferring the vital function of production from the operative to the machine involves the taking away of skill from the rank and file and concentrat-

ing it in the directing and organizing end of industry. The heats of competition, playing through machine improvements, evaporate skill from the lower reaches of industry, and distill it in the upper reaches. Fewer producers need skill; but those few require much longer training and more highly intensified mental powers. It is up to them, not only to design, build, place, and adapt machines to involved tasks, but also to work out systems under which the production of those machines can be coöordinated and the produce distributed.

II

To fit an automatic machine for its production-cycle requires high skill in tool-designing and making. Head and hand must work together; jigs and dies must be of the utmost precision. The number of skilled workmen required for this task is small compared to the whole number of industrial employees; but the group is of key importance. In the past, these men were trained under the apprentice system; but that system being in decline, industrial executives are greatly concerned for the future supply of such craftsmen. They look to public education to guard against a famine of skilled artisans; and such is their influence that they are not likely to look in vain. The call of industry has been answered already by the establishment of technical high schools and colleges in many industrial cities, as well as by the erection of private trade-schools. In desperation some employers have established their own trade-schools; but the outlook is that public education, thus challenged, will take up the burden of providing industry with skilled mechanics. Once adequate facilities are provided, we may look with assurance for the greater mental interest attaching to that work to provide candidates in abundance, and so in-

crease the number of qualified men to the point where the pay will approach that of the machine-tender—always being enough more, presumably, to make up for the time and cost of training.

The next layer in the skill compartment contains technical experts, shop-organizers, and salesmen. The third layer includes the executives. It is in these two layers that the thought-processes of modern industry centre; and the demands for special knowledge are such that the personnel must be far better equipped than their predecessors in the old régime. In the swift expansion of automatized industry they have been forced further and further afield for labor and materials on the one hand, and for markets on the other hand. They have been required to finance, not only the inflow of men and machines, but also the outflow of goods; a task so vast and compelling that it has brought into being a distinct adaptation of the banking function to industrial needs. In a very real sense bankers are the aristocrats of modern industry, sitting apart from the actual processes of production and distribution, but furnishing the lifeblood of capital, and through that power exercising a genuine, and usually salutary, control. How are these thought-men of industry going to be affected by these leveling forces at work in modern society? Are they going to be leveled economically by the same forces which brought them such large rewards? Of late years, in the era of industrial expansion, they have commanded large salaries. What is likely to happen to them now that the wheels of industry are slowing down?

So far as the technical experts—chiefly chemists and engineers—are concerned, the situation is fairly clear. They are being turned out in such numbers by colleges and universities that, except in sudden bursts of industrial expansion, the supply tends to

outrun the demand. There is no wide rift between the pay of a Bachelor of Science, just out of college, and the pay of a factory operative. A city engineering department can hire draughtsmen about as cheaply as common laborers. All institutions of higher learning are growing in attendance, particularly in the technical branches. Also, the training tends to become more thorough, hence more productive of men fitted to move in the highest circles of industrial production. From all indications, universities and colleges are as apt to flood the market with engineers and chemists as the mothers of the country are to flood it with unskilled labor. Public education, therefore, tends to level toward the general average the pay for such service.

Salesmanship is similarly affected. The personal element does not play the large part it did in disposing of goods. The influence of advertising is to create a market condition in which the salesman becomes more and more an 'order-taker,' disposing of standardized, guaranteed goods at prices and on terms set by his superiors in the organization. As dickering is thrust out of the sales equation, the personal shrewdness of the salesman counts for less and less. His efficiency comes to depend less upon native traits and more upon what can be taught him. Salesmen of the old school were born, not made; but salesmen of the new school can be made out of any normally aggressive public-school product. Schools for salesmanship, established here and there, are likely to succeed. In general, the process of distributing goods tends to become more scientific and less personal; and as that change proceeds, the humbler members of the sales-organization become less important, and more candidates are available. The net result is that the salesman's wage tends toward the common wage-level. The retail

sales-clerk, male or female, earns no more than he or she could earn in a factory. The small retail grocer, whose chief function is that of taking orders, complains because he is being run out of business by a chain store, whose manager is frankly an order-taker, and earns, usually, no more than the average wage of the community. His employer, safeguarded by the cash register and an office system imposing a close check, finds it unnecessary to pay a bonus for character and honesty. The traveling salesman is not the bold, free man of other days; he covers more territory than the 'drummer' of twenty years ago, but he does not have equal responsibility. The tendency, all along the line, is for salesmen's wages to keep in closer touch with the wage-level in the producing end of the business.

III

The situation as respects employers is even more difficult to analyze, because executive ability is so largely applied native force, energy, will-power. Executives, up to date, have been largely self-trained. However, of late, the universities and colleges, recognizing that industrial executives are the most powerful figures in an industrial civilization, have taken steps to train men for these posts. Hence their schools of finance and commerce; hence their courses in business practice; hence the announcements that the universities must train 'for life.' If the educational system makes good on this programme, it is evident that executive salaries must fall. They have always been higher here than abroad. Foreign managers are content with less pay and more prestige. Already the trend is downward. In practically every industrial receivership, the receiver's first step has been to reduce executive salaries. This leveling down is matched by

an equally significant recent leveling up in the salaries of minor executives, who were left behind in the war raises for the rank and file, by means of which the laborer, in many cases, came to earn more than the man from whom he took his orders directly. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, some months ago raised all its operating officials below the grade of superintendent, while the salaries of the higher executives were not raised.

Consideration of executive salaries, from this standpoint of wage-leveling, is complicated by the fact that many executives play a dual rôle in industry. They are heavy stockholders as well as managers of other persons' capital. Some managers, in fact, own majority interests in the corporations they captain; the corporation, then, is actually the lengthened shadow of the man — and none too lengthened at that. In such cases, managers draw as salaries part of the profits which otherwise would be apportioned as dividends, since competition for leadership does not enter into the equation. This practice has been accelerated by the excess-profits tax.

This dual relationship of the executive to his job seems, however, to be a passing phase. As business institutions age and expand, they tend to divide the functions of management and ownership. Personal enthusiasm and vigor start business projects, but they proceed toward coöperation under the corporate form, with increasing stress upon order and system. Those which survive several generations usually are found operating under other leadership than that of the owners. Accident of birth may produce owners; but it cannot be depended upon to produce those leaders who must be found if the property is to flourish under competition. Few of our younger captains of industry own dominant

holdings in the corporations they manage; some own no stock at all. There is no reason why they should; they hold their positions by reason of their personal powers, their industrial statesmanship. They are better able to hold the balance true as against the demands of labor, capital, and the market — their workers, their stockholders and bondholders, and their customers — than they would be if strong financial interest pulled them to one side.

Homer Ferguson, President of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, calls himself a 'plain hired man,' owning no part of the property he manages; he has elaborated the reasons why that aloofness from ownership strengthens him in his work. He may earn less money in his present job than he would earn running a business of his own; on the other hand, he has more prestige, greater opportunity. Judge Gary dominates United States Steel, not by stock ownership or stock-jobbing, but by the power of a wise and courageous mind. In his case, too, the chief reward lies in doing a big work and winning the applause of the public, not in his salary check. You cannot picture either man, or any industrial leader worthy of rank alongside them, as quitting his job in the face of a salary-cut, or as higgling over the price of his preferment in the first instance.

In the future, industrial leaders will tend more and more to be picked men, not owners in any important sense. Their salaries will depend upon the number of qualified men in the market, and the existing demand for their services. The lure of such positions and the determined efforts being made to educate for business leadership are sure to increase the number of qualified candidates. The demand is, of course, uncertain; but the chances are that it will not maintain itself relatively to supply, now that education, both pub-

lic and private, has set itself to increase the supply. In that case, the present high level of executive salaries cannot be maintained. All indications point to the executives of the future carrying their loads of responsibility less because of the money reward and more because of personal pride and public spirit. Business leadership seems likely to become a profession, with professional standards and standing, as well as professional limitations as to its pay.

The learned professions, so called for tradition's sake, are easier to dispose of because, in each case, the leveling tendency is reinforced by an established professional ethic. Teachers, preachers, writers, and artists generally, for centuries have regarded their wages, not as pay, but as their living, their real rewards being service to their ideals and humanity, established social position, and the regard of their fellow men. These non-economic lures attract human nature so strongly that the rewards in these lines sometimes fall below those of unskilled labor. Poets have starved in garrets; ministers are notoriously underpaid, and of late years comparison of the pinched professor and the silk-shirted yokel has led to 'Feed the Prof.' campaigns. Law and medicine, because they work more directly upon life, have been more affected by the industrial swirl; but they, too, are bound to swim out of the commercial current to the high ethical shore. Even now, though physicians may talk about their business, they respond to many humanitarian demands; and there exist some lawyers, if not many, who put the eternal cry for justice ahead of fees. So the leveling influences of automatic machinery are bound to be reinforced and strengthened by the example of professional men, no less than by the teaching of those among them who see service as the high goal of human endeavor.

IV

Thus far we have considered the leveling of labor, as dictated by the automatic tool, solely from the standpoint of production. That is its direct action. Automatic machinery works indirectly toward the same end, however, through the market — through consumption. As the total cost of the product is the total cost of the brain and hand-labor involved, an immediate effect of production through automatic machines is to reduce the cost of the units produced. The economic advantage of such machinery is so manifest that there can be no stopping its progress short of the point where productive power will so far outrange the world's market ability to consume, that further multiplication of man-power will not be worth while. No one can foresee whether that point is centuries removed or merely decades. Theoretically, the capacity of the human race to consume goods is infinite; but actually it is at all times in competition with the universal human demand for leisure. No matter how cheap goods become, there is a point of accumulation beyond which some men will say, 'Let's knock off and have some fun.' The ranks of labor developed plenty of such cases in 1919.

Short of that point, however, the market repays intensive cultivation. The cheaper goods become, the more of them can be sold, provided the purchasing power does not drop coincidentally with prices. It follows that, with increasing automatization in production, competition among sellers of goods on the one hand and buyers of labor-time on the other must push prices and wages toward a point where maximum production and maximum consumption tend to concur. Such is the diversity of human nature and the insistence of human desire that they

may never reach absolute concurrence; but the prospects are that they will approach one another with lessening fluctuations. In this country, mass-buying makes the market for most commodities. A broad division of the proceeds of industry stimulates buying far more than a narrow one; hence, influences flowing from the sales-end of industry will tend to strengthen that leveling of labor which is predetermined by competition among buyers of labor-power for use on automatic machines.

It must be borne in mind that, under competition, some degree of wage-variation always will exist, from causes lying within the individual, as, for example, the varying wages of operatives under piece rates. 'For while the automatic tool works within a fixed cycle, it is not the precise counterpart of the ancient treadmill.' Within narrow and unimportant limits, its productiveness varies somewhat with variations of personal energy and attentiveness. Likewise, there are sure to be variations in different parts of the country, due largely to uneven supply of labor-power resulting from differing local birth-rates and non-economic hindrances to economic shifts of base. Home and family ties, love of one's native environment, stock-ownership by employees, and personal loyalties in work-relations, probably always will influence human beings considerably, and deter them from following the main chance absolutely. Barometric pressure always tends to uniformity, yet is never uniform. 'The wind blowing where it listeth has its counterpart in the now fluid movement of labor in search of employment, higher pay, or, perhaps, escape from monotony.' Enough men and women can be depended upon to follow the main chance to effect a fairly even displacement of labor-power, and to enforce by economic law a fairly even wage-scale over the entire country.

Not the least interesting part of this leveling tendency is that it runs directly toward that socialist dream—equality of income. Yet it proceeds without any assistance from the Socialists, solely as the result of capitalists installing automatic machinery. The tendency itself is strictly economic, and conceivably might work out to its ultimate conclusion without calling forth political action, amending the institution of private property, or changing the present relations between employer and employee. Nothing so simple is to be expected; not so easily does humanity accept revolutionary changes in its methods of sustaining life. Farmer-labor parties in the United States and Canada, recently formed, may be taken as evidence of belated appreciation of the economic solidarity of town and country labor under the new conditions of industry. Woman suffrage gained influence in direct proportion as women became engaged in industrial production. The automatic tool will be the force back of most of our legislation for the next fifty years, just as it will be the mainspring of our educational programme, once its significance is understood by educators still fumbling for the key to modern life. To lads who come as beardless boys into their greatest purchasing power, something must be taught, other than has been taught, if they are ever to use their leisure and their economic power aright. The army of homeless, wifeless men and foot-loose women is growing; the automatic tool has cut marriage-knots as well as steel bands. Let all who think in terms of public recreation, domestic relations,

charity, religion, morals, child-welfare, and social science ponder those reactions of the automatic tool that daily proceed under their eyes.

In other parts of the world classes are wrestling bloodily for the control of machinery. They are of breeds to whom compromise is difficult. It is our boast that we, as inheritors of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, can settle peaceably clashes of interest over which other humans fight. But we shall never be able to settle peaceably and creditably all the problems arising out of the common use of the automatic tool in industrial production unless we grasp the social and political possibilities of its evolution. America gave the automatic tool its chance. Its blessings are evident; but unless controlled by social conscience, it may develop curses equally potent. America's high duty is to guide the continuing evolution of the Iron Man intelligently. For the economic forces which he releases are of such intense reality and abundant vitality that they will break governments which blindly oppose them just as quickly as they will undermine societies which yield too supinely to machine dictation. Governments now stake their existences upon controlling men; in the dawning age, the acid test of sovereignty may be control of machines. Through such control the leveling tendency, inherent in automatic production and reinforced by popular education, may be directed toward the goal of true democracy; whereas, undirected, it may push the human race into a new slavery, or stampede it into a new anarchy.

A PROUD CHOICE OF INFLUENCES

BY MARGARET WILSON LEES

FOR that is what it really was. But away back in another century, when Patricia was eight and I was six, I didn't know what made her different from the rest of us, and I wondered how she walked safely over pitfalls that engulfed me.

There was the disgraceful episode of the kiss, to take one small instance. How did she know the right thing to do, *in time*? I knew well enough afterward. Oh yes, often enough, afterward, I lived through the scene in imagination, and acted my part in it as it should have been acted. One could n't turn the clock back by any agony of wishing; one could only provide against catastrophe ahead. To find a rule that would fit every possible emergency? The formula at last arrived at had nothing in it about 'a decided and proud choice,' or 'repelling interference.' It was, simply, Watch Patricia and do as she does.

There was a party going on in the drawing-room on the second story; the sound of carpet-balls came up to us in our nursery on the third story — a rumble like thunder in the distance, then the click of balls as they touched. When there was a party, Patricia and I, being the eldest, were allowed to go down to the drawing-room and say good-night before we went to bed.

The nurse looked us over to see that our dresses did n't sag at one shoulder, that our stockings lay smoothly under the crossed elastic of our slippers — that we were altogether 'fit to be seen.' Then we took hands and went downstairs. Sally watched us go, with eyes

that seemed to ask an unkind universe why they too might not have a glimpse of the gods at play; but Robin continued to shorten the stirrups of the saddle on his rocking-horse, and envied nobody.

We stood hand in hand at the door of the long drawing-room and looked in. The sight was different from anything one could find anywhere in the world to-day. So were the sounds. If we had been greeted by the clack of tongues that you will hear at your next afternoon tea, I do believe we should have turned and fled. Patricia and I had never heard anything so unlovely. Fortunate ears of the sixties — spared so many of the stridencies to come! Can one imagine now a city with no harsher bird-note than the twitter of the purple martens in the marten-house above the brewery? Not a city sparrow in all the length and breadth of the land; not a motor-horn! Little wonder if the voices in that drawing-room were soft and low-pitched.

I tugged at Patricia's hand to hold her back. It was so very beautiful — I wanted time to look. The game was over. The balls lay quiet at the end of the room where a visiting-card was pinned to the carpet; the players were standing about in groups, 'having conversation,' as I whispered to Patricia — a different matter from plain talking. There was a delightful variety of bright, pretty colors; as the groups broke up and formed new groups, it was like looking into a big kaleidoscope. The ladies were 'in low neck and short sleeves,' like ourselves. The thermometer out-

doors probably stood somewhere about zero at the time, and the big house was heated solely by wood stoves; drawing-room and library, with folding doors between, depended for warmth upon what was called a dumb stove, a kind of enlargement of the stovepipe from my father's office below. Sometimes, when we sat at our lessons in the library, — low-necked and short-sleeved even then, — I would hear my mother on the other side of the folding doors tapping on the dumb stove with her thimble as a signal for more fire; then, studying my arms with interested curiosity, I would discover myself the proud possessor of goose-flesh. Yet that night the bare arms, as I remember them, were warmly smooth and white against the gay dresses. Not mere wisps of color, these, like the evening dresses of to-day, but satisfying, cushiony eyefuls.

I saw nothing amiss with the setting of the scene. The carpet with its big geometrical pattern, the black horse-hair furniture, the what-not of seashells, the shade of wax flowers — it was all as inevitable and right as the blue of the sky and the green of the grass. It had always been there. Just now it was softened by candlelight, and glorified by those radiant beings floating about in pink and blue and corn-color and mauve and Nile green.

One in the new color, magenta, was rolling a ball to illustrate some question that had been raised about the game just over. Her stiff silk skirt made a fine 'cheese' as she stooped. By whirling very fast and then squatting, a little girl could make a cheese, but not one like this and not with that fine air of unconcern. When I was grown up, I would wear skirts that ballooned of their own accord. I saw myself in half a dozen situations that called for stooping. Most alluring of the visions was one of my grown-up self at the pantry table, now on a level with my chin, busy

— oh, happy me! — at the now forbidden task of skimming the cream from a pan of milk. A bouquet in its silver holder dangled from my wrist. I spoke in the fascinating manner of the young lady in magenta, barely opening my lips.

Patricia let go of my hand and we entered the room. That is to say, Patricia entered. Even at eight she *entered* a room — the whole of her; no astral half left dragging along uncertainly behind. Yes, Patricia was different from other children. Something in the way she was greeted as she passed from group to group — a quick look of interest and admiration — confirmed me in the belief. I followed her, pleasurably excited, but with the gone feeling about the pit of the stomach that came always with that letting go of the hand. In proportion as Patricia's clasp was an assurance that all was right with the world, the loosing of it abandoned one to a path of lonely peril.

A little fuss was made over both of us. Here were the friends and acquaintances of every day, some of them nursery intimates, but all changed, somehow, by being at a party; our own mother looked not so approachable as when in 'high neck and long sleeves.' Here was even our doctor. Being a favorite with him, I had to wait to be taken upon his knee and have my cheeks rubbed into rosininess, and in this way I got behind Patricia in our progress around the room.

When I caught up to her, I saw at once that something had happened.

There she stood, that little maiden of the sixties, the unmoved centre of a teacup tempest. I can see her yet, — her slimness, her straightness, her pretty color, her willfully curved lips, — above all, her evident indifference to the exclamations that were pelting her from every side like a flurry of soft March snow.

'What! Won't kiss Mr. Fitzhugh! O Patricia! Oh, poor Mr. Fitzhugh!'

I looked at Mr. Fitzhugh. He made me think of our dough-men before they were put into the oven. I did n't wonder that she would n't kiss him. His mouth was — well, not the kind one wants to kiss. But he was lame, and were not lame people good? In the story-books, where they abounded plentifully, they were all, all good, and only the wicked were unkind to them.

I looked at Patricia. *Was n't* it wicked to be unkind to lame people? But already she had lost interest in Mr. Fitzhugh — her choice had been made. She had shaken hands with him; she had wiped the impression unobtrusively off upon her skirt; now her eyes were turned to the piano, where the young lady in magenta was beginning to play 'La Cracovienne' with the soft pedal down. Her eyes rested upon the left hand of the player, and from a certain hint of brooding in their expression, I knew that the bass was all wrong.

'Never mind. Here comes Janie. She will give me a kiss, I know. A nice sweet kiss; maybe two, three, four.' He made the sound of four kisses. 'Janie and I are good friends. Are n't we, Janie?'

'Ye-es.' (To myself, 'He's lame.') 'But if you don't mind, I think I'd rather just shake hands.' ('I *can't* kiss him.')

Another chorus of 'What! Not kiss Mr. Fitzhugh! Oh, poor Mr. Fitzhugh!' Always, please remember, in the soft voices of eighteen-sixty-one.

('Can I kiss him? No, I can't. But he's lame.')

'You too, Janie! Who would have believed you could be so cruel! Look at poor Mr. Fitzhugh! Only see how sad he looks!'

Yes, there was no doubt about it. He was looking sad. And he was lame. To be cruel to the lame!

('Now, if you shut your eyes and hurry up, perhaps you can do it. Now, *now*.')

It was done.

It was hard to do. Had n't a little girl some reason to expect approval? But that beautiful, rainbow-colored group had led her on to her undoing, only to turn upon her now with looks and exclamations more shocked than before.

'Janie! Janie! You little coquette! Coming down from the nursery with your kisses all made up, and then pretending to be too coy to give them! Pretending you would n't, when all the time you meant to!'

I turned to Mr. Fitzhugh. He was grinning — an odious grin.

Down dropped my head upon the sofa; hot, shut eyes pressed close against the slippery coolness of its horsehair.

I could feel a fluttering of the air like a flock of butterflies closing in upon me; there was a soft humming, half pity, half mocking laughter. Then the iambic of a lame footstep. At that I straightened up and stood at bay.

I must have breathed Patricia's name, for she stopped trying to reconcile the bass and treble of 'La Cracovienne' and came to me. I wish I could describe how she did it. Straight as the dart of a sailboat — and the circle closing me in parted as naturally as the water at the bow. It was an instinctive movement, altogether free from aggressiveness, but — nobody touched me.

'We can't stay any longer, Janie. Mother's beckoning to us.'

For once the signal was welcome. As our parents kissed us good-night, their cheerfulness impressed me as a strange thing. If they knew how their child had been disgraced!

I crept up the dimly lighted stairs beside Patricia, crushed and silent. Her hold of my hand was the only comfort she tried to give. Pity would have

come amiss just then. I wanted nothing more to do with pity, my own or another's. It was a mistake. If I had refused to listen to its appeal, like Patricia, I might now have been walking with my head held up like hers.

Only once she spoke.

'If I were you, I would n't pay any attention to what young ladies say.

They 're like that — in society. Society's silly.'

And then we were back in the dear, safe nursery, where treachery was unknown. And Robin had just finished shortening his second stirrup, so I knew that hours and days could not have passed since we left him busy with the first.

STRAYED SYMPATHIES

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

It is probably more instructive to entertain a sneaking kindness for any unpopular person than to give way to perfect raptures of moral indignation against his abstract vices. — ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

It is not only more instructive — it is more enlivening. The conventionalities of criticism (moral, not literary, criticism) pass from mouth to mouth and from pen to pen, until the iterations of the press are crystallized in encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries. And from such verdicts there is no appeal. Their labored impartiality, their systematic adjustments, their careful avoidance of intuition, produce in the public mind a level sameness of misunderstanding. Many sensible people think this a good result. Even a man who did his own thinking, and maintained his own intellectual freehold, like Mr. Bagehot, knew and upheld the value of ruts. He was well aware how far a little intelligence can be made to go, unless it aspires to originality. Therefore he grumbled at the

paradoxes which were somewhat of a novelty in his day, but which are outworn in ours, at the making over of virtue into vice, and of vice into something more inspiriting than virtue. 'We have palliations of Tiberius, eulogies on Henry the Eighth, devotional exercises to Cromwell, and fulsome adulations of the first Napoleon.'

That was a half-century ago. To-day, Tiberius is not so much out of favor as out of mind; Mr. Froude was the last man really interested in the moral status of Henry the Eighth; Mr. Wells has given us his word for it that Napoleon was a very ordinary person; and the English people have erected a statue of Cromwell close to the Houses of Parliament, by way of reminding him (in his appointed place) of the survival of representative government. The twentieth century does not lean to extravagant partialities. Its trend is to disparagement, to searchlights, to that lavish candor which no man's reputation can survive.

When Mr. Lytton Strachey reversed Mr. Stevenson's suggestion, and chose, as subject-matter of a book, four people of whom the world had heard little but good, who had been praised and revered beyond their deserts, but for whom he cherished a secret and cold hostility, he experimented successfully with the latent uncharitableness of men's minds. The brilliancy with which the four essays were written, the keenness of each assault, the charm and persuasiveness of the style, delighted even the uncensorious. The business of a biographer, said the author in a very engaging preface, is to maintain his own freedom of spirit, and lay bare the facts as he understands them, 'dispassionately, impartially, and without ulterior intentions.'

It sounds fair and square; but the fact remains that Mr. Strachey disliked Manning, despised Arnold, had little sympathy with Gordon, and no great fancy for Florence Nightingale. It must be remembered also that in three cases out of four he was dealing with persons of stubborn character and compelling will, as far removed from irreproachable excellence as from criminality. Of such, much criticism may be offered; but the only way to keep an open outlook is to ask, 'What was their life's job?' 'How well did they do it?' Men and women who have a pressing job on hand (Florence Nightingale was *all* job) cannot afford to cultivate the minor virtues. They move with an irresistible impulse to their goal. It is a curious fact that Mr. Strachey is never so illuminating as when he turns his back upon these forceful and disconcerting personages, and dallies with their more amenable contemporaries. What he writes about Gordon we should be glad to forget; what he writes about Sir Evelyn Baring and Lord Hartington we hope to remember while we live.

The popularity of *Eminent Victorians*

inspired a host of followers. Critics began to look about them for other vulnerable reputations. Mr. J. A. Strahan, stepping back from Victoria to Anne, made the happy discovery that Addison had been systematically overpraised, and that every side of his character was open to assault. The result of this perspicuity is a damning denunciation of a man whom his contemporaries liked and esteemed, and concerning whom we have been content to take the word of those who knew him. He may have been, as Mr. Strahan asserts, a sot, a time-server, a toad-eater, a bad official, and a worse friend; but he managed to give a different impression. The just man falls seven times a day. Take sufficient account of all these falls, and he eclipses Lucifer. Addison's friends and neighbors found him a modest, honorable, sweet-tempered gentleman; and Steele, whom he had affronted, wrote these generous words: 'You can seldom get him to the tavern; but when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about him, you admire a thousand things in him which before lay buried.'

This seems to me a singularly pleasant thing to say about anybody. Were I coveting praise, this is the form I'd like the praise to take.

The pressure of disparagement, which is one result of the cooling of our blood after the fever-heat of war, is lowering our enthusiasms, thinning our sympathies, and giving us nothing very dazzling in the way of enlightenment. Americans are less critical than Englishmen, who so value their birthright of free speech that censure of public men has become a habit, a game of hazard (pulling planks out of the ship of state), at which long practice has made them perfect. 'The editor of the *Morning Post*,' observes Mr. Maurice Hewlett wearily, 'begins his day by wondering whom he shall denounce'; and opposing

editors, as nimble at the fray, match outcry against outcry, and malice against malignity.

I doubt if any other than an Englishman could have written *The Mirrors of Downing Street*, and I am sure that, were an American able to write such a book (which is problematic), it would never occur to him to think of it, or to brag of it, as a duty. We grumble at our high officials, and expect our full share of impossibilities; but as task-masters we are not in it with the British. The difficulties surmounted by Mr. Lloyd George make the labors of Hercules look like a picnic; and to begrudge him an hour in his arm-chair, with his young daughter and a friend, seems to us like begrudging an engine-driver his sleep. There was a time when it was thought that an engine-driver could sleep less, and lamentable results ensued.

The public actions of public men are open to discussion; but Mr. Balfour's personal selfishness, his parsimony, his indifference to his domestics, are not matters of general moment. To gossip about these things is to gossip with tradesmen and servants. To deny to Lord Kitchener 'greatness of mind, greatness of character, and greatness of heart,' is harsh speaking of the dead; but to tell a gaping world that the woman 'whom he loved hungrily and doggedly, and to whom he proposed several times, could never bring herself to marry him,' is a personality which *Town Topics* would scorn. *The Mirrors of Downing Street* aspires to a moral purpose; but taste is the guardian of morality. Its delicate and severe dictates define the terms upon which we may improve the world at the expense of our neighbor's character.

The sneaking kindness recommended by Mr. Stevenson is much harder to come by than the 'raptures of moral indignation,' of which he heard more than he wanted, and which are rever-

berating through the world to-day. The pages of history are heavy with moral indignation. We teach it in our schools, and there are historians like Macaulay who thunder it rapturously, with never a moment of misgiving. But here and there, as we step apprehensively into historic by-paths, we are cheered by patches of sunshine, straight glimpses into truths which put a more credible, because a more merciful, construction upon men's actions, and lighten our burden of dispraise.

I have often wondered why, with Philippe de Commynes as an avenue of approach, all writers except Scott should deal with Louis the Eleventh as with a moral monstrosity. Commynes is no apologist. He has a natural desire to speak well of his master; but he reviews every side of Louis's character with dispassionate sincerity.

First, as a Catholic: 'The king was very liberal to the Church, and, in some respects, more so than was necessary, for he robbed the poor to give to the rich. But in this world no one can arrive at perfection.'

Next, as a husband: 'As for ladies, he never meddled with them in my time; for when I came to his court, he lost a son, at whose death he was greatly afflicted; and he made a vow to God in my presence never to have intercourse with any other woman than the queen. And though this was no more than he was bound to do by the canons of the Church, yet it was much that he should have such self-command as to persevere firmly in his resolution, considering that the queen (though an excellent lady in other respects) was not a princess in whom a man could take any great delight.'

Finally, as a ruler: 'The king was naturally kind and indulgent to persons of mean estate, and hostile to all great men who had no need of him. . . . But this I say boldly in his commendation,

that in my whole life I never knew any man so wise in his misfortunes.'

To be brave in misfortune is to be worthy of manhood; to be wise in misfortune is to conquer fate. We cannot easily or advantageously regard Louis with affection; but when Commines epitomizes history in an ejaculation, 'Our good master, Louis, whom God pardon!' it rests our souls to say, 'Amen!'

We cannot easily love Swift. The great 'professional hater' frightens us out of the timid regard which we should like — in honor of English literature — to cherish for his memory. But there is a noble sentence of Thackeray's which, if it does not soften our hearts, cannot fail to clarify our minds, to free us from the stupid, clogging misapprehension which we confuse with moral distaste. 'Through the storms and tempests of his [Swift's] furious mind the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and maddening hurricane of his life.' One clear and penetrating note ('Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came') is worth much careful auditing of accounts.

The picture of John Wilkes drawn by Sir George Otto Trevelyan in his *Early History of Charles James Fox*, and the picture of Aaron Burr drawn by Mr. Albert J. Beveridge in his *Life of John Marshall* are happy illustrations of unpopular subjects treated with illuminating kindness. Wilkes was a demagogue and Burr a trouble-maker (the terms are not necessarily synonymous), and neither of them is a man whose history is widely or accurately known. Both historians are swayed by their political passions. An historian without political passions is as rare as a wasp without a sting. To Trevelyan all Conservatives were in fault, and all Liberals in the right. Opposition to George the Third is the acid test he applies, to separate

gold from dross. Mr. Beveridge regards the Federalists as the strength and the Republicans as the weakness of the young nation. Thomas Jefferson is *his* test, and a man hated and hounded by Jefferson necessarily wins his support.

Nevertheless, Wilkes and Burr are presented to us by their sympathizers in a cold north light, which softens and conceals nothing. Men of positive quality, they look best when clearly seen. 'Research and fact are ever in collision with fancy and legend,' observes Mr. Beveridge soberly; and it is to research and fact that he trusts, to rescue his accomplished filibuster from those unproved charges which live by virtue of their vagueness. American school histories, remembering the duty of moral indignation, have played havoc with the reputation of Aaron Burr; and American school-children, if they know him at all, know him as a duelist and a traitor. They are sure about the duel (it was one of the few facts firmly established in my own mind after a severe struggle with American history); but concerning the treason, they are at least as ill informed as their elders.

British children do better, perhaps, with John Wilkes. Little Londoners can gaze at the obelisk which commemorates his mayoralty, and think of him as a catless Whittington. The slogan 'Wilkes and Liberty' has an attractive ring to all who are not of Madame Roland's way of thinking. No man ever gave his partisans more to defend, or his opponents better chances to attack; and friends and foes rose repeatedly and fervently to their opportunities. A century later, Sir George Trevelyan, a friend well worth the having, reviews the case with wise sincerity, undaunted confidence, a careful art in the arrangement of his high lights, and a niceness of touch which wins half-way all readers who love the English language. Wilkes was as naturally and inevitably in debt

as was William Godwin, and Wilkes's debts were as naturally and inevitably paid by someone else as were Godwin's; but when Trevelyan alludes softly to his 'unambitious standard of solvency,' this sordid detail becomes unexpectedly pleasurable. So easily are transgressions pardoned, if they provoke the shadow of a smile.

Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon: the Last Phase* is a work nobly conceived and admirably executed; but its impelling motive is an austere resolve to make what amends a single Englishman can make for an ungenerous episode in English history. Its sympathy for a fallen foe bears no likeness to the sympathy which impelled Théodore de Banville, broken in health and hope by the siege of Paris, to write a lyric in memory of a young Prussian officer, a mere boy, who was found dead on the field, with a blood-stained volume of Pindar in his tunic. Lord Rosebery's book is written with a proud sadness, a stern indignation, eminently fitted to its subject; but he is not so much kind as just. Napoleon is too vast a figure to be approached with benevolence. It is true, as Mr. Wells asserts, that, had he been unselfish and conscientious, he would never have conquered Europe; but only Mr. Wells is prepared to say that a lack of these qualities won him renown. He shares the lack with Wilhelm the Second, who has had neither an Austerlitz nor a Waterloo.

II

There is a wide assortment of unpopular characters whose company it would be very instructive to keep. They belong to all ages, countries, and creeds. Spain alone offers us three splendid examples — the Duke of Alva, Cardinal Ximenez, and Philip the Second. Alva, like the Corsair, possessed one virtue, which was a more valuable virtue than the Corsair's, but brings him in less

credit, because the object of his unswerving loyalty and devotion was not a guileless lady, but a sovereign, less popular, if possible, than himself. Cardinal Ximenez, soldier, statesman, scholar, priest, ascetic, author, and educator, was also Grand Inquisitor, and this fact alone seems to linger in the minds of men. That, for his day, he was a moderate, avails him little. That he made a point of protecting scholars and professors from the troublesome interference of the Inquisition ought to avail him a great deal. It might were it better known. There is a play of Sardou's in which he is represented as concentrating all the deadly powers of his office against the knowledge which he most esteemed. This is the way the drama educates.

And Philip? It would be a big piece of work to win for Philip even a partial recognition of his moderate merits. The hand of history has dealt heavily with him, and romance has preyed upon his vitals. In fact, history and romance are undistinguishable when they give free play to the moral indignation he inspires. It is not enough to accuse him of the murder of the son whom he hated (though not more heartily than George the Second hated the Prince of Wales): they would have us understand that he probably poisoned the brother whom he loved. 'Don John's ambitions had become troublesome, and he ceased to live at an opportune moment for Philip's peace of mind,' is the fashion in which Gayarré insinuates his suspicions; and Gayarré's narrative — very popular in my youth — was recommended to the American public by Bancroft, who, I am convinced, never read it. Had he penetrated to the eleventh page, where Philip is alluded to as the Christian Tiberius, or to the twentieth, where he is compared to an Indian idol, he would have known that, whatever the book might be, it was not history, and that,

as an historian, it ill became him to tell innocent Americans to read it.

But how were they to be better informed? Motley will not even allow that Philip's fanatical devotion to his church was a sincere devotion. He accuses him of hypocrisy, which is like accusing Cromwell of levity, or Burke of Jacobinism. Prescott has a fashion of turning the King's few amiabilities, as, for example, his tenderness for his third wife, Isabella of France, into a suggestion of reproach. 'Well would it be for the memory of Philip, could the historian find no heavier sin to lay to his charge than his treatment of Isabella.' Well would it be for all of us, could the recording angel lay no heavier charge to our account than our legitimate affections. The Prince of Orange, it is true, charged Philip with murdering both wife and son; but that was merely a political argument. He would as soon have charged him with the murder of his father, had the Emperor not been safely isolated at Yuste; and Philip, in return, banned the Prince of Orange — a brave and wise ruler — as 'an enemy of the human race.'

Twenty-four years ago, an Englishman who was by nature distrustful of popular verdicts, and who had made careful studies of certain epochs of Spanish history, ventured to paint Philip in fresh colors. Mr. Martin Hume's monograph shows us a cultivated gentleman, with a correct taste in architecture and art, sober, abstemious, kind to petitioners, loyal and affectionate to his friends, generous to his soldiers and sailors — a man beloved by his own household, and revered by his subjects, to whom he brought nothing but misfortune. The book makes melancholy reading because Philip's political sins were also political blunders, his mad intolerance was a distortion, rather than a rejection, of conscience, and his inconceivable rigidity

left him helpless to face the essential readjustments of life. 'I could not do otherwise than I have done,' he said with piercing sincerity, 'though the world should fall in ruins around me.'

Now what befell Mr. Hume, who wrote history in this fashion, with no more liking for Philip than for Elizabeth or the Prince of Orange, but with a natural desire to get within the purview of truth? Certain empty honors were conferred upon him: a degree from Cambridge, membership in a few societies, the privilege of having some letters printed after his name. But the University of Glasgow and the University of Liverpool stoutly refused to give him the chairs of history and Spanish. He might know more than most men on these subjects, but they did not want their students exposed to new impressions. The good old way for them. Mr. Hume, being a reader, may have recalled in bitterness of spirit the words of the acute and unemotional Sully, who had scant regard for Catholicism (though the Huguenots tried him sorely), and none at all for Spain; but who said, in his balanced, impersonal way, that Philip's finer qualities, his patience, piety, fortitude, and single-mindedness, were all alike 'lost on the vulgar.'

Lucrezia Borgia is less available for our purpose, because the imaginary Lucrezia, though not precisely beloved, is more popular in her way than the real Lucrezia could ever hope to be. 'In the matter of pleasantness,' says Lucian, 'truth is far surpassed by falsehood'; and never has it been more agreeably overshadowed than in this fragment of Italian history. We really could not bear to lose the Lucrezia of romance. She has done fatigue duty along every line of iniquity. She has specialized in all of the seven deadly sins. On Rossetti's canvas, in Donizetti's opera, in Victor Hugo's play, in countless poems and stories and novels, she has erred

exhaustively for our entertainment. The idea of an attractive young woman poisoning her supper guests is one which the world will not lightly let go.

And what is offered in return? Only the dull statements of people who chanced to know the lady, and who considered her a model wife and duchess, a little over-anxious about the education of her numerous children, but kind to the poor, generous to artists, and pitiful to Jews. 'She is graceful, modest, lovable, decorous, and devout,' wrote Johannes Lucas from Rome to Ercole, the old Duke of Ferrara. 'She is beautiful and good, gentle and amiable,' echoed the Chevalier Bayard years later. Were we less avid for thrills, we might like to think of this young creature, snatched at twenty-one from the maelstrom of Rome, where she had been a pawn in the game of politics, and placed in a secure and splendid home. The Lucrezia of romance would have found the court of Ferrara intolerably dull. The Lucrezia of history took to dullness as a duck to water. She was a sensible, rather than a brilliant woman, fully alive to the duties and dignities of her position, and well aware that respectability is a strong card to play in a vastly disreputable world.

There was a time when Robespierre and Marat made a high bid for unpopularity. Even those who clearly understood the rehabilitation of man in the French Revolution found little to say for its chosen instruments, whose purposes were high, but whose methods were open to reproach. Of late, however, a certain weariness has been observable in men's minds when these reformers are in question, a reluctance to expand with any emotion where they are concerned. M. Lauzanne is, indeed, by way of thinking that the elemental Clemenceau closely resembles the elemental Robespierre; but this is not a serious valuation; it is letting picturesque-

ness run away with reason — a habit incidental to editorship.

The thoroughly modern point of view is that Robespierre and Marat were ineffective — not without ability in their respective lines, but unfitted for the parts they played. Marat's turn of mind was scientific (our own Benjamin Franklin found him full of promise). Robespierre's turn of mind was legal; he would have made an acute and successful lawyer. The Revolution came along and ruined both these lives, for which we are expected to be sorry. M. Lauzanne does not go so far as to say that the great war ruined Clemenceau's life. The 'Tiger' was seventy-three when the Germans marched into Belgium. Had he been content to spend all his years teaching in a girls' school, he might (though I am none too sure of it) have been a gentler and a better man. But France was surely worth the price he paid. A lifeboat is not expected to have the graceful lines of a gondola.

'Almost everybody,' says Stevenson, 'can understand and sympathize with an admiral, or a prize-fighter'; which genial sentiment is less contagious now than when it was uttered, thirty years ago. A new type of admiral has presented itself to the troubled consciousness of men, a type unknown to Nelson, unsuspected by Farragut, unsung by Newbolt. In robbing the word of its ancient glory, Tirpitz has robbed us of an emotion we can ill afford to lose. 'The traditions of sailors,' says Mr. Shane Leslie, 'have been untouched by the lowering of ideals which has invaded every other class and profession.' The truth of his words was brought home to readers by the behavior of the British merchant marine, peaceful, poorly paid men, who in the years of peril went out unflinchingly, and as a matter of course, to meet 'their duty and their death.' Many and varied are the transgressions

of seafaring men; but we have hitherto been able to believe them sound in their nobler parts. We should like to cherish this simple faith, and, though alienated from prize-fighters by the narrowness of our civic and social code, to retain our sympathy for admirals. It cannot be that their fair fame will be forever smirched by the tactics of a man who ruined the government he served.

The function of criticism is presumably to clear our mental horizon, to get us within close range of the criticized. It recognizes moral as well as intellectual issues; but it differentiates them. When Emerson said, 'Goethe can never be dear to men. His is not even the devotion to pure truth, but to truth for the sake of culture,' he implied that truth, besides being a better thing than culture, was also a more lovable thing, which is not the case. It takes temerity to love Goethe; but there are always men—young, keen, speculative, beauty-loving men,—to whom he is inexpressibly dear because of the vistas he opens, the thoughts he releases, the 'inward

freedom' which is all he claimed to give. It takes no less temerity to love Emerson, and he meant that it should be so, that we should climb high to reach him. He is not lovable as Lamb is lovable, and he would not have wanted to be. A man who all his life repelled unwelcome intimacies had no desire to surrender his memory to the affection of every idle reader.

It is such a sure thing to appeal from intelligence to conscience, from the trouble involved in understanding to the ease with which judgment is passed, that critics may be pardoned their frequent transgressions. Yet problems of conduct are just as puzzling as problems of intellect. That is why Mr. Stevenson pronounced a sneaking kindness to be 'instructive.' He offered it as a road to knowledge rather than as a means of enjoyment. Not that he was unaware of the pleasures which follow in its wake. He knew the world up and down well enough to be thankful that he had never lost his taste for bad company.

SOLILOQUY FOR A THIRD ACT

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHAT is this sullen curious interval
Between the happy Thought, the languid Act?
What is this dull paralysis of Will
That lets the fatal days drift by like dreams?
Of the mind's dozing splendors what remains?
What is this *Now* I utter to you here?

This Now, for great men dead, is golden Future;
For happier souls to come, conjectured Past.

SOLILOQUY FOR A THIRD ACT

Men love and praise the Past — the only thing
In all the great commodity of life
That grows and grows, shining and heaping up
And endlessly compounds beneath their hands:
Richer we are in Time with every hour,
But in nought else. — The Past! I love the Past —
Stand off, O Future, keep away from me!

Yet some there are, great thoughtless active souls,
Can use the volvant circle of the year
Like a child's hoop, and flog it gleefully
Along the downward slope of busy days;
But some, less lucky.

What wretch invented Time and calendars
To torture his weak wits, to probe himself
As a man tongues a tender concave tooth?
See, all men bear this secret cicatrix,
This navel mark where we were ligatured
To great Eternity; and so they have
This knot of Time-sense in their angry hearts.

So must I die, and pass to Timeless nothing?
It will not, shall not, cannot, must not be!
I'll print such absolute identity
Upon these troubled words, that finding them
In some old broken book (long, long away),
The startled reader cries, Here was a Voice
That had a meaning, and outrode the years!

SEQUELS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

TROPICAL midges of sorts live less than a day — sequoias have felt their sap quicken with the warmth of three thousand springs. Somewhere between these extremes, we open our eyes, look about us for a time, and close them again. Modern political geography and shift of government give us Methusalestic feelings; but a glance at rocks or stars sends us shuddering among the other motes, which glisten for a moment in the sunlight and then vanish.

We who strive for a little insight into evolution, and the meaning of things as they are, forever long for a glimpse of things as they were. Here at my British Guiana laboratory I wonder what the land was like before the dense mat of vegetation covered every rock and grain of sand; or how the rivers looked when first their waters trickled to the sea.

All our stories are of the middles of things — without beginning or end; we scientists are plunged suddenly upon a cosmos in the full uproar of æons of precedent, unable to look ahead, while to look backward we must look down.

Exactly a year ago I spent two hours in a clearing in the jungle back of Kartabo laboratory, and let my eyes and ears have full swing.¹ Now, in August of the succeeding year, I came again to this clearing, and found it no more a clearing. Indeed, so changed was it, that for weeks I had passed close by without a thought of the jungle meadow

of the previous year; and now what finally turned me aside from my usual trail was a sound. Twelve months ago I wrote: 'From the monotone of under-world sounds a strange little rasping detached itself, a reiterated, subdued scraping or picking. It carried my mind instantly to the throbbing theme of the Nibelungs, onomatopoeic of the little hammers forever busy at their underground work. I circled a small bush at my side, and found that the sound came from one of the branches near the top; so with my glasses I began a systematic search.' This was as far as I ever got; for a flock of parakeets exploded close at hand and blew the lesser sound out of mind. If I had stopped to guess, I should probably have considered the author a longicorn beetle or some fiddling orthopter.

Now, a year later, I suddenly stopped twenty yards away; for at the end of the silvery cadence of a wood-hewer, I heard the low, measured, toneless rhythm which instantly revived in my mind every detail of the clearing. I was headed toward a distant palm-frond, beneath whose tip was a nest of Rufous Hermits; for I wished to see the two atoms of hummingbirds at the moment when they rolled from their *petit-pois* egg-shells. I gave this up for the day, and turned up the hill, where, fifty feet away, were the stump and bush near which I had sat and watched. Three times I went past the place before I could be certain; and even at the last I

¹See 'A Jungle Clearing,' in the *Atlantic* for January, 1920.

identified it only by the relative position of the giant tauroneero tree, in which I had shot many cotingas. The stump was there, a bit lower and more worn at the crevices, leaking sawdust like an over-loved doll; but the low shrub had become a tall sapling, the weeds — vervain, boneset, velvet-leaf — all had been topped and killed off by dense-foliaged bushes and shrubs, which a year before had not raised a leaf above the meadow-level. The old vistas were gone, the landscape had closed in, the wilderness was shutting down. Nature herself was 'letting in the jungle.' I felt like Rip Van Winkle, or even more alien, as if the passing of time had been accelerated and my longed-for leap had been accomplished, beyond the usual ken of mankind's earthly lease of senses.

All these astounding changes had come to pass through the unceasing heat and moisture of a tropical year; and under deliberate scientific calculation there was nothing unusual in the alteration. I remembered the remarkable growth of one of the laboratory bamboo shoots during the rainy season — twelve and a half feet in sixteen days; but that was a single stem, like a blade of grass, whereas here the whole landscape was altered — new birds, new insects, branches, foliage, flowers, where, twelve short months past, was open sky above low weeds.

In the hollow root on the beach, my band of crane-flies had danced for a thousand hours; but here was a sound which had apparently never ceased for more than a year — perhaps five thousand hours of daylight. It was a low, penetrating, abruptly reiterated beat, occurring about once every second and a half, and distinctly audible a hundred feet away. The 'low bush,' from which it proceeded last year, was now a respectable sapling, and the source far out of reach overhead. I discovered a roundish mass among the leaves; and the

first stroke of the axe sent the rhythm up to once a second, but did not alter the *timbre*. A few blows, and the small trunk gave way, and I fled for my life. But there was no angry buzzing, and I came close. After a cessation of ten or fifteen seconds the sound began again, weaker but steady. The foliage was alive with small Axteca ants; but these were tenants of several small nests near by and at the catastrophe overran everything.

The largest structure was the smooth carton nest of a wasp — a beautiful species, pale yellowish-red with wine-colored wings. Only once did an individual make an attempt to sting, and, even when my head was within six inches, the wasps rested quietly on the broken combs. By careful watching, I observed that many of the insects jerked the abdomen sharply downward, hitting the comb, or shell, of smooth paper a forceful blow, and producing a very distinct noise. I could not at first see the mass of wasps that were giving forth the major rhythm, as they were hidden deep in the nest, but the fifty-odd wasps in sight kept perfect time; or occasionally an individual skipped one or two beats, coming in regularly on every alternate or every third beat. Where they were two or three deep, the uppermost wasps struck the insects below them with their abdomens in perfect rhythm with the next beat. For half an hour the sound continued, then died down, and was not heard again. The wasps dispersed during the night, and the nest was deserted.

It reminded me of the telegraphing ants, which I have often heard in Borneo — a remarkable sweeping roll, caused by the host of insects striking the leaves with their heads, and produced only when they are disturbed. It appeared to be of the nature of a warning signal, giving me opportunity to back away from the stinging legions

that filled the thicket against which I pushed.

The rhythm of these wasps was very different. They were peaceable, not even resenting the devastation of their home; but always and always must the inexplicable beat, beat, beat be kept up, serving some purpose quite hidden from me. During succeeding months I found two more nests, with similar habits of sound-vibrations that led to their discovery. From one small nest, which fairly shook with the strength of their beats, I extracted a single wasp and placed him in a glass-topped metal box. For three minutes he kept up the rhythmic beat. Then I began a more rapid tattoo on the bottom of the box, and the changed tempo confused him, so that he stopped at once, and would not tap again.

A few little Mazaruni daisies lived on here and there, blossoming bravely, trying to believe that the shade was lessening and not daily becoming more dense. But their leaves were losing heart and paling in the scant light. Another six months, and dead leaves and moss would obliterate them, and the zone of brilliant flowers and gorgeous butterflies and birds would shift many feet into the air, with the tops of the trees as a new level.

As long as I remained by my stump, my visitors were of the jungle. A yellow-bellied trogon came quite close, and sat, as trogons do, very straight and stiff, like a poorly mounted bird, watching passing flycatchers and me and the glimpses of sky. At first he rolled his little cuckoo-like notes, and his brown mate swooped up, saw me, shifted a few feet farther off, and perched, full of curiosity, craning her neck and looking first with one eye, then the other. Now the male began a content song. With all possible variations of his few and simple tones, on a low and very sweet timbre, he belied his un-

oscine perch in the tree of bird-life and sang to himself. Now and then he was drowned out by the shrilling of cicadas; but it was a delightful serenade, and he seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. A few days before, I had made a careful study of the syrinx of this bird, whom we may call, rather euphoniously, *Trogonurus curucui*, and had been struck by the simplicity of both muscles and bones. Now, he having summoned his mate in regular accents, there followed this unexpected whisper song. It recalled similar melodies sung by pheasants and Himalayan partridges, usually after they had gone to roost.

Once the female swooped after an insect; and in the midst of one of the sweetest passages of the male trogon, a green grasshopper shifted his position. He was only two inches away from the singer, and all this time had been hidden by his chlorophyll-hued veil. And now the trogon fairly fell off the branch, seizing the insect almost before the tone died away. Swallowing it with considerable difficulty, the harmony was taken up again, a bit throaty for a few notes. Then the pair talked together in usual trogon fashion, and the sudden shadow of a passing vulture drew forth discordant cat-calls, as both birds dashed from sight, to avoid the fancied hawk.

A few minutes later the vocal seal of the jungle was uttered by a quadrille bird. When the notes of this wren are heard, I can never imagine open blazing sunshine, or unobstructed blue sky. Like the call of the wood pewee, the wren's radiates coolness and shadowy quiet. No matter how tropic or breathless the jungle, when the flute-like notes arise, they bring a feeling of freshness, they start up a mental breeze, which cools one's thoughts; and although there may be no water for miles, yet we can fairly hear the drip of cool drops falling from thick moss to pools below. First

an octave of two notes of purest silver; then a varying strain of eight or ten notes, so sweet and powerful, so individual and meaningful, that it might stand for some wonderful *motif* in a great opera. I shut my eyes, and I was deaf to all other sounds while the wren sang. And as it dwelt on the last note of its phrase, a cicada took it up on the exact tone, and blended the two final notes into a slow vibration, beginning gently, and rising with the crescendo of which only an insect, and especially a cicada, is master.

Here was the eternal, hypnotic tomtom rhythm of the East, grafted upon supreme Western opera. For a time my changed clearing became merely a sounding-box for the most thrilling of jungle songs. I called the wren as well as I could, and he came nearer and nearer. The music rang out only a few yards away. Then he became suspicious, and after that each phrase was prefaced by typical wren-scolding. He could not help but voice his emotions, and the harsh notes told plainly what he thought of my poor imitation. Then another feeling would dominate, and out of the maelstrom of harshness, of tumbled, volcanic vocalization, would rise the pure silver stream of single notes.

III

The wren slipped away through the masses of fragrant Davilla blossoms, but his songs remained and are with me to this moment. And now I leaned back, lost my balance, and grasping the old stump for support, loosened a big piece of soft, mealy wood. In the hollow beneath, I saw a rainbow in the heart of the dead tree.

This rainbow was caused by a bug; and when we stop to think of it, we realize how little there is in a name. For when we say bug, — or, for that matter, bogy or bug-bear, — we are

garbling the sound which our very, very forefathers uttered when they saw a spectre or hobgoblin. They called it *bugge*, or even *bwg*; but then, they were more afraid of spectres in those days than we are, who imprison will-o'-the-wisps in Very lights, and rub fox-fire on our watch-faces. At any rate, here was a bug who seemed to ill-deserve his name; although, if the Nibelungs could fashion the Rheingold, why could not a bug conceive a rainbow?

Whenever a human, and especially a house-human, thinks of bugs, she thinks unpleasantly and in superlatives. And it chances that evolution, or natural selection, or life's mechanism, or fate, or a creator, has wrought them into form and function also in superlatives. Cicadas are supreme in longevity and noise: one of our northern species sucks in silent darkness for seventeen years, and then, for a single summer, breaks all American long-distance records for insect's voices. To another group, known as Fulgorids, gigantic heads and streamers of wax have been allotted. Those possessing the former rejoice in the name of lantern flies, but they are at present unfaithful-vestal bugs; indeed, it is extremely doubtful if their wicks were ever trimmed or lighted. To see a big wax-bug flying with trailing ribbons slowly from tree to tree in the jungle is to recall the streaming trains of a flock of peacocks on the wing.

The Membracids most of all deserve the name of *bugges*, for no elf or hobgoblin was ever more bizarre. Their legs and heads and bodies are small and aphid-like; but aloft there spring minarets and handles and towers and thorns and groups of hairy balls, out of all reason and sense. Only Stegosaurus and Triceratops bear comparison. Another group of five-sided bugs are the skunks and civet-cats among insects, guarding themselves from danger by an aura of obnoxious distillation.

Not the least strange of all this assemblage is the author of our rainbow in the stump. My awkwardness had broken into a hollow, which opened to the light on the other side of the rotten bole. A vine had tendriled its way into the crevice, where the little weaver of rainbows had found board and lodging. We may call him toad-hopper or spittle-bug—or, as Fabre says, 'Contentons-nous de Ciadelle, qui respecte le tympan.' Like all its kindred, the bubble-bug finds Nirvana in a sappy green stem. It has neither strong flight nor sticky wax, thorny armature nor gas-barrage, so it proceeds to weave an armor of bubbles, a cuirass of liquid film. This, in brief, was the rainbow which caught my eye when I broke open the stump. Up to that moment no rainbow had existed—only a little light sifting through from the vine-clad side. But now a ray of sun shattered itself on the pile of bubbles, and sprayed out into a curved glory.

Bubble-bugs blow their froth only when immature, and their bodies are a distillery, or home-brew, of sorts. No matter what the color, or viscosity, or chemical properties of sap, regardless of whether it flows in liana, shrub, or vine, the bug's artesian product is clear, tasteless, and wholly without the possibility of being blown into bubbles. When a large drop has collected, the tip of the abdomen encloses a retort of air, inserts this in the drop, and forces it out. In some way an imponderable amount of oil or dissolved wax is extruded and mixed with the drop—an invisible shellac, which toughens the bubble and gives it an astounding glutinous endurance. As long as the abdominal air-pump can be extended into the atmosphere, so long does the pile of bubbles grow until the insect is deep buried, and to penetrate this is as unpleasant an achievement for small marauders as to force a cobweb entanglement.

I have draped a big pile of bubbles around the beak of an insect-eating bird, and watched it shake its head and wipe its beak in evident disgust at the clinging oily films. In the north we have the bits of fine white foam which we characteristically call frog-spittle; but these tropic relatives have bigger bellows, and their covering is like the interfering mass of film that emerges from the soap-bubble bowl when a pipe is thrust beneath the surface and that delicious gurgling sound is produced.

The most marvelous part of the whole thing is that the undistilled well that the bubble-bug taps would often overwhelm it in an instant, either by the burning acidity of its composition, or by the rubber coating of death into which it hardens in the air. Yet from this current of lava or vitriol our bug does three wonderful things: it distills sweet water for its present protective cell of bubbles; it draws purest nourishment for continual energy to run its bellows and pump; and simultaneously it fills its blood and tissues with a pungent flavor, which in the future will be a safeguard against the attacks of birds and lizards. Little by little its wings swell to full spread and strength; muscles are fashioned in its hind-legs, which, in time, will shoot it through great distances of space; and pigment of the most brilliant yellow and black forms on its wing-covers. When, at last, it shuts down its little still and creeps forth through the filmy veil, it is immature no longer, but a brilliant frog-hopper, sitting on the most conspicuous leaves, trusting, by pigmental warning, to advertise its inedibility, and watchful for a mate, so that the future may hold no dearth of bubble-bugs.

IV

On my first tramp each season in the tropical jungle, I see the legionary army

ants hastening on their way to battle, and the leaf-cutters plodding along, with chlorophyll hods over their shoulders, exactly as they did last year, and the year preceding, and probably a hundred thousand years before that. The Colony Egos of army and leaf-cutters may quite reasonably be classified, at least according to kingdom. The former, with carnivorous, voracious, nervous, vitally active members, seems an intangible, animal-like organism; while the stolid, unemotional, weather-swung Attas resemble the flowing sap of the food on which they subsist — vegetable.

Yet, whatever the simile, in the case of both of these colonies of ants, the net of unconscious precedent is too closely drawn, the mesh of instinct is too fine, to hope for any initiative. This was manifested by the most significant and spectacular occurrence I have ever observed in the world of insects. Some two years or more ago I studied, and reported upon, a nest of Ecitons, or Army Ants.¹ Eighteen months later, apparently the same army appeared and made a similar nest of their own bodies, in the identical spot above the door of the out-house, where I had found them before. Again we had to break up the temporary resting-place of these nomads, and killed about three quarters of the colony with various deadly chemicals.

In spite of the tremendous slaughter, the Ecitons, in late afternoon, raided a small colony of Wasps-of-the-Painted-Nest. These little chaps construct a round, sub-leaf carton-home, as large as a golf-ball, which carries out all the requirements of counter-shading and ruptive markings. The flattened, shadowed under-surface was white, and most of the sloping walls dark brown, down which extended eight white lines, following the veins of the leaf overhead. The side close to the stem of the leaf,

and consequently always in deep shadow, was pure white. The eaves, catching high lights, were black.

All this marvelous merging with leaf-tones went for naught when once an advance Eciton scout located the nest. As the deadly mob approached, the wasplets themselves seemed to realize the futility of offering battle, and the entire colony of forty-four gathered in a forlorn group on a neighboring leaf, while their little castle was rifled — larvæ and pupæ torn from their cells, and rushed down the stems to the chaos that was raging in the Ecitons' own home. The wasps could guard against optical discovery, but the blind Army Ants had senses which transcended vision, if not even scent.

Late that night, our lanterns showed the remnants of the Eciton army wandering aimlessly about, making near approach impossible, but apparently lacking any definite concerted action.

At six o'clock the next morning I was starting for a swim, when, at the foot of the laboratory steps, I saw a swiftly moving, broad line of Army Ants on safari, passing through the compound to the beach. I traced them back under the servants' quarters, through two clumps of bamboos, to the out-house. Later, I followed along the column down to the river sand, through a dense mass of underbrush, through a hollow log, up the bank, back through light jungle — to the out-house again; and on a large fallen log, a few feet beyond the spot where their nest had been, the ends of the circle *actually came together*. It was the most astonishing thing, and I had to verify it again and again before I could believe the evidence of my eyes. It was a strong column, six lines wide in many places, and the ants fully believed that they were on their way to a new home; for most were carrying eggs or larvæ, although many had food, including the

¹ See the *Atlantic* for October, 1919.

larvæ of the Painted-Nest wasplets. For an hour at noon, during heavy rain, the column weakened and almost disappeared; but when the sun returned, the lines rejoined, and the revolution of the vicious circle continued.

There were several places which made excellent points of observation, and here we watched and marveled. Careful measurement of the great circle showed a circumference of twelve hundred feet. We timed the laden Ecitons, and found that they averaged two to two and three quarters inches a second. So a given individual would complete the round in about two hours and a half. Many guests were plodding along with the ants — mostly staphylinids, of which we secured five species: a brown Histerid beetle, a tiny Chalcid, and several Phorid flies, one of which was winged.

The fat Histerid beetle was most amusing, getting out of breath every few feet, and abruptly stopping to rest, turning around in its tracks, standing almost on its head, and allowing the swarm of ants to run up over it and jump off. Then on it would go again, keeping up the terrific speed of two and a half inches a second, for another yard. Its color was identical with the Ecitons' armor, and when it folded up, nothing could harm it. Once a worker stopped and antennæd it suspiciously; but aside from this, it was accepted as one of the line of marchers.

All the afternoon the insane circle revolved; at midnight, the hosts were still moving; the second morning many had weakened and dropped their burdens and the general pace had very appreciably slackened. But still the blind grip of instinct held them. On, on, on they must go! Always before in their nomadic life there had been a goal — a sanctuary of hollow tree, snug heart of bamboos; surely this terrible grind must end somehow. In this crisis, even the

Spirit of the Army was helpless. Along the normal paths of Eciton life he could inspire endless enthusiasm, illimitable energy; but here his material units were bound upon the wheel of their perfection of instinct. Through sun and cloud, day and night, hour after hour, there was found no Eciton with individual initiative enough to turn aside an ant's breadth from the circle that he had traversed perhaps fifteen times.

Fewer and fewer now came along the well-worn path; burdens littered the line of march, like the arms and accoutrements thrown down by a retreating army. At last, a scanty single line struggled past — tired, hopeless, bewildered, idiotic, and thoughtless to the last. Then some half-dead Eciton straggled from the circle along the beach, and threw the line behind him into confusion. The desperation of total exhaustion had accomplished what necessity and opportunity and normal life could not. Several others followed his scent instead of that leading back toward the out-house; and as an amoeba gradually flows into one of its own pseudopodia, so the forlorn hope of the great Eciton army passed slowly down the beach and on into the jungle. Would they die singly and in bewildered groups, or would the remnant draw together, and, again guided by the supermind of its Mentor, lay the foundation of another army, and again come to nest in my out-house?

Thus was the ending still unfinished, the finale buried in the future — and in this we find the fascination of Nature and of Science. Who can be bored for a moment in the short existence vouchsafed us here, with dramatic beginnings barely hidden in the dust, with the excitement of every moment of the present, and with all of cosmic possibility lying just concealed in the future, whether of Betelgeuse, of Amoeba, or — of ourselves? *Vogue la galère!*

ERANT ENIM PISCATORES

BY HARRISON COLLINS

THE last rays of the setting sun gilded the distant camel-hump of Hieizan; up the valleys crept the soft fingers of a Japanese night. Spring was abroad in the air, in the bat fluttering over the surrounding paddy-fields, in the yellow evening-primroses already abloom; everywhere save in the young foreign teacher Addison's heart. On his shoulders rested a terrible responsibility; and as the bell for evening prayers clanged through the dormitory, the perpendicular cleft in his conscientious forehead deepened, and he grappled anew with his latest disciplinary problem.

How to present the matter in the most favorable, most compelling light — that was the question. He watched the shadows outside lengthen. Well, he'd put it up to these Japanese boys just as he had to the fellows at the College 'Y' six months before, at home. They'd understand. Things certainly could n't continue to go on as at present, from difficult bad to intolerable worse.

Below stairs, stumbling to a chair beyond the ping-pong table and baby-organ, he sat down on a baseball glove, that may or may not have got there by mistake, just as Yagi San screwed a new bulb into its socket and flooded the disorderly room with light. He watched the boys absently, as with tattered hymnals and much flapping of indoor sandals they drew up into the usual circle, giggled, and subsided into vivid silence.

There were ten, in all, present. First, to the left wriggled the Koyama cous-

ins, — Jusan and Eisan, — thirteen and twelve years old respectively; Jusan so fat that his eyes were completely invisible behind horizontal slits; Eisan, tiny, wraithlike, the dormitory's inimitable mimic (when Addison was not present), charter-member of that universal brotherhood of contemporaries whose idea of the last word in humor calls for the intimate association of a chair, a dignified older person, and a tack or a pin. Hirose San, an overgrown, somewhat stupid-looking boy of seventeen — big-headed, moon-faced, thick-lipped — loomed beyond. Then Kuroda San, baseball fan and fielder, sat silent and somewhat bored by his friend Ouye San, also seventeen and fellow admirer of Mr. Babe Ruth. The pair, with their sun-baked hawk countenances, would have made excellent American Indians, had they worn blankets instead of kimonos. Yagi San, of the same age, — a pretty boy, pale, with almost infantile features, — was finding the place in the hymnal for little Fujimura San — a newcomer from Ōsaka, apple-cheeked, fourteen years old. Kawazura San, tall, lean, humorless, a good student, carrying his sixteen years as a Buddha carries his centuries, sat sphinx-like, ready to begin, his large eyes staring. Stunted Inouye San, his neighbor, fifteen years of age, at seven o'clock was already nodding, half asleep. Last, completing the circle, sat good, faithful, handsome, manly Suzuki. (The adjectives were all applicable, thought Addison.) He was nineteen and would be graduated next

year. Not a bad bunch, not half a bad bunch, mused their teacher, while waiting for the meeting to come fully to order and life.

'To-night we'll sing no hymns. I want to talk. What I say Suzuki here will translate. All right?'

Suzuki blushed and everybody laughed, Addison loudest. Then, remembering his solemn duty, he resolutely banished his smile and summoned again the difficult frown.

'Fellows,' he began threateningly (his manner had been much admired in similar meetings at home), and thumping his closed hymn-book, 'awfully sorry, and all that, but you and I have got to go to the mat now on at least two counts.'

He glared round on all present, and the boys, who knew him in private life as a being not wholly impossible to propitiate, and also as a corking good baseball pitcher, registered appropriate and sympathetic solemnity, without understanding one word. *Sotto voce*: 'Shoot 'em that, Suzuki!'

Suzuki, politely, deprecatingly, in Japanese: 'Honorable everyone! Pardon me, but the Sensei says we're going to the jiu-jitsu room to meet two counts.'

Interested surprise manifested everywhere, but gravity still maintained, since the occasion and the Sensei's face seemed to demand it.

'Number one,' holding up a long forefinger, 'hereafter we've got to cut out all late hours.'

Suzuki, hesitating: 'The first count says we must operate on ourselves. That is' — uncertainly — 'so the Sensei says.'

Puzzlement on part of audience; but foreigners are funny creatures anyhow — even Sensei.

Addison, warming up: 'That's right, that's right, Suzuki; give it to 'em straight, give it to 'em straight!'

Then, fixing a baleful eye on trembling twelve-year-old Eisan Koyama, he shouted in a voice of thunder, —

'MEN —'

'Males,' courteously murmured the faithful Suzuki.

'MEN, things can't go on here as they are at present. The Antis in school already say you can tell a Christian dormitory boy by his sleepy face!'

Suzuki: 'Males, in school (in America?) there are kind aunts who give a present to every Christian boy who has a sleepy face.' Then, hurriedly, in the same tone of voice, with unnecessary anxiety lest Addison discover any linguistic blunder: 'So he says, but perhaps I'm not getting all this.'

Addison (in his best manner, with infinite and scathing contempt): 'Such a condition, men, turns your stomach and fills you with disgust.'

Suzuki: 'Such a condition, males, turns your stomach over and fills it with dust.'

Addison held up another accusing finger beside the first: 'Count two.'

'The second count.'

(Recrudescence of interest on the part of the audience.)

'This count is of even greater importance.'

'This count is of even higher rank.'

'MEN, we are losing our vitality in getting across our propaganda.'

Here, Suzuki was forced into surrender and begged for further enlightenment. A conference ensued, and he interpreted: —

'In spreading our propaganda we are losing our lives.'

(Visible consternation on every face except that of Inouye, who was by this time asleep.)

'Pep, pep, PEP! We must show more pep. To win out we've got to get a wiggle on. (No, Suzuki, afraid you can't make that one — get a *move* on, I mean.) In a school of eight hundred

boys we ought to rope in more than fifty!' And so on, the translation of his remarks illustrating anew what always happens when enterprising young Westerners try to hustle the East.

He drew for them, he thought, a picture of what the dormitory was and of what it ought to be. He told them, in racy Yankee, what, if they worked, it surely would become. He closed with a forceful appeal, begging them thenceforth to toil like yeomen (though that was not his word), like fishers tugging at the nets, and *constrain, constrain* members to come in.

It was a splendid effort. But perhaps, after all, it was just as well that the boys did n't understand it quite — especially the forceful example at the end; because, except for Fujimura San, all of them hailed from the mountainous country of Tamba, in whose rapid rivers custom dictated that *gentlemen* should not fish at all, but lie in canopied boats at pillowed ease and merely watch other men wield the nets.

'Now, fellows,' he said in his ordinary voice, taking the silence for approbation and permanently dropping his frown, 'now, fellows, as a sign of our turning over a new leaf, I suggest that we all go to the Heian Church to-night for the midweek service. We have n't been there for months. It'll mean a fine hike, some good words from Mr. Nishio, and an early snooze.'

What Suzuki made of this, I leave you to puzzle out. But they were going somewhere, that they knew, and they guessed it was to church.

'Banzai!' shouted Jusan wildly, 'Banzai! We're going to church to meet some counts!' And everyone — Inouye San being roused — agreed that it was a far more suitable place than the jiu-jitsu room for receiving two such prominent persons.

To one who knew his Dickens — and who in this dark world and wide does

not! — the Reverend Mr. Nishio at once recalled and expressed three illustrious characters: he was as good as Pickwick, as unctuous as Pecksniff, as hopeful as Micawber — and stouter than any of the three. And so, figuratively, if not literally, — being a Japanese, — he welcomed Addison and his nimble flock with open arms. He smiled, and winked his Jusan-like eyes, and rubbed his dimpled hands. Indeed, there was much bowing and intaking of breath on both sides.

They were just in time, it seemed; for, as they entered the main room of the church, a young lady in spectacles and dun-colored kimono had just begun an attack on an asthmatic organ. They sat in a row on the front bench, and even in their wriggling silence lent the otherwise middle-aged and demure congregation the vividness of youth. They made even the minister and organist feel their grateful aura, and turned what had begun as a very drowsy prayer-meeting into something akin to life.

'He is taking Sensei's text,' whispered Suzuki to Addison, when Mr. Nishio, rubbing his hands, and winking and smiling more heartily than ever, began his little talk. And, as it went on, though Addison could grasp scarcely a word, in the voice, the gestures, the rising passion of the preacher, most of all in the open-eyed attention of all the boys, including even sleepy Inouye, he realized what was being said.

The old, old story of Galilee — he breathed it all. The blueness of the cloudless sky and untroubled turquoise water he felt, and saw the two rough fishermen with their ragged nets, listening rapt to the words of the tall, white-robed One whose sandals made purer the stainless sand: —

Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after

me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.

And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him.

Now, as everyone in Kyōto knows, at the junction of Ōmiya and Shijo streets, where one takes the car for cherry-famed Arashiyama, there is a little store which, from the diversity and seasonableness of its wares, merits the name, Jack-of-all-Shops. In winter, it sells fried sweet potatoes to children (who gobble them hot out of the sack); in summer, vegetables; in fall, persimmons. At the time I am speaking of — in spring — its specialty was goldfish.

Addison and his troop, returning from church about nine o'clock, shot round the corner upon it, in full cry, so to speak.

They stopped — as who would n't? Goldfish, goldfish everywhere! In crystal globes on stands, on shelves, globes within globes; in pails, in tubs, in artificial ponds spanned by tiny bridges; of all bulks, from minnows to full-sized carp, the magic creatures swam, twinkling and blazing under the powerful electric light.

Beside one pond in the centre — the largest and most populous of all — lay displayed miniature bamboo rods, with black threads for lines, and microscopic filament-like hooks; while overhead, in Chinese characters, ran the explanatory legend: 'Buy a pole and take home your own catch. Fish as long as you like — *only two sen.*'

'Oh-h-h-h!' shouted the younger contingent; and plunged recklessly between the rows of glass globes for the sport to be had inside.

Addison was not the last, be it said to his credit, to cast in a line. But fishing for goldfish with a hook many sizes smaller than a pin has its own technique. Goldfish are slippery as catfish, and must be caught gently under the belly or gills, and jerked quickly into a

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waiting pail of water without contact with the fingers, if they are to be taken home alive and unhurt. Time and time again he raised one to the surface of the water only to have it, by a sudden flirt of its lithe body, wriggle away again; and on a dozen occasions he let one flop loose when already in the air.

'Well,' he said disgustedly at the hundredth mishap, 'I quit. I'm going home — have some work to prepare anyway.' To a questioning look of Suzuki's: 'All right, fellows — hang round a bit, if you care to. But don't forget — not too late.'

'*Sayonara, Sensei!*' sang the two or three others who remembered that he existed.

Next morning, Addison opened his eyes, yawned, rose on one arm, noted that the sun already stood high in the heavens, and conscientiously got out of bed. The dormitory was unusually still. Throwing on a few clothes, he slipped down to the common wash-room. There, too, unwonted silence reigned. Only the old woman cook could be heard pattering about in the adjoining kitchen.

He plunged his face into a basin of cold water and came to full consciousness. On the floor stood a tub, not a small one, bubbling with panting goldfish. Their scales shone in the morning sun, though here and there a paler up-turned belly showed where some weaker warrior had given up the crowded fight.

He poured fresh water into the tub from a pail standing by, and watched it give new ease and life.

'By George, there must be a thousand of them!' he cried.

'Seven hundred and fifty-three,' yawned a voice.

He whipped round to find Suzuki standing at his elbow rubbing sleep-filled eyes.

'Seven hundred and fifty-three ex-

actly. Oh, the man he is angry — bery, bery angry. But we stay and stay and stay, and of course pay no attention to heem. "As long as you weesh," we remind heem that he hab said. "We *weesh* to stay longer." *And* we stay until all are caught — *all*. *And*, Sensei, eef you go there to-day you will find that the advertisement which we saw to-morrow night is no longer there. Twenty leettle sen for ten leettle poles and seven hundred fifty-three pretty leettle feesh. *Also*, you will find bery, bery angry man — *bery* angry man!

Dazed, hurt, and not a little angry himself, Addison sternly climbed the stairs, Suzuki close behind him.

At the top he turned on the boy accusingly.

'Suzuki, when did you fellows turn in last night?'

'Pardon, dear Sensei, early' — shamefacedly — 'this morning. One o'clock.'

Addison consulted his watch.

'Heck, only ten minutes till the first bell! No breakfast, no preparation, no anything! O Suzuki!'

Snores wafted softly down on them from six open transoms.

His voice trembled: 'Suzuki, how could you?'

'Sensei, do not trouble. I will awoke them before your stomach turn himself over once!'

The student touched his teacher's arm affectionately.

'Sensei, do not trouble. All right. Everyshing is all right. I will awoke them. Sh-h-h-h, listen to them, so brave, so innocent! I will awoke them at once. I am coming to awoke you, my boys!'

Then turning away, reverently, with upraised Nishio-like face and finger to lips: 'Last night, feeshers in feesh. To-day, who know, feeshers in men!'

ENGLAND'S NAVY AND DISARMAMENT

BY SIR ARTHUR HUNGERFORD POLLEN

I

FROM the point of view of the average educated Englishman, the naval situation to-day is the most extraordinary imaginable. If he is a middle-aged man, he will remember that, barely a generation and a half ago, all the powers combined spent less upon their navies than a single power does to-day. Then England and France spent more than the rest of the world together, and compared in capital ships as three to two. Together they owned more than

half of all the battleships afloat, yet between them they spent far less than twenty millions sterling a year. The most expensive ship that either nation had, built or building, cost less than £700,000. To-day, although we are at peace with all the world, our navy is costing ninety millions sterling a year, and we are outbuilt, not by one, but by two powers.

The great change came before the war. Two men are primarily responsi-

ble for the new emphasis given to naval forces during the forty years preceding 1914 — two men whose minds and characters differed fundamentally. The American Mahan had been a midshipman in the Civil War, but had seen no other fighting, and was a student by nature. The Englishman Fisher saw, so far as one is apt to remember, no sea-fighting at all, his solitary experience of warships used in war being the bombardment of Alexandria. He, unlike Mahan, was no student. He was, indeed, proud of his ignorance of history and of his contempt for the so-called scientific doctrines of war. These are common failings of men who believe themselves to be practical, and have a native insight into the possibilities of physical science. Fisher was, in these respects, preëminent. His faith in what the inventors and manufacturers could do was unlimited. His impatience with the old-fashioned and the obsolescent was monumental. Like Mahan's, his memory ran back to the Civil War, and he was apt to think of the sea-war of the future in terms of big guns and thick armor, and the revolution in material of which he had seen so much. It was Fisher who, in the early eighties, started the late Mr. Stead in his journalistic campaign on the 'Truth about the Navy.' It roused England. But it did more. It roused the whole of Europe to a sudden realization that England was England only when her navy was supreme. And this agitation had hardly got well under way when Mahan's first book appeared. The world was now doubly awakened to the function of sea-power in history. Here was Great Britain agitated from end to end in her effort to put her naval house in order; and here was Mahan seemingly giving away the secret of English greatness!

In little more than a generation the sea-aspect of the world had changed completely. Whereas in 1885 Great

Britain was spending only eleven millions and a half on her navy, in 1914 she had voted over fifty millions; whereas in 1884 she had no naval competitor but France, in 1914 the Russian, German, Austrian, and Italian fleets would have been greatly superior to her, could they have combined. Germany alone, which had no fleet at all at the first date, had capital ships in number and in power equal to nearly seventy-five per cent of the British force. So much for Europe. The war with Spain had resulted in America's having a very considerable navy; the war with Russia had done the same for Japan.

Yet on the eve of the World War, Great Britain had, built and building, forty-four dreadnought battleships and battle-cruisers, the United States had fourteen, and Japan seven. In other words, a brief seven years ago, Great Britain compared, in capital ships, with America as three to one, and with Japan as six to one. She was rather more than twice as strong as the two put together. Russia and France were allies, Italy was neutral, the Austrian and Turkish fleets could not combine with the German, and war was declared before Turkey could get the two battleships building for her in England. With no rivals outside Europe, and with allies in Europe, Great Britain had a comfortable superiority over the neighbor that shortly was to be her enemy.

But great as was the contrast between the situation of 1914 and that of forty years ago, the contrast between 1914 and 1921 is more striking still.

Since the engagement that took place off the Danish coast on the thirty-first of May, 1916, commonly — and erroneously — talked of as the 'Battle of Jutland,' Great Britain has laid down and completed one battle-cruiser only — the Hood. She has built no other capital ships at all. To be strictly accurate, she has built other ships, bigger

than any battleships, but they were insane freaks, the offspring of fantastic and unwarlike notions, whose fabulous cost and complete futility would have excited angry comment — except that the blunder of building them was submerged in other and more costly, more futile blunders still. The Hood, then, is the only ship we can show that can be said to embody any war experience at all. At Jutland, it will be remembered, the British battle-fleet did not get into action; it was the battle-cruisers that forced the fighting and suffered in the fighting. And the only ship we have completed is a battle-cruiser, and the only change we have made from the old design has been to eliminate the defects shown in action to be fatal in the other ships. Our only modern warship, therefore, is not a vessel of the most formidable fighting value, nor was she built after a full and mature examination of war experience.

Indeed, this experience was not available until after the surrender of the German fleet — it would, perhaps, be more correct to say, until we obtained from Germany, early in 1919, more or less complete data of what the German fleet had suffered from the attentions of Lord Beatty and his captains. But this information was shared with the Associated and Allied powers, and it was they, and not Great Britain, who made use of it. Thus, if the battleship is the most powerful of naval units, and if digested war experience is the best guide to building the best battleships, then it is the simple fact that the British fleet to-day does not possess a single unit that incorporates the lessons of the war. America and Japan, on the other hand, have either completed, or have due for completion within a year or two, sixteen battleships and battle-cruisers apiece, all of which have been put in hand since the Hood was laid down, and most of which have, in one

way or another, benefited by the fuller knowledge of the action off Jutland. And nothing that Great Britain can do can alter this state of things, for the next four or five years at least. During this period the British fleet will, in the strongest fighting units, compare with either the American or the Japanese fleet, as a fraction of one to sixteen!

II

Now neither of the two following propositions can be doubted. Battle-ship strength is the foundation of all sea-power. Without it decisive victory at sea is inconceivable. These are doctrines laid down by the Board of Admiralty over which Lord Beatty presides, and we must remember that they have been endorsed, without qualification, by the General Board of the United States Navy. They were, of course, equally true in 1914. They have been true throughout the history of naval war. It is the most powerful ships that ultimately prevail, if they exist in adequate numbers, and are employed according to right principles.

But these are doctrines which have always been subject to qualification, and it seems to be indisputable that there are factors actually existing and growing in importance to-day that must qualify these principles still further. First, there has been a development of other forms of sea-force, and these make the effective employment of a battle-fleet an infinitely more difficult matter than it was in 1914. There has been a continuous progress, not only in the range and power, but in the accuracy of the torpedo. It is now feasible to employ it from aircraft as well as from seacraft, surface and submerged. And aircraft and submerged seacraft have gained in range, in certainty of action, and in speed, to a most marvelous degree. Again, the

means of communication at sea by wireless telegraphy and telephony have changed so greatly that the tactics for leading up to action or for avoiding it have been greatly facilitated; while the high perfection to which the hydrophone has been brought has made it possible to gain news, not only of submarines, but of surface craft, at far greater distances than was once thought possible, and with far greater precision. These things not only expose the huge and costly units of a battle-fleet to forms of attack undreamed of before the World War, — so that there is a precariousness about battleship strength actually more real than the most sanguine believer in the German attrition theory supposed in pre-war days, — but, what is probably more important, they increase the facility with which a weaker force can tire out a superior force by the successful evasion of action.

Again, each of the new factors I have mentioned is manifestly capable of increases in efficiency. Nor is it less manifest that to these factors new elements can at any moment be added, as invention, scientific research, and experiment bring new devices and new weapons into play. Putting these things together, two things become obvious: first, that a supreme battle-fleet will need a degree of anxious protection that will be both costly to prepare and embarrassing to use; and that, apart from this, the whole problem of employing a battle-fleet to get its designed and desired effect will have been made incalculably more complicated and, therefore, more difficult.

The British Navy has actually had more experience of the novel factors in sea-war than has any other power; and it is natural to suppose — should it have to go to war again — that in this respect it must, for some years, enjoy a great advantage. If, then, it is true that there exist to-day forms of attack

on battleship strength that have not existed heretofore, we ought to have something, at least, to set against our crushing material inferiority in fighting-ships of the most modern kind. So that the actual threat to Great Britain of a battle-fleet more formidable than she possesses, viewed as a material problem alone, is very far from being what it was seven years ago.

But this, of course, is far from being the only technical difference between the situation in 1914 and that in 1921. Then our most formidable sea rival was geographically cornered. The mass of our island lay straight across his path to the open sea. He was free to go into the Baltic and free to go into the North Sea. But the first liberty was of little value to him until he gained the Russian seaports by land conquest. He had nothing to gain in the early stages by an action with the Russian Navy; for, although that fleet was small in numbers, it was formidable in power, and more formidable in view of its excellent war-trained officer personnel. And if he had little scope in the Baltic, he had apparently less in the North Sea. For here he could do nothing with effect unless he could force a very superior fleet into action and defeat it decisively. To a great extent, therefore, the German fleet was neutralized by the disadvantages of its situation. If it had been a superior fleet, the situation would not have been wholly reversed. It could have denied British access to the North Sea until it was itself defeated; but if it could not force the British fleet to action, it would be compelled to contain it before it could itself proceed to close our southern and western ports.

The neutralization of an inferior British fleet would have presented problems to a superior German fleet wholly different from those which we had to envisage. The point is simple. When

the threat of the British battle-fleet compelled the Germans to keep to their harbors, or limited them to a very restricted area beyond them, the whole menace of German sea-power was gone. The seas were free to British cruisers and British trade. The German lighter ships, — von Spee's armored cruisers, Emden, Königsberg, Dresden, and the converted merchantmen, — these were all mopped up in a few months. There was nothing between any British ship and her home ports. But with the situation reversed this would not have been so. A British battleship force 'in being,' unhurt, at Scapa in the north, and other forces at Plymouth in the south, could have issued from their harbors and stopped all German sea-borne services, and have harried the German cruisers that attempted to attack our own trade. Nor could the German fleet have left the British fleet on its flank and gone to the open sea to protect its cruisers. So great, in short, was the handicap of the geographical position, that Germany, to counteract it, would have had to possess a fleet twice as strong as ours, merely to win a naval equality.

The present naval situation is, of course, altogether and entirely different. A superior battle-fleet, based on the Atlantic seaports, seems free from the handicap imposed upon the German fleet; for, clearly, a stronger battle-fleet could not be confined to its harbors by a weaker force; and at first sight it would seem as if, with free access to the Atlantic, such a fleet would constitute the most formidable of all threats to Great Britain. But there a new principle affects the situation.

Modern ships have certain vast advantages over the wooden vessels of our forefathers. They have gained incalculably in power and in speed. They have gained still more in the facility with which they are free of every point

of the compass. But they have lost in sea endurance, and they are far more dependent upon prompt and frequent access to their bases. And, being vastly more complicated, they need something more at their bases than provisions, ropes, spars, and sails. A modern naval base, to be of the slightest value to a battle-fleet, must be equipped with productive facilities of an engineering order, ample enough to constitute a manufacturing town of very respectable proportions. It must have all the advantages on which the manufacturing town depends for a constant supply of fuel, material, and labor. So vast, indeed, are the necessities of a modern arsenal, that it is practically impossible for one to exist if severed from the mainland of the country that owns it. No country in the world has so many coaling and other naval stations as has Great Britain; but outside Great Britain itself there is not one naval base that could support and supply a battle-fleet in war. Both the American and the Japanese navies, then, suffer — I am discussing this from the point of view of their being a menace to Great Britain — from this severe disability.

Thus, altogether apart from the difficulties that have accumulated during the past few years in employing a battle-fleet at all, British-sea power derives certain advantages from this factor of the distance that separates our bases and the focal points of our trade from the fleets materially superior to ours. In the light of these things, the fact that Great Britain no longer has a predominant fighting fleet has a meaning radically different from mere naval inferiority to a European power: it suggests that the difference is one, not of degree at all, but actually of kind.

Yet, when every allowance has been made, it remains a fact that, for the first time in modern history, Great Britain is not the putative mistress of

the seas. The topsy-turvydom of the World War has brought us no surprise comparable to this. Time out of mind, the invincibility of the British fleet has been a fundamental doctrine of our national policy. What England owes to the sea is a commonplace of everyday knowledge. That England, cut off from the sea, must perish instantly and utterly, is a commonplace of military science. That for two hundred and fifty years Great Britain has never, so far as material provision could prevent, been in danger of sea-defeat, is a simple historical fact. And when I say 'in danger,' I understate the fact. I mean that never, in all this period, was there a time when Great Britain could not face the sea-world in arms: indeed, at one period she actually did so, and with success.

III

Now, we shall not understand why it is that Great Britain no longer has the strongest fleet, unless we understand why for so long she had. It has been assumed that our greatness at sea arose originally — and naturally and inevitably — out of our greatness as a seafaring people, and to our owning and using a larger merchant-shipping than did other nations. And, again, it has been assumed that, as Great Britain was by far the wealthiest country in the world, her maintaining a greater navy was a natural and inevitable function of her wealth. But it is, of course, simply untrue that fighting navies derive from merchant navies by some preordained and unescapable process; and equally untrue that naval strength is, or ever has been, proportionate to a country's wealth.

I shall not attempt to justify these statements by any complete summary of the historical facts that prove them. But there are a few instances in point that will suffice for my purpose. As to

the first proposition, let me quote from Mahan's *Naval Strategy*: —

There is a further conclusion to be drawn from the war between Japan and Russia, which contradicts a previous general impression that I myself have shared, and possibly in some degree have contributed to diffuse. That impression is, that navies depend upon maritime commerce as the cause and justification of their existence. To a certain extent, of course, this is true; and, just because true to a certain extent, the conclusion is more misleading. Because partly true, it is accepted as unqualifiedly true. Russia has little maritime commerce, at least in her own bottoms; her merchant flag is rarely seen; she has a very defective seacoast; can in no sense be called a maritime nation. Yet the Russian navy had the decisive part to play in the late war; and the war was unsuccessful, not because the navy was not large enough, but because it was improperly handled. Probably, it also was intrinsically insufficient — bad in quality; poor troops as well as poor generalship. The disastrous result does not contravene the truth that Russia, though with little maritime shipping, was imperatively in need of a navy.

Here, then, is a case where a navy was essential, though there was virtually no merchant-shipping at all out of which it could germinate. That there have been great merchant marines without navies is, of course, equally true. Norway, with no navy at all, has a singularly high ratio of tonnage to population; and the huge leap in German merchant-tonnage between 1890 and 1909 is a not less striking instance in point. For until 1909 Germany had not even the rudiments of a fleet that could have been formidable at sea.

And as to navies being functions of wealth, this surely is not in the least degree tenable. People do not build fleets and ships because they can afford them as a luxury. Still less do they build them as an investment, trusting to their conquests or their loot to pay

the bill. They build them only because they are a grim necessity. At least, this is certainly the explanation of Great Britain's two centuries and a half of sea-supremacy.

IV

England, after all, is one of the European nations. Until quite recently she was as inferior in population to one and another of her neighbors as she was in area. It was only toward the end of the eighteenth century that she became the wealthiest country in Europe; and although always dependent for a large portion of her wealth on the freest possible access to the sea, it was not primarily her sea trade, but the fact that she was the first of the world's people to become a manufacturing nation, that explained why, for a century and half, hers was the richest people in the world. But, of course, she could not have become so without free access to the sea; and of all the nations that have ever been, she had the greatest interest in preserving this freedom. And she needed a free sea, not only to develop her trade, but for another purpose. Indeed, her trade itself arose out of that purpose.

The end of the fifteenth century, and the beginning of the sixteenth, was the age of the great sea-adventurers. But, of all the countries, England alone maintained the spirit that had first sent her sons afloat. Sometimes they went as colonists — to get a freer religious or political atmosphere than they could get at home; sometimes they went in search of wealth; sometimes, apparently, for the sheer fun of the thing. But, whatever the motive, the spirit of sea-adventuring, the desire for, and a determination to get, free use of the sea, became the mark of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is to this spirit that the northern continent of America, from the

Mexican border to the North Pole, owes its control by the descendants of Englishmen; that half of Africa is under the flag of Britain; that India is a British dependency; that Australia is one of His Majesty's Dominions; that China has been opened up to European trade.

Few, if any, of the statesmen of England visualized the enormous scale of national expansion that Destiny had in store for the British people. But they have never failed in the instinct that this people had to be free to expand. At every stage they perceived that there was only one thing that could prevent the English being masters of their Fate: it was that the sea should be closed against them. They saw that there was but one contingency that could so close the sea: it was that the other powers of Europe should combine to do it. There never was a possibility that such a combination would be a spontaneous and voluntary movement; but it was a danger, nevertheless.

The ambition to govern the whole world is an infirmity that has obsessed the minds — noble and otherwise — of many emperors and kings. But the collapse of the Roman Empire, the barbarian invasion of Europe, the slow reconstruction of a new civilization to replace the old, the arrest of the world trade that had existed while the Roman Empire still stood — these and other causes made the business of world-conquest slumber, until Louis the Great emerged from his minority in the seventeenth century and found the whole power and wealth of France concentrated in his hands. His ambitions taught the English the lesson they needed; and when, a century and a quarter after Louis's failure, his political and spiritual heir, Napoleon Bonaparte, came into the same heritage, his military genius seemed to promise success where Louis had failed. But long

pondering on what she had escaped under Louis had prepared England for the emergency. It was during this period that the sea-doctrine of Great Britain had been formulated and had become fundamental.

The 'Balance of Power' had become the target of every modern carper at the old régime. But the adhesion of England to it arose from no insane militarism, nor from any blind devotion to an old-world and corrupt diplomacy. If for more than two hundred years we stood in the way of any one power in Europe dominating the rest, it was not because we were slaves to the pursuit of glory, not because we coveted the wealth of others, not because we reveled in the shameless chicanery of intrigue, but simply because we knew that it was all up with us if we did not. And the only way we could prevent France or any other country from dominating Europe was to keep the command of the seas in our hands.

In time of peace it is usual to talk of national forces, whether they are land-forces or sea-forces, as implements of national 'defense.' In war, of course, there is only one use of force, and that is for an attack upon the enemy. If you wish to defend your territory you will, if you are wise, attack and destroy the force that threatens it. At sea there are no territories, and the traditions of sea-war are not, therefore, confused by the military jargon of offensive and defensive strategy. The function of a fleet is to destroy, or neutralize the possible action of, the enemy's fleet. But its function begins and ends with this. To be sure, if either of these ends is achieved, the way is open for the other arm. But the work proper of the fleet is over when the enemy's fleet is rendered innocuous.

Thus, viewed politically, a navy is not an instrument of conquest. It does not threaten its neighbors — except indirectly — because it opens the way to

military conquest. It was this truth that safeguarded the position of England in Europe. As it was our set policy to prevent the domination of any single power, it necessarily followed that, when the disposition to conquer showed itself in any one nation, we were always sure of allies, because it was we alone who could give effective help to those who were in danger of aggression. Thus the compulsion of national security drove us literally to make a virtue of necessity. It became our rôle to stand for liberty and right-dealing on the continent.

In the very nature of things, therefore, we could not follow our destiny without being a great sea-power, and our greatness at sea made us the arbiter and the judge among our neighbors in Europe. But this does not exhaust the advantages that sea-power gave us. From the earliest times sea-war has been the only form of war that has been regulated by international law. This, of course, is a very large subject, which I cannot pursue. Let it suffice to remind the reader that right into the nineteenth century the progress of armies was still marked by unchecked looting and the rape, murder, and torture of the non-combatant population. But, for a century before that, sea-war had been governed by the most rigid rules; and anyone — even an enemy — who suffered in his property or in his person, had access to an Admiralty court, where, if he had right on his side, he was sure of justice. The thing followed inevitably, of course, from the fact that the sea is a common highway, on which, except that they may not help an enemy, neutrals have equal rights with the combatants. But the point is that men fighting at sea, having first to respect the rights of noncombatant neutrals, — who, of course, did not figure in land-war at all, — were then compelled to recognize the personal rights of a noncombatant enemy. It is,

I think, an interesting historical fact that the English, necessarily the great exponents of maritime law, and those best trained in its spirit, were almost the first to insist on a similarly disciplined humanity on land. It was the Duke of Wellington, in the Crimea, and afterward in France, who, by his practice, laid the foundation of all these rules for the protection of noncombatants, which much later on were embodied in the agreements of Geneva and The Hague.

Thus sea-war had a double influence on the national character. It made the English the protagonists of political justice and right dealing, and it trained the nation in the higher humanity that insists that the horrors of war shall be limited by the observance of civilized regulations. Nor was either influence limited to the European sphere. To my mind there is nothing fanciful in the idea that the successive abolitions, first of the slave-trade all over the world, and next of slave-owning in British possessions, were very largely due to the compulsory education that the British people received from seamen. I need hardly remind American readers of the influence of this example on the conduct of their forebears. And it is certainly an historical fact that when, after the Congress of Vienna, the old monarchies of Europe exhibited a deplorable reaction toward absolutism, — against which the popular elements in the South American colonies of Spain and Portugal rebelled, — it was at the instance of the British Prime Minister that President Monroe announced the famous doctrine ever since associated with his name. And it was certainly because of British sea-power that, at that most critical time, the doctrine was respected.

All these things are vaguely in the Englishman's mind when he looks at the present naval situation and sees how lamentably Great Britain has fall-

en from her great estate. But he will be wholly wrong to blame his government for allowing this thing to be. The deeper and saner interpretation of our sea-supremacy, while it lasted, is not that it corresponded with some such innate national pride as is echoed in 'Britannia rules the waves'; not that it was a luxury which our old overwhelming wealth gave us, and our present poverty cannot afford; not that it was a natural outcome of our merchant-shipping, which, when all is said and done, is as dominant to-day as it was before the war: Great Britain maintained a sea-force superior to that of all other combinations of sea-force for just so long as her security as a nation made it imperative and — this is the point — for no longer. If our navy lasted long enough to defeat the German effort, and if that defeat left us without an enemy or a threat against us in any part of the world, then the British Navy had done its work. Whether America or Japan or any other country with whom we had coöperated to win had a larger fleet than that which we had inherited from pre-war conditions was, so to speak, a matter of indifference. Surprising as the man in the street has found the present naval situation to be, it has, of course, been no surprise at all to those who follow public events closely and who have attempted to understand the causes behind them.

That the American and Japanese fleets do not threaten Great Britain — and here I drop the technical argument and confine myself to the political situation — is certainly clear enough to-day. We have no differences that we know of with either country. We have an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan, against the world, except the United States; and we have a treaty of arbitration with the United States which, as both nations respect their plighted word, is no scrap of paper, but a bond.

It has happened in the history of nations that an unsuspected conflict of economic interests, an outburst of local passion, in which foreign nations suffer, or a sudden conflict of national interest in a third country has induced such violent words and feelings, that governments have been powerless to stem them. Any tension of this sort between Great Britain and the United States is, of course, very improbable. But should it arise, the treaty safeguards the position. Most of us think — and we are certainly right in so thinking — that the real reason why the treaty exists is because it is wholly unnecessary. There could, of course, be no better explanation of a written agreement. The Americans and the British would arbitrate in any event. Be this as it may, the treaty is there; and other things being as they are now. I repeat, neither the American nor the Japanese fleet seems to us a menace to any vital interest.

It, therefore, summarizes my argument to this point to say that the reason why Great Britain maintained a supreme fleet in former days is so obvious, that all who run may read. The mother nation and that league of free nations which is called the British Empire would have been at the mercy of aggression had it not been so. It bears repeating, that this is the sole and only reason why our fleet was maintained at its old relative strength. It is not so maintained to-day — again, for one reason only: the Empire is not threatened by aggression.

V

A final point must be made clear before I leave this part of the argument. If the British Navy, while it was supreme, was not a natural outgrowth of British wealth, while that also was supreme, so, too, the fact that, in the costlier and more powerful units, the

British fleet has fallen to the third place is not in the least attributable to the fact that our wealth is not absolutely or relatively what it was. If I am right in saying that the supreme fleet arose from a supreme national emergency, — because without it the nation could not be secure in its possessions, or in its destiny, — then, certainly, I am right in going further and saying that, were these possessions or this destiny again threatened, the fleet would be made supreme again. There is no conceivable sacrifice that would limit it. We have a heavy war-debt, a legacy of heavy post-war extravagances. But from the day when the late hostilities began to the day they ended, it never occurred to a soul in these islands to say that we could not afford the sacrifices involved. No one did suggest, nor could anyone suggest, that five thousand millions, or eight or ten thousand millions, was the limit we could spend. So long as the war lasted, the nation was in peril. The rate of sacrifice had to be maintained until that peril was removed. The principle on which we acted was the principle on which we should act again, if, in time of peace, the threat of war reappeared.

It is important that this truth should be fully grasped, for otherwise we shall not get the Conference issues clearly in our minds. The Conference is commonly spoken of as if its immediate purpose were to bring about a tripartite agreement for the limitation of naval armaments. In other criticisms of mine I have given my reasons for saying that I do not think an agreement on this point is feasible. This doubt is a corollary of the theory I have just put forward. Armaments of all kinds, whether naval or military, either are a necessity of national safety or they manifest an intention to commit some unprovoked aggression on others. Or, of course, they may be the outcome of mere megalom-

mania and vanity. If a nation fears no other nations, and yet maintains great armies or fleets, then, unquestionably, that nation's conduct is inconsequent — unless it has itself a plan of conquest in mind. And if it fears aggression, it will assuredly maintain its force at the safety limit. No example of, and no pressure from, other nations — short of successful war — will be regarded as binding, if that nation believes that the circumstances in which the agreement was made have changed to its disadvantage. The law of preservation clearly admits no exception, and no nation can contract itself out of its obligations.

Even should such perfect accord be reached as to make each of our three countries willing to execute a contract by which none should build or maintain a navy above a stated strength, there would surely be very great difficulties in drawing up the schedule. Naval force is about the most unsettled thing there is. No one can say to-day how a navy will be composed ten years hence. And even to-day you really want a different navy for different wars. It is to me very hard to picture any unanimity, if each country is to have so many battleships, so many cruisers, so many destroyers, and so on. No type is of constant value; the ratio of types will vary as values vary; new types will come into being. Nor is the money limitation a much happier expedient. We can, after all, see and count ships; but once there is an obligation not to spend above a certain sum, be sure the busybodies and spy-hunters will be at work — and that one or the other of us is spending more than we avow will be a constant rumor. I may be wrong. But I see no hope of a binding treaty that shall specify either the scale and kind of navy that is permitted or the amount that may be spent. Let us not forget how Stein defeated Napoleon on the limitation of Prussia's army after Jena.

It seems to me, therefore, that we cannot look to the Washington Conference to result in an immediate agreement for disarmament. But there is no reason at all why immediate disarmament should not be the result of the Conference. For if armament is the outcome of fear, and the Conference can remove that fear, the end we have in view is automatically attained. While I submit that it is no use to tell Japan that she cannot afford, being a poor country, to spend a fabulous proportion of her revenue on her navy, it is of the utmost use that, in an open and public Conference, we should all be able to tell Japan that her possessions and the destinies of her people are in no danger. If we can convince her of this, her people will see to it that they are not taxed for unnecessary armaments.

VI

The work before the Conference, then, is simple. I do not mean that to succeed in getting the work done will prove to be a simple affair. For it is far from easy for the spokesman of a country to be perfectly candid in a statement of national aims; and even if that were easy, it is not a simple business to make that candor intelligible and convincing to others. But, if the Conference is to succeed, it is precisely this that each country, through its delegates, must do.

The Senate has paid me the compliment of including in the report of its proceedings an article on the American Navy, written when the 1916 programme was under discussion; and if I refer to it now, it is because I can appeal to a question asked six years ago as one upon the reply to which the success of the November meeting depends. I had discussed the composition of the proposed new American fleet, and had pointed out that the ratio of battleships

to cruisers and destroyers differed materially from the British ratio before the war, and suggested that war had shown the English ratio to be too high. From this I passed on to the question, what the strength of the American fleet should be. It was obviously not a point to which I could suggest the answer, and I had to be content with saying that the answer was to be found when the Americans had found a reply to the further question: from which country did they expect trouble? Now, if the proceedings at Washington could begin with frank statements from Japan and the United States and Great Britain as to what their world-policies are, we should, I submit, attain a definite result with very little delay. Either it will be found that each country can agree that the policies of the others are harmless to it, or we shall be faced by a certainty of conflict which no debate can remove.

To an Englishman it seems inconceivable that this historic meeting can break up without achieving its desired end. One simply cannot believe that the United States of America really fears any people, or can have so departed from the traditions of its past history as to plan the conquest of any territory, or the defeat of any nation, for the sake of glory. If the 'open door' in Asia is a principle of policy as fundamental as is the Monroe Doctrine to America, then it is a principle to which all Europe

and Japan are already pledged; for it figures among the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. And, again, it is inconceivable that Japan can have any avowed policy which America is pledged to thwart; for the problems involved in the desire of Asiatics to settle in countries predominantly European are obviously not such as to lead to war.

Measured, then, by the true test of armaments, — national security, — there seems no reason at all why, after a candid interchange of views, America and Japan should not find it easy, if not to abandon the completion of their present programme, at least not to add to their forces for some years to come; nor, during those years, to maintain those forces fully armed, manned, and ready for action. After all, should they so agree, they will only be acting on a principle that Great Britain has already accepted as a guide to conduct. If we have built but one fighting ship of the first class in the last six years, and no ship of any class in the last three years, we have forborne for one reason and one reason only — there is no enemy for such ships to meet. If Great Britain can sanely abandon a doctrine she has held sacred for more than twice as long as America has held the Monroe Doctrine sacred, and has done so because the occasion for maintaining it no longer exists, then there is at least one occasion less for other nations to crave great strength at sea.

FRANCE, HER POLITICIANS, AND THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

NEVER would I consent to write about France's present-day politicians without making it clear that the politicians are not the French people. For it is impossible, with the utmost indulgence, for anyone who has honestly regarded them at work to refrain from some criticism of them. Unfortunately, there has grown up a fallacy that, in speaking without flattery of a country's accidental and temporary leaders, one is in some way attacking the country. It is not so: for my part, I think France is relatively sound. The French people have superb qualities; they deserve all the eulogies that have been or could be written of them, though naturally they have not escaped the contagion of the world-sickness. They have shown a solid sense, a rooted stability, a laboriousness, that are beyond praise. If France has ever shown signs of revolutionary tendencies, — as she did during one period at least, — it has been because she was misguided; and she quickly recovered herself. No country in the world is less likely to break loose, to run into excesses, whether of Militarism or of Socialism. Always does the restraining force of the people keep the wilder spirits — whether those wilder spirits are Nationalist ministers or Communist agitators — in check.

Whenever I wish to know the true sentiments of ordinary folk, I make a little tour of the cabarets of Paris. In the revues there presented I am per-

petually surprised at the healthy reaction against Bolshevism on the one hand and against flamboyant and fire-eating patriotism on the other hand (though it must be confessed that every *chansonnier* has his couplet against England). Anyone who supposes that the people liked the call-up of Class 19 of the army, the demobilization, the remobilization, and the demobilization again of young Frenchmen; anyone who supposes that the French people love to indulge in flourishes and menaces toward Germany, threats of occupation, of dislocation, vauntings of victory and vainglorious strutting, need only listen intelligently to the skits on drum-beating in the *spirituel* shows of Paris, which are applauded vociferously. Ministers and Muscovites are good game: they are not angrily railed at, they are wittily satirized; they are for the most part tolerated as inevitable and not particularly important. I have heard nearly every politician of note twitted, with the full approbation of the audience. To tell the truth, throughout the history of the Republic, Parliament and Cabinet have been held in little esteem, while President after President has been mercilessly mocked. There is, in short, a curious separation of people and rulers; and the rulers do not always adequately represent the sentiments of the people. For my part, I do not know any country in which this division is more marked.

Nor, oddly enough, do the journals which are read by everybody reflect, in their politics, the spirit of the people: they reflect the particular view of the Quai d'Orsay and of other government offices, from which, by an elaborate system, they receive the *mot d'ordre*. Less and less am I inclined to form my appreciation of public opinion from a reading of the French newspapers. Public opinion, in the sense in which the term is now employed, is merely the passing opinion of a passing minister, transmitted through 'inspired' journalists. Many misconceptions about the French may be avoided if it is remembered how deliberate is the present method of doping the journals. As for the foreign pressmen, it is unhappily true that the red ribbon which indicates the Legion of Honor exercises a hypnotic effect on many of them. I know some who lose no opportunity of writing comfortable things, of placing themselves at the disposition of the propaganda service which has been openly set up — and of submitting their claims to be decorated at due intervals.

The very word propaganda, since the war, has become obnoxious. It is not, of course, a peculiarly French institution: all governments now advertise, like automobile manufacturers or soap-makers, and have brought the art of suppression, of distortion, of extravagant praise, to a point where it slops over into the grotesque. American visitors to France, of any degree of note, are particularly fêted, and columns of the newspapers are devoted to the tours of American associations. It is probably the French rather than the American organization which is responsible for this fantastic fanfaronnade. I submit that, while we should try to know each other, the present methods of propaganda do not help us to know each other. On the contrary, they serve to rouse suspicion; and extravagant lauda-

tion and obviously official representations of facts provoke only a smile, or even an exclamation of disgust. As an organ for propaganda the press is becoming played out: it has been overworked.

This is not, of course, to suggest that the present French politicians do not possess admirable qualities. They are nearly all intensely patriotic; though patriotism is a virtue that may easily become a vice if pushed to extremes. They have considerable parliamentary ability; though this again is a merit that was better suited to the pre-war days, when the problems were not of a vast, universal character. It is when one judges them by the great international standard of world needs that one regrets to see no truly big figure emerging.

But, then, in what country does the world-man emerge? Where is the statesman who sees, what so many thinkers now see, that what the times call for is someone who can lift himself above frontiers, who can escape the limiting moment, whose vision can embrace the future and go round the globe? It is heartbreaking, when superior intellect, superior emotion, are needed as never before, to subordinate the smaller craft of national parliamentarianism to the bigger task of announcing and realizing the interdependence of the peoples, that more than ever we should be all working in our watertight compartments, doing our partial, uncoördinated jobs. It may be that the machinery of civilization has outgrown the capacity of its mechanicians. What was good enough before the war is not good enough now; and the pre-war mind is incapable of grappling with post-war problems. The terms of those problems have changed: they are not affairs of State, but affairs of the world. It is extraordinary that the peace has thrown up no new men. This is true of all

countries (excepting Russia, where the new men have indulged in a disastrous experiment). It is particularly true of France, where practically all the men worth mentioning are the old, tried men.

As I write, I cannot forecast what will be done at Washington; I can only anticipate that the American delegates will be purely American, the British purely British, and the French purely French; each concerned to defend the narrow interests of his own country, when it is a generous coöperation of all countries that is called for. There are some questions, such as general disarmament, such as a general economic and financial settlement, that nobody seems big enough to tackle seriously and honestly; nobody seems big enough even to approach them, except with the desire to show that his own nation is in an exceptional position and cannot conform to any suggested world-order. Most of the ills from which we suffer are not national: they cannot be settled by national statesmen, but only by men with the international mind, men with an outlook as broad as mankind. There are no sectional cures: there are only radical remedies.

H. G. Wells, in his *Outline of History*, says of the politicians of a certain Roman epoch that they only demonstrate how clever and cunning men may be, how subtle in contention, how brilliant in pretense, and how utterly wanting in wisdom and grace of spirit. It seems to me, as it seems to Mr. Wells, that this is a true description of most of the politicians of all countries to-day. It must not be supposed that France is in this respect different from other nations. I am bound to say this much; but, having said it, I must take another measure and paint the French politicians for what they are. They do not, any more than do the men in power in other countries, reach ideal dimensions: they must be judged on their plane.

II

It is a somewhat extraordinary fact that three, at least, of the little group of men who are most conspicuous in French politics, who have climbed to the heights of power, began their career as Socialists. Robert Louis Stevenson, I remember, suggests somewhere that most of us begin as revolutionaries and end up, somewhere about middle age, as conservatives. Certainly it would be difficult to find better examples of this inevitable evolution in the human spirit than are furnished by that trio, Alexandre Millerand, Aristide Briand, and René Viviani. Of course, it is foolish to make a charge of inconsistency. No man can be judged by his youth. It is to their credit that, before they acquired the reticences of later years, before they learned that progress is slow and must be orderly, these distinguished Frenchmen were aflame with the passion of putting the world to rights. However violently, in certain cases, aspirations toward a better order of things were expressed; however incandescent were their sympathies with the downtrodden; however excessive were sometimes their remedies, it does honor to them that they were moved by essentially noble impulses. He is, indeed, a poor man who has never felt wild yearnings, has never been guided rather by the heart than by the head.

When I look round the political field in France, I am invariably surprised with the recurring discovery that not only these three, but nearly all prominent publicists and politicians, have passed through this stage of ardent, if unruly, enthusiasm. They have not entered the arena coldly, calculatingly. They became gladiators because of their generous emotions. They have been shaped into what they are to-day by experience. This is excellent, and is entirely in their favor. It may be that

instances could be discovered where the ensuing disillusionment has induced cynicism. But, on the whole, such a beginning is a proof of sincerity.

On the other hand, they are naturally open to the attacks of the Communists of to-day, who frequently quote against them their speeches of other days and show that they now oppose that which they aforetime promoted. For example, M. Millerand, in 1896, in a famous discourse, proclaimed the right to strike; and in 1920, following a strike, he instituted proceedings against the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, which have helped to bring this association of trade-unions to its present position of impotence. He was, again, a foremost figure in anti-clerical movements and liquidated the congregations, while during his premiership last year he commenced the negotiations for reestablishing relations with Rome. It is, however, a peculiarly little mind that would make these apparent reversals of policy a reproach. There was a moment when it was important, above all, to assert the right to strike. There was another moment when the superior interests of the country demanded the suppression of dangerous agitation. There was a moment when the priesthood had become mischievous in France and menaced the Republic. And there was another moment when diplomatic reasons urged the appeasement of the old religious quarrel. Those abstract politicians who forget that circumstances are of more importance than doctrines are open to criticism. Whatever M. Millerand has done, it should never be forgotten that, when he entered the cabinet of Waldeck-Rousseau as the first Socialist minister, he initiated many remarkable social reforms. To him are due pensions, a weekly rest-day for workers, and the shortening of hours for women and children employed in industry.

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E

Most of his ministerial work has been in connection with internal affairs. He has been an able organizer; he is a hard worker of the dogged rather than the brilliant kind. Certainly he is tenacious. When he became Prime Minister after the defeat of M. Clemenceau, who had expected to become President of the Republic, French opinion was just beginning to turn against the authors of the treaty, and was beginning to proclaim that England (to employ a French expression) had taken most of the blanket for herself. Mr. Lloyd George, regarded as too clever by half, was beginning to be cordially detested in France; and it was not long before M. Clemenceau was accused of having given way on almost every point to the British Premier. The old Tiger, who had been placed upon a higher pedestal than any statesman of the Third Republic, now discovered that the Tarpeian Rock was near to the Capitol. There were even clamors for his trial in the High Court of Justice, for having sacrificed French interests in favor of his friends, the English.

The task of M. Millerand, following this amazing fall of M. Clemenceau from the heights of popularity to the depths of unpopularity, was difficult. It was his function to resist Mr. Lloyd George. With his shrewd sense, however, he was aware that a compromise with Germany was inevitable and desirable. But behind him was the clamorous Bloc National, refusing, even in the name of a policy of realism, any further concessions to Germany in respect of reparations, and declining to take any practical step which might be construed as a concession to British views. There began a long-drawn-out fight between France and England. The attempt to get away from the sentimentalism of the Versailles Treaty, with its grotesquely impossible demands on Germany, was rendered hard

by the suspicions of Parliament. While dislike of England grew, anger against Germany grew; and every time that Germany's debt was defined (still in unreasonable terms), M. Millerand was in danger of being overthrown.

More time was needed for the truth to dawn on the politicians, not only of France, but of the Allies generally — the truth that there are limits, easily reached, to the transfer of wealth from one country to another; that, speaking broadly, wealth can be transferred only in the shape of goods which it is against the industrial and commercial interests of the receiving country to accept. This truth has also its application to America, who can be paid what is owing to her by the Allies only in the form of goods which she puts up tariff barriers to keep out.

Gradually the world is awakening to the fact that the only rational policy is one which consists in canceling, not of necessity nominally, but virtually, the bulk of international debts, German or Allied, and in resuming as quickly as possible normal trade-relations. This does not mean, of course, that Germany should make no reparations. She should be made to pay all that it is possible for her to pay; but chiefly she should be obliged to help in the rebuilding of the ruined North, as now, at long last, she promises to do under the Loucheur-Rathenau accord, which makes hay of the treaty and of the London Agreement, and of the principle of collective negotiations and action against Germany. France has, I think, reached a point where the more or less willing coöperation of victor and vanquished is seen to be necessary. But when M. Millerand was in power, he was unable to carry out such a policy. At Spa, where he consented to meet the Germans, matters only became worse. It was assuredly not his fault. Events could not be hurried. It

will still take some years before Europe can get far on the right lines. But it must be said of M. Millerand that he did at Spa adumbrate the possibility of voluntary arrangements.

M. Millerand would not be human if he did not sometimes give way to sudden impulses. There was in this atmosphere of opposition between France and England every excuse for his desire to demonstrate the independence of France — not to be forever subordinate to England. There were several incidents that appeared to be inspired by a determination to break the supposed hegemony of England. The Entente is not to be lightly thrown away; but some of the consequences of the Entente, when they run counter to French policy, must be destroyed. M. Millerand may be looked upon as a friend of the Entente, but an enemy of British domination. Thus, he revolted against the British tolerance of Germany's non-fulfillment of her obligations, by marching on Frankfort. Then, against the express advice of England, he recognized Wrangel, that anti-Bolshevist adventurer whose moment of glory soon passed. Then he took Poland's part when Poland had foolishly provoked a war with Russia, and England counseled conciliation — sending General Weygand to save Warsaw. It was precisely this lucky stroke which secured for him the Presidency of the Republic. It seemed hopeless to think of beating back the Bolsheviki from before Warsaw — but the miracle happened. He soared into popularity, and as, at that time, M. Deschanel, the President, had fallen ill and was compelled to resign, he was carried triumphantly to the Élysée.

It may be taken that, as President, M. Millerand exercises more authority than most of his predecessors have exercised. He is extremely strong-willed, and on his acceptance of his seven-year

post, declared that he intended that the premiers he would call should carry out his policy. In France it is not as in America: the President has, constitutionally, little power. The executive chief is the Premier, who is responsible to Parliament and whom Parliament can make or break. Nevertheless, a man like M. Millerand, if he is surrounded by influential supporters and has really the favor of Parliament, can become supreme. It is only when he is faced by a Premier who is backed up by Parliament, and whose policy is in opposition to that of the President, that he must submit, on pain of being broken, as was President MacMahon. M. Poincaré has recently shown that against M. Clemenceau — then at the height of the power derived from Parliament and people — he could do nothing, even though he was strenuously against the provisions of the treaty. The president may be indeed nothing in France, and the Élysée may be a prison. There are those who assert that M. Poincaré, who now enjoys much backing, would have been earlier called to the premiership had not M. Millerand passed him over, just as M. Poincaré for a long time passed over M. Clemenceau. However that may be, M. Leygues, who succeeded M. Millerand as Premier, was little more than the nominee of M. Millerand, carrying out his instructions. M. Briand presently succeeded M. Leygues, and although M. Briand is far from being colorless, Premier and President have worked amicably together, and M. Millerand may be considered to be still in the ascendant, still the supreme authority in France, in fact as in name.

III

M. Aristide Briand, more than any other French politician, has won the reputation of being shrewd and skillful

in emergencies. If one wishes for confirmation of this opinion, it is necessary to see him in a tight corner. He knows how to get out of tight corners better than anyone. It may sometimes be thought that he might have avoided getting into tight corners.

Now M. Briand is a fine *manceuvrer*: it is exhilarating to watch him placing his opponents, when they are most cocksure, in an impossible situation. His method of speech-making is a lesson in Parliamentary strategy. It is odd that, in a country so renowned for its eloquence, the written speech is so common. Often have I seen an orator who has gained great fame take out of his pocket his typewritten reply to a simple expression of thanks for attending a luncheon, and proceed to read formal or flowery phrases. It is somewhat disconcerting to the Anglo-Saxon, who is used to impromptu speeches — the substance of which is doubtless well prepared, but of which the words are left largely to the inspiration of the moment. It is with us regarded as a confession of weakness, a sign of artificiality, to hold in one's hands the evidence of careful study. We have at least to pretend to spontaneity. The form is thus sacrificed, but the appearance of sincerity is saved. But with the French the form counts for much. Out comes the written document, and only its forceful delivery preserves for it its effect of directness.

But M. Briand is not one of those French orators who not only rehearse but write their speeches. On the contrary, his efforts are nearly always impromptu. This is essentially characteristic of the man. He is the improviser *par excellence*. He is an amazing virtuoso. In France they say that he 'plays the violoncello.' He plays it without the music before him. He plays it precisely as the occasion suggests. He would, perhaps, be singularly

embarrassed were he called upon to play a set piece. He loves to embroider, to compose as he goes along, to await the inspiration of the moment and the call of circumstance. This is true of his speeches — but it is also true, in a larger sense, of his politics.

It may indeed be taken as a parable and illustration of the man — this habit of his to search in his audience the words, the ideas, which he utters. There are times when one might pardonably suppose M. Briand to be tired, indifferent; not to put too fine a point upon it — lazy. But this impression is altogether wrong. M. Briand is like Mr. Lloyd George inasmuch as he relies largely on his intuition, his immediate judgments, his ever-ready resources. He comes into the Chamber apparently without anything particular to say. He reads an official statement in a dull voice. He seems to be bored, and so does the Chamber. There is an atmosphere of hostility. One wonders what will be his fate.

And then, discarding the official statement, without notes, without (so far as one knows) any preparation, he begins one of his wonderful discourses. At first he feels his way cautiously. His voice takes on a new animation. There is an interruption. Somebody in the Chamber reveals the ground of antagonism. This is what M. Briand is waiting for. He applies himself to that point; he develops his theme. He vanquishes this particular opposition, only, perhaps, to arouse opposition from the other side of the house. This gives him a fresh start. He seems to seek to penetrate the minds of his opponents in order to demolish their objections. Now he pits the Right against the Left, and now he rouses the Left to enthusiasm. It is the most beautiful balancing of views it is possible to conceive.

Speeches, it is sometimes said, never change a vote in parliamentary assem-

blies. This may be true of parliaments like the British, where two, or, at the most, three parties sit on their benches with their minds made up, ready to obey their party whip. But it is not true of M. Briand in the French Parliament, where there are many groups and where the possibilities of combination are as numerous as the combinations of a pack of cards. He knows, as few men know, how to shuffle them — how to lead this card and then that. In his way he is certainly the most masterly parliamentarian who has ever been known in France. If proof were necessary, it would be found in the fact that seven times has he been called upon to govern; and this year, in spite of his reputation of belonging to the Left, he has performed the extraordinary feat of governing largely with the support of the Right. For that matter, he belongs, in the formal sense, neither to the Right nor to the Left. He has no party. He has, strictly speaking, no following. He remains, when he is not in office, alone and apart. Well does he know that, when the situation becomes unmanageable, when the Parliamentary team is difficult to drive, his day will again come.

Most of the French politicians — M. Poincaré and M. Viviani are notable instances — combine their rôle of politician with the rôle of journalist, and, when they are not responsible for the government, become the most powerful critics of the government in the press. Such has been the life of M. Clemenceau. Sometimes he has been premier, and at other times he has been a formidable antagonist of the premier, thundering against him, not from the tribune, but from the newspaper that he directed. Now, although M. Briand, like most other French politicians, began his career as journalist, he never takes up the pen in the intervals of office. He does hardly any lobbying; he rarely

commits himself in any way. He sits silent until his hour shall again strike. Always is he something of an enigma. Always does he allow the Left to suppose he is their man, and the Right to believe that he is not against them. In the clash and confusion of rival ambitions, it is Briand, the man who makes no useless efforts, the man who knows how to keep a still tongue although he possesses a winning tongue, who is chosen. The speeches that he makes when he is assailed, and the position has become difficult, are the most persuasive speeches that may be heard; but when I read them at length the next day, I generally find that they are full of repetitions and even of contradictions. That is because he addresses himself, now to this side, then to that side. To know the true Briand, it is not sufficient to hear or to read his speeches. One has to remember whom he is addressing, and what is his immediate purpose. One has to be able to distinguish between what is meant for one party, what for another party; what is meant for France and what is meant for Germany; what is meant for England and what is meant for other countries.

I trust that this portrait does not suggest a mere opportunist, in the worst sense of the term. M. Briand certainly is an opportunist, in that he makes use of the varying views of his auditors, in that he stresses now one point and then another point. It was M. Briand who spoke of the occupation of the Ruhr, and it was M. Briand who condemned such a policy as inept. The occasion has always to be considered. But he is an opportunist only as a sailor is an opportunist. When the wind blows from the west, he must spread his sails accordingly; but when the wind veers to the north, he must trim his sails anew. But the sailor knows where he is going and keeps his course. M. Briand has a policy, and he

sticks to his policy in spite of apparent and momentary contradictions. He has to reconcile many opinions, and he has to bring the Ship of State safely toward the land that he sees ahead.

There are, of course, different kinds of opportunists, and to use the word without discrimination as a term of opprobrium is altogether wrong. In my opinion, for example, Mr. Lloyd George, who is undoubtedly the greatest opportunist of our century, has, in spite of all kinds of concessions, all kinds of seeming stultifications of his judgment, kept along exactly the same path in international affairs that he indicated to me and to others in March, 1919. When he has seen rocks in the way, he has gone round them. It is so with M. Briand, whose points of resemblance with him could be multiplied. Perhaps it is only the fool who steers straight ahead. One of the chief grievances of a certain section of French politicians is that M. Briand, in calling up Class 19 for the occupation of the Ruhr, did so to discredit that policy and to make its repetition impossible. As to this I will express no opinion; but it will readily be conceived that a politician may appear to do the opposite of that which he intends to do. M. Briand is not a native of Brittany for nothing. It is from Brittany that France recruits most of her sailors. M. Briand is an expert sailor.

The truth is that M. Briand is essentially a man of liberal views. I do not purpose either to defend or to attack him: I wish merely to state the facts as I see them; and it is in this spirit that I record my impression, which is corroborated by conversations of a more or less private character that have come to me from friends — conversations in which he has expressed himself with surprising moderation. He is far from being the implacable taskmaster of Germany that he has been

represented to be on account of certain episodes. No one knows better than does M. Briand the true need of France — the need of a policy that will reconcile old enemies and establish some measure of economic coöperation in Europe. No one realizes more the need for a reduction of armaments, which is possible only if better relations exist in Europe.

France at this moment has an army that is big enough to conquer the Continent. France is not, strictly speaking, obliged to take heed of the opinion of anyone. She can adopt any coercive methods she pleases, and there is no country that can effectively say her nay. But that would be a fatal course. Not only would it be folly to fly in the face of the world's opinion, but France would certainly not obtain any satisfaction in the shape of additional reparations. The army, whether it is put at 800,000 men or at 700,000, is a tremendous burden for a country in economic difficulties, and all sensible men must desire its reduction. It is a burden on the finances of the country, but it is also a burden on the individual Frenchman, who has to spend what should be the most vital preparatory years of his life in idleness and the demoralizing *milieu* of the barracks. There are those who urge, with justice, that, in the economic struggle, Germany will enjoy a great advantage over France by reason of the fact that she is compelled to keep her army at a negligible number, while France has to support a huge body of non-producers. How could any sane person wish to maintain the army at anything like its present level?

But, on the other hand, so long as national safety is secured, no matter what sacrifice must be made, no matter what handicap must be borne, M. Briand, I believe, is all in favor of making such amicable arrangements with Germany as will enable France to forget this

terrible preoccupation of her security. Doubtless he, like all other French statesmen, would prefer that America and England, as promised at the Peace Conference, should come into a tripartite military pact. But he is not, as I understand, an advocate of what amounts to perpetual occupation, or of detachment of the Rhineland from the Reich, as are M. Poincaré, M. Tardieu, and M. Maurice Barrès. The most significant thing that was done under his ministry was the signing of the Loucheur-Rathenau accord, which envisages the collaboration of France and Germany, which (provided Germany remains a non-militaristic republic) presages some sort of friendship between the two countries that, in spite of their hereditary hatreds, intensified since the Armistice, have to live side by side. They can be blood-foes with the certainty of another war, or they can compose their age-long differences. There is no middle course.

IV

This brings me to M. Louis Loucheur — easily, in my opinion, the most remarkable figure in French political life. I said just now that there were no new men. I must modify that statement. M. Loucheur is a new man. He has new methods. He is not a politician, although he is in politics. He is the business man. In France the politicians have become what might, not disrespectfully, be called an 'old gang.' M. Loucheur was not even a deputy when he became minister. He brings a fresh mind to the public problems. He has no prejudices, no traditions, no long training along political lines. He is accustomed to see things as they are. He does not idealize them; he is not a sentimentalist, dealing in abstractions, hypnotized by catch-phrases, as are politicians generally. For me he represents

an immense force. He towers over all the rest.

It would be foolish to prophecy, and therefore I shall not assert dogmatically that M. Loucheur will, for the next ten — if not twenty — years, be the real power behind French politics. All I will venture to say is that, at the present moment, he is the man who matters most, and that he should be looked upon, not in his ministerial capacity, but as a man. That is to say, that he will probably continue to occupy a nominally subordinate post. It is extremely unlikely, in my judgment, that he will form a cabinet and put himself at the head of French politics. He is far more likely to remain in the background. But it would be folly to regard him as a supernumerary. He has brains; he has ability; he has energy; he is used to dealing in realities, and he thinks in terms of realities. I do not know whether it has been remarked how unreal politics tend to become, and in what an imaginary world politicians walk. Into this unreal world came M. Loucheur; but he was not corrupted by his environment. He had the advantage of not serving an apprenticeship to politics. He passed through none of the intermediary stages. During the war he controlled numerous companies, and is reputed to be extremely rich, to have made a vast fortune.

It was M. Clemenceau who appealed to him to lend a hand. It was felt that the practical man was the kind of man who was needed to help in the winning of the war and the elaboration of the peace. Only rarely does a non-politician, who has not been elected by the people, find himself called to take up a ministerial office; but in the case of M. Loucheur the experiment was amply justified. I am not blind to the possible disadvantages of thus bringing rich business men into the government. The door is obviously opened to certain

abuses. Nor do I consider that the good business man will necessarily make a good minister. Probably the chances are that he will not. But exceptional times call for exceptional men, and M. Loucheur is unquestionably an exceptional man. Afterward, of course, his situation was regularized by his election. He has remained minister through several administrations, and in one capacity or another his services will continue to be enlisted.

It was M. Loucheur who initiated the policy of direct negotiations with Germany, and who oriented France toward the idea of reparations in kind. Had it been possible to impose upon Germany, three years ago, the essential task of repairing the ruined regions of France, there is little doubt that by this time France would have been largely restored; and the speedy restoration would have been worth far more than the nebulous milliards. The two countries would already have settled down on terms of decent neighborliness. Unhappily, everybody was mesmerized by the glittering promise of immense sums hitherto unheard of — sums that could be expressed only in astronomical figures. The consequences might have been foreseen — but they were not, except by the economists. The consequences are the collapse of Germany and the collapse of the treaty. Everybody now realizes that, unless something is done in time, Germany is doomed to bankruptcy. Now, Germany is necessary to Europe, just as Carthage was necessary to ancient Rome. The foolish destruction of Carthage by the Romans deprived them of a base for the Eastern Mediterranean sea-routes. It is easy to look back and make these criticisms. What is of more importance is to look forward, and to appreciate the fact that, if Germany did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her. Nothing more stupid than that policy which would

erase Germany from the map of Europe could, I think, be conceived.

Presently, in view of the impending bankruptcy of Germany, it will be necessary to decide between her destruction and her salvation. Should this nation be broken up into fragments; should there be dislocation, economic anarchy, political chaos? Or should there be an abandonment of the system of coercion, of financial squeezing, and such a collaboration be substituted as would enable all countries to draw specific advantages from the continued existence of a Germany that may work with hope? This is the terrific question that must soon be answered in one sense or another. The decision will be determined by the stress that French opinion lays upon certain things. So-called security would seem to suggest the break-up of Germany, politically and economically. This security, however, would be fallacious. In a military sense, France would undoubtedly be secure; but there are also economic considerations. One bankruptcy will entail another, and no man can foresee the end of the happenings in Europe.

On the other hand, it is dreadfully hard to reconcile one's self to foregoing claims that have been made and promises that have been held out. The choice is, or would appear to be, between two evils. But perhaps the second would turn out to be not an evil at all. I must content myself with posing the problem in an objective manner.

Now, the Loucheur-Rathenau accord is of tremendous import. It is pretended that it supplements, and does not supplant, the London Agreement for the payment by Germany of 132,000,000,000 gold marks, made in virtue of the treaty. In reality, however long the pretense is kept up, it must be taken as an entirely new system. The London Agreement asks for impossible sums spread over an impossible period of

years, and is already breaking down, since Germany simply cannot go on meeting her obligations. The Loucheur Agreement stipulates that Germany shall pay in goods, in *matériel*, a limited amount for the next five years, not to the Allies in general, but to France in particular. This means that common bargaining is abandoned. It means that France, preparing for the crash, is endeavoring to secure for herself, as she has in equity an undoubted right to do, a certain portion of her credits on Germany, and is anxious at least to have the North repaired. It is possible that, when Germany ceases to pay everyone else, she will continue to pay France in kind. She can hardly do both, and it seems to me that France is contracting out of the London Agreement. France is coming to a voluntary arrangement with Germany. As France for the next five years may be paid more than is due to her under the London Agreement, she might be satisfied, and might not resort, in exasperation, to methods of coercion and of sanctions. France, be it noted, is the only country which could or would resort to serious coercion and sanctions.

This policy of M. Loucheur, then, is intensely realist, and denotes a complete change in the manner of regarding the Franco-German problem. It foreshadows a very much wider system of coöperation. It may be the turning-point in European affairs. Its bearing upon the possibility of land-disarmament is obvious.

V

It would be foolish to be too optimistic. Not all French statesmen think on these lines. There is M. Raymond Poincaré, the ex-President of the Republic, who will, in all probability, be called at an early date to the premiership, controlling the destinies of France. I think I am betraying no secret when I say that the ultimate policy of M. Poincaré

is to move toward the same system of collaboration with Germany. But he reserves that policy for the future. For the present, to judge him by his writing, — and he is the most prolific journalist in France, contributing regularly to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Temps*, and the *Matin*, — he believes in turning the screw on Germany as tightly as it may be turned. He was thrust aside by M. Clemenceau in the peacemaking. Although President, he was reduced to silence. He had no effective way of protesting, but he has put on record, in a memorandum addressed to M. Clemenceau, his strong opinion that the limitation to fifteen years was disastrous for France. He would have the occupation extended to such time as it will take Germany to fulfill all the monetary obligations of the treaty — which, being interpreted, means forever.

M. Tardieu, the chief assistant of M. Clemenceau, argues that this right is actually conferred by the treaty itself; but M. Tardieu's arguments will not bear examination.

M. Poincaré, in addition, has always shown himself to be one of those ardent, patriotic Frenchmen who believe that the contemporaneous existence of a strong Germany and a prosperous, secure France is impossible. After he retired from the Presidency, he was made Chairman of the Reparations Commission. He resigned because the Reparations Commission showed a tendency to reduce the German debt to more manageable proportions. At each successive abandonment of some French right, he has fulminated against the Premier in office. One can only suppose that, when he becomes Premier himself, he will carry out his policy of no concessions. No concessions, now that the original demands are shown to be, however justified, inexecutable, spells the final ruin of Germany, and, as most

people think, the greater embarrassment of France. It is perhaps wrong to suppose that a statesman in office will behave as a statesman out of office writes. He is bound to modify his conceptions in accordance with changing circumstances and proved facts. Nevertheless, one must take M. Poincaré to be what he paints himself to be.

I should certainly describe him as the most formidable of the politicians proper in France. He has a tremendous force. He has been peculiarly consistent in his attitude toward Germany, from the days when he was raised, as a *bon Lorrain*, to the Presidency in the year before the war. His prestige is enormous. There are living at this moment no fewer than four former Presidents of the Republic. As the term of office is seven years, this is a somewhat remarkable fact. But whoever hears of Émile Loubet, or of Armand Fallières? They have gone to trim their vines or to live quietly in complete obscurity. After their occupation of the Élysée, there was no place for them in public life. M. Deschanel, it is true, is a member of the Senate, but he is only nominally in politics. M. Poincaré is made in another mould. Still comparatively young, with an alert mind, full of ambition unsatiated, believing that he is the strong man that his country needs, he declines to be buried alive, and is taking a notable revenge for his impotence during the latter years at the Élysée. He is the indefatigable critic.

VI

I regret that my space will not permit me to treat of other French politicians so fully, but these men are, after all, the really representative men of French politics. M. René Viviani is a highly successful lawyer, gifted with the most amazing flow of language that it has ever been my lot to listen to. The

words simply pour out. He has been Premier, and during the early part of the war performed good service. He has been sent to America on missions not clearly defined — the vague kind of mission that is meant to awaken sympathy, and, indeed, does so. It was hoped that he might influence Washington with regard to the cancellation of debts; but as it was afterward found an inopportune moment to broach this delicate subject, he came out with a denunciation of those who made such proposals, on the ground that Germany might also ask for the cancellation of her debts.

M. Barthou is an impetuous patriot, a somewhat fiery man, conspicuous as a supporter of the Three Years' Military Service Law. He has written, with rather more intimacy than some of us think justifiable, of the private affairs of Sainte-Beuve and Victor Hugo.

My own favorite French statesman — a man whom I consider to be the finest, the noblest, of our time — is M. Léon Bourgeois, the colleague of M. Viviani on the French delegation to the League of Nations. His has been a well-filled life, singularly free from intrigue, singularly free from ambition (he might have aspired to any post, including the Presidency), devoted solely to the furtherance of the idea of the League. Before Mr. Wilson had ever made the suggestion of such an organization, he was already old in its service. He took the leading part in the deliberations of The Hague. I know him well and am happy to pay a tribute to his kindness, his simplicity, his unselfishness, and his generous thought for humanity. There are not many Bourgeois in the world, so hard-working, so self-sacrificing, so single-minded.

Among the younger men, M. André Tardieu is undoubtedly the ablest, with the best-stored mind. He is inclined to a sort of priggishness, of supe-

riority, that makes him unpopular, but he will probably come into his own again.

There are two officials who will, unless something unexpected happens, play extremely important parts, whether at Washington or at Paris.

Of M. Jules Jusserand it is necessary to say only that he is respected as the most adequate ambassador that France possesses. He is too well known in America to need my eulogy. England has long envied America his possession. He is tactful, active, and has a unique knowledge — an altogether indispensable man. He occupies far too strong a position ever to be displaced. If he is left in charge of part of the proceedings at Washington, France will be represented by a judicious, sagacious, likable man, not likely to make any mistake from the diplomatic standpoint.

At the head of the permanent staff at the Quai d'Orsay is Philippe Berthelot. Berthelot has a memory that is an encyclopædia of foreign affairs. There are archives at the Quai d'Orsay, but the real archives are under the cranium of Philippe Berthelot. In France ministries change frequently. Often no record — or an insufficient record — is kept of negotiations engaged in by the predecessors of the ministries in power. But Philippe Berthelot knows. He can supply the information. He is sometimes the only man who can supply it. It may be urged that it is bad business to give one man the extraordinary power that is thus given to M. Berthelot; but he is sound and shrewd, and whenever he is directly responsible for policy, his judgments are excellent. He is the son of the famous chemist who instituted and developed research work in the properties of coal. M. Berthelot in his early days explored and studied China, and is an authority on Asiatic matters. Ministers may come and ministers may go, but Philippe Berthelot remains.

THE DISSOLUTION OF PETROGRAD

BY JEAN SOKOLOFF¹

DEAR MARGARET, —

Cut off, as I have been since the spring of 1918, from all my friends in England and Scotland, I must seem to you now as one who has returned from the Land of the Dead. And truly I feel, since my release from the terrors of Soviet Russia, that I have escaped from an existence hardly better than death. Of all my dreadful experiences in Petrograd I cannot write, but I must tell you of some which, here in far-off America, still haunt me like awful nightmares.

After the Revolution of February, 1917, and particularly after the fall of Kerensky, eight or nine months later, the position of the moneyed classes became rapidly desperate, and I soon found myself in a precarious situation. What a change had come over my fortunes! Here I was, the elderly widow of a Russian naval officer, British by birth but Russian by marriage. My husband had left me at his death with an ample income from several investments which seemed perfectly secure. In my long years of residence in Petrograd I had come to love the beautiful city, and I had no intention of leaving it. Why should I? In Petrograd I had friends, possessions, money, servants, and heart's ease but for my husband's death. I could look forward to declining years of comfortable leisure.

Then came the Revolution and Bolshevik rule, and my prospects melted like mist in the sun. My investments became worthless, my chattels were na-

tionalized. I dismissed my last servant, and soon I was suffering privations and hardships I had never dreamed of, and living amid horrors that I had never seen in my wildest delirium.

Of the political and social changes that took place in Russia, and of the ruin into which the poor country rapidly sank, you have read much in recent months, for the Bolsheviks could not conceal these changes forever. I will tell you, therefore, of only some of the things I saw and some of the hardships I suffered in Petrograd. This account I have taken pains to make simple and unvarnished. As I look back now upon my experiences, I do so without spite or resentment against the misguided people who were the cause of so much sorrow. Perhaps my sufferings have made me apathetic; but it seems to me now as if I and the Jean Sokoloff of the last two or three years in Russia were not the same person.

At the beginning everybody spoke of the Revolution as bloodless, and so it was — at first; but, later, dreadful tragedies were enacted. All police officers and government officials who showed loyalty to the Tsar were immediately shot. Not far from my house nine were executed on the second day of the Revolution. For a long time it was quite unsafe to go out into the streets, as there was a great deal of shooting; quick-firing guns were mounted on high buildings, and no one knew when there might be a rain of bullets. In the Nevsky Prospect and other principal streets motor-lorries, bristling with rifles and

¹ This letter recounts, of course, authentic personal experiences. — THE EDITORS.

quick-firing guns and packed with students and other revolutionists, caused excitement and terrorized the people.

The opening of the prisons and the release of all criminals made both life and property very unsafe, especially since there were no police officers. Robberies were frequent, and after dark pedestrians were often stripped of their boots and their upper garments. One lady whom I knew was coming home one evening wearing a long coat of black Persian lamb. Two men stopped her and asked her if she wished to buy a fur coat. She replied that she did not require to, as she had the one she was wearing. 'Why,' they said, 'that is the very one we mean'; and as she did not have the money to redeem it, they took it from her. At length the people took matters into their own hands, and when they caught a robber, they lynched him straight away, and threw his body into a canal. A decree was issued that everybody over sixteen was to take his turn as night-watchman. That is, if a house was rented in seven flats, let us say, each flat had to provide a watch for one night in the week.

I shall never forget my first experience as watchman. Imagine me, an elderly lady with no bloodthirsty ideas whatever, sitting at the great gate which led to the inner court, with a loaded gun across my knees! My watch was from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M., and I was under instructions to shoot if anybody refused to give his name or to tell why he wished admission. I was far more afraid of the gun than I was of any robber who might appear; and taking pity on me, our old house-porter hung up a battered tea-tray near me, and, giving me a stick, told me to bang on the tray if I needed help. Fortunately, I did not have to make use of either the gun or the tray.

On another occasion, the good old porter did me an even more valuable service. A decree was issued that no one

renting a house could claim for himself more than two rooms at most; the rest of the house, furnished and with the use of the kitchen, must be given to whoever from the working class might want to use it. Soon there appeared at my door a workingwoman, dirty and unkempt, but arrogant, who demanded that I give up a certain number of rooms to her. The house-porter told the woman and the Bolshevik official who supported her in her demand, that I had a male lodger; I showed them some of my husband's clothes and a man's hat and walking-stick which I had laid out in one of the rooms, and the porter exhibited a false entry which he had made in the house-book. The invaders were satisfied and departed.

Some time after this experience I was obliged to give up my home and rent a room in the dwelling of a friend. As my investments had become worthless, I had applied, many months before my removal, for permission to sell my furniture; as all property had become nationalized, I could not sell my own chattels without a permit. This was finally granted to me on the ground that I was a widow. Shortly after I had moved to my friend's house, we experienced our first armed raid. We were roused from our beds at about two in the morning by five armed men and two women, who said they had come to search for firearms. They nosed into every corner and examined all photographs. My husband's photograph in naval uniform they left, after I had told them that he was dead; but the photographs of King George and King Edward and the Tsar they tore into bits and stamped under foot. Some money and jewelry I had hidden behind pictures and among the tea in the tea-caddy. These valuables they did not discover, and, strange to say, they examined all my boxes excepting the one in which I had packed what table silver

I had not yet sold. After an hour and a half they left. Everything was turned upside-down: bedding, pillows, books, clothing — all were heaped in the middle of the floor.

In a few weeks we had a second midnight raid; but this time they were searching for incriminating documents and did not disturb any of our personal belongings. In November, 1919, we experienced the worst raid of all. Every letter or scrap of written matter my friend and I possessed was taken from us, and we were also relieved of whatever personal effects appealed to the invaders. From me they took all my husband's medals and decorations. I begged them to allow me to keep the crosses of Saint Anna and of Stanislav as a remembrance of him, but they refused saying, 'No one has orders now, and we need the gold.' After searching for nearly two hours, they ordered my friend to get on some clothes, as she must go with them. They took her away at four o'clock in the morning, and she was kept in prison for three months. At the end of that time she was released; but she was never given the satisfaction of knowing why she was arrested.

I was most fortunate, as I was arrested only once and was not then sent to prison. When I came home one day, a soldier arrested me at my door and marched me off to a hall where there were several other prisoners. There we were detained for eight hours, and then released without any explanation as to the cause of our arrest.

One did not have to be in prison to know what hunger means. Those of us who were not imprisoned learned the lesson only too well. Lack of food became more and more acute, and the prices were such that it was impossible to earn enough in one day to buy even a pound of black bread. Milk cost 250 rubles a bottle, and was well watered at

that. Potatoes were 200 rubles a pound, and were often half-frozen. Tea and coffee cost thousands of rubles the pound. For a time I drank an infusion of black-currant leaves and also of cranberry leaves, which would have been quite pleasant if I could have had any sugar. The Bolsheviki opened soup-kitchens, for which each person received a monthly ticket on application to a certain department of the Soviet. Often I have stood for a long, long time in a queue, waiting with a pitcher to receive a portion of soup, which was simply water, with some cabbage-leaves or pieces of frozen potato floating in it. For this the charge was eight rubles. Hunger made me glad to eat this soup, but there were days when it smelled so bad, especially when they had added herring heads to it, that I gave it to someone in the queue, or poured it out.

The members of the working class received a special ticket and got a second dish, perhaps some potatoes or a salt herring; but these extras were denied to the Intelligentsia, who suffered far more than did the workers. Sometimes, when it was impossible to procure bread, many of us used to buy turnips and eat them raw as a substitute. You will be surprised that we did not boil them, but we found them more satisfying when raw. As they were very dear, we could not afford to buy more than a few. Some who were hungry even made soup of fresh green grass. This I never tried, but soup made of rhubarb leaves I found could be eaten. At first, when we still had coffee, we used to mix a little flour with the coffee-grounds, and make cookies; but I must say that I could eat these only when I was very hungry. The Intelligentsia could receive on their bread-cards only two ounces per day; and when it was possible to buy any extra, the price was exorbitant. The working class was allowed much more. Any extra bread

could be bought only by chance on the street, from peasants, or in the open market, and often there was more sawdust and minced straw in it than flour. Frequently, when the Bolsheviks ran out of flour, so that they were unable to give us bread on our bread-cards, they substituted oats; but the amount was so meagre that, when we ground it down, very little flour came out.

All stores and shops were closed, and one could buy only in the open markets. Butter in 1919 sold at 2800 rubles per pound, and bacon at 3000. Peasants brought in milk and produce from the country and bartered it for clothing. They did not want money, as they said there was nothing to buy with it. It was sad to see ladies standing in the market, bartering or selling their beautiful dresses and linen to get money for food. As long as they had things to sell, they got good prices; but what was to be done, once they had parted with all their belongings? It was no uncommon thing to see peasant women wearing beautiful fur coats and exquisite evening dresses and also jewelry, probably received in exchange for food.

Some ladies, friends of mine, who were formerly well to do, had to sell flowers and newspapers in the street, to earn a livelihood. All women under fifty years of age had to take their turn at sweeping the snow on the streets, breaking up the ice, and emptying the dust-bins.

There were so many sick that the hospitals were over-crowded. The lack of even the most necessary medicines was great. In former times Germany provided great quantities of the medicaments used. Doctors were scarce, as so many had been sent to the front. Typhus, of course, was raging and claimed many victims. A friend of mine, who went to one of the hospitals to identify a relative who had died, told me that, in the mortuary, the bodies were stacked from floor to ceiling, like

logs of wood, and many of them much decomposed. The difficulty was to get a sufficient supply of coffins. Two bodies were placed in each coffin, which was merely a few boards of wood roughly nailed together. One could often see carts piled up with these coffins, which were taken outside of the city, where the bodies were put into a pit and the coffins brought back to be used for the bodies of other victims. Those whose friends died at home had to convey the coffins themselves to the cemetery, either on a sledge or otherwise.

The funeral of a Bolshevik was a very grand affair. The coffin was always covered with bright-red cloth, the hearse also being draped in red, and with wreaths from which scarlet ribbons were suspended. There was always a band, and a procession with many red banners flying. Processions bearing red banners, eulogizing Communism or Bolshevism and denouncing the old régime, were a common sight.

The suffering of poor animals was also terrible, and horses dropped dead on the street from starvation. The fodder was so bad that horses that were starving would turn away from it. Behind the house where I lived the Bolsheviks had a number of horses stabled. Every week I saw several dead ones carried out; and one of the soldiers who cared for the animals told me that there was not a scrap of woodwork left within reach of the horses, because they had gnawed it all away in their hunger. If a dead horse were left in the street at night, by the next day nothing would be left of it but the ribs and perhaps the head, upon which some gaunt dog would be gnawing. People had come in the night and taken away all other parts of the carcass for food. Many ate cats and dogs, and said the flesh tasted good.

Many a night I was not able to sleep for hunger. But lack of food was not my

only privation. Before the Revolution I had never known what it was to be cold indoors; wood, which was used for fuel in Petrograd, was plentiful and cheap. During my last two winters there, there was great suffering caused by lack of fuel. In Finland and parts of Russia there was plenty of wood, cut and ready to be sent to the cities; but the transportation system had broken down completely. This want of wood became more and more acute; many wooden dwelling-houses were pulled down, and all wooden fencing around gardens and wooden walks was utilized for fuel. More than once I was thankful when I could buy an old beam, tie a rope around my waist, and drag it home to be sawed up into short pieces. We were permitted to buy only a small quantity each month and had to show the paper with the date of the preceding purchase, which was compared with the entry in the official books. Often I have left the house in pitch darkness (no lights in the streets), at four o'clock on a winter's morning, to get my place in the queue at the wood-store, so as to be one of the first to be attended to when the office opened at ten o'clock. It was no joke to wait six hours with the temperature below zero. Sometimes the soldiers who were on duty would admit us to a room they had and permit us to warm ourselves for a few minutes. By ten o'clock there were hundreds in line, and when you reached the window you were given only a piece of paper which entitled you to receive the wood on a specified day. Think of what this meant to poor mothers who had to leave young children at home for hours! One poor woman in the queue one morning had a sick baby which she could not leave at home; it died in her arms before she reached the window.

The shortage of food and the other privations all helped to make us more sympathetic toward one another, and

we did all in our power to help one another. One of my pupils (for I was trying to keep body and soul together by teaching English) was a Russian naval officer; he used to bring me occasionally a small piece of bread which he had left over. He was serving under the Bolsheviks — under compulsion, like so many others. It was his plan to learn to speak English and then to try to escape from Russia. To my great sorrow, for he was my favorite pupil and could converse fairly well in English, he was arrested by his masters and sent away to Cologda. I never could find out the reason for his arrest or hear anything further about him. He once told me that, if he were arrested, he would take his own life; and I often wonder if he is still alive.

I was deeply touched one day by a workingwoman's bringing me a teaspoonful of dry tea. This was a wonderful present, as she had only a very small quantity, which had been given to her, and tea was at a premium. I did not wish to accept it, but she insisted, because sometimes I had helped her and her children with a little food, and had once procured a situation for her.

So in such ways we tried to cheer one another. Often, when one did show a little kindness, one was repaid fourfold or more. I remember that once, when crossing the Nicholas Bridge, I came upon an elderly lady struggling to carry a very heavy bag. I asked her in what direction she was going, and as it was not very far from my own destination, I carried the bag home for her. When she thanked me at parting, she said, 'I hope that, if ever you have to carry something that is too heavy for you, you also will meet some kind person to help you.' A few days later I had to bring to my home some wood which was very heavy. I tried to carry it on my back, but found it beyond my strength to do so, as my house was quite

a good distance away. Just as I was sitting on a doorstep wondering whatever I should do, a soldier came along, and I summoned up my courage to ask if he would help me, even for a short distance. He immediately picked up the wood, slung it on his back, and asked me where I lived. When I told him, he said, 'I can easily go by that street.' He took me right to the door of my house, and when I offered him money, he refused. 'I was only too glad to help you,' he said; 'I should not like to see my mother carry such a load.' The old lady's wish for me was not long in being realized.

On the streets one seldom encountered an old person, all having died from malnutrition. Some elderly people, unable to work and add to their small incomes, suffered terribly, as food prices were impossible. In the homes for old men and women, where, under the old régime, they were well fed, many deaths from starvation took place every week.

One thing the Bolsheviks tried to do was to feed the children. They had no use for old people and even said openly that they ought to die; but they had to think of the rising generation, for the future of the country. At the schools, children received a free dinner, which consisted of soup and a good piece of black bread, or often some cooked cereal. Of course, there was no fat in the food and little nourishment for growing children. Then the Bolsheviks tried to nationalize the children, asking the parents to give them up at a certain age, that they might be brought up and educated in colonies and trained in all the principles of Bolshevism. When I left, in 1920, they were trying to carry this out; but the parents objected, so I do not know what success they met with later. One mother said to me, 'Where is the joy of motherhood if I must give up my child whenever his infancy is over?'

With all my suffering I cannot but feel that God dealt mercifully with me. I will give you one instance of this. On Christmas Eve, 1918, I was alone and without a scrap of food in the house. As I thought back over my past happy life and the loved ones who had gone from me, I naturally felt much depressed. How I could manage to live to the New Year, I could not imagine. Before retiring to rest that night, I asked God to send me some food. The next morning, at eight o'clock, the back-door bell rang; and when I opened the door, I saw standing there an old servant who had served me faithfully for seventeen years, but whom I had had to dismiss several months previously because of my inability to feed her. Her people were farmers in Poland. She said that she had come to spend Christmas with me and that she had brought with her some provisions, such as black bread, flour, and a little bacon, and some sugar and potatoes. Truly, this was an answer to prayer. In those trying times we learned to live by the day and to rest on the promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'

Many whom I knew, who were serving under the Bolsheviks, were merely doing so to earn a livelihood, and it was indeed hard for them to serve such masters. In fact, many were at the point of starvation when they accepted positions under the Soviet. As one put it, 'To all appearances we are Red, but we are just like red radishes; scratch us but a little and we are white underneath.'

Of course, you know that in Russia the custom of giving tips (or, as it is called there, tea-money) was carried to great lengths. If you dined with friends, or paid a call, you were expected to tip the servant who removed your overcoat or wrap. At Christmas and Easter the *dvoriks*, postmen, chimney-sweeps, and men who polished your floors, all called upon you, to receive their tea-

money. I heard a very good story relative to this habit of tipping. After the Revolution, everyone was supposed to be on the same level — no distinction of class. The working class was delighted with this equality. An officer who frequently visited at the house of some friends, had been in the habit of giving the house-porter a liberal tip each time. On his first visit after the Revolution, the porter met him with the greeting, 'Well, comrade, how are you?' and shook him by the hand. The officer, returning the handshake, answered, 'Thank you, comrade, I am well.' At the conclusion of the visit, when the porter opened the door for the officer, the latter held out his hand and said, 'Good-bye. Of course, now we are comrades, it is impossible for me to offer you a tip.' The man was so taken aback that his hand dropped to his side and his jaw fell with astonishment. In this case, he did not appreciate the equality.

In 1919 quite a number of British and other subjects escaped without passes from the Bolsheviki, who had forbidden anyone to leave Petrograd. Those who escaped did so by the back door, as it was called in Russia, that is, illegally, through Finland. There was a secret society which, for large sums of money, arranged these escapes, taking the fugitives across the ice. It was a hazardous journey, and no one could undertake it with children, as they had long distances to walk, and often had to crawl on their hands and knees, or lie flat in a bog, while the Bolsheviki were throwing searchlights on the frontier. All fugitives had to wear some covering of white over their clothes, so as to be less liable to be seen on the white snow. I met one lady in Finland who had thus escaped. Her experiences had been so terrible that her eyeballs stuck out, from the nervous strain she had undergone.

Many and strange were the subter-

fuges employed to get out of Russia. A Scotch friend of mine, who had married a Russian and thus become a Russian subject, got permission to leave with her three little children, by going before the Soviet with her husband. There they asked to be divorced. A few questions were asked them, one of which was, if the mother wished the children. She answered 'Yes,' and a paper was written out, for which they paid the small sum of ten rubles, according them the divorce, and giving back to my friend her British nationality, so that she was able to leave the country with her three little ones in April, 1920. The husband, of course, had to remain behind; but it was easier for a man to get along alone, than if he had a wife and children to feed.

In the early part of 1920, when I saw different parties of British refugees finally being permitted to leave Russia while I was detained as a Russian subject because of my marriage, I lost all hope of ever getting away. By this time my health was much impaired; my feet and legs, and often my face, were badly swollen, and at times I felt so giddy that it was hard for me to get along. Owing to physical weakness, I suppose, I became quite apathetic and did not seem to care what became of me, although I realized that I could not live through another such winter as the last, since I had already parted with nearly all my belongings and would have nothing to supplement my earnings. Early in April we were told that the Bolsheviki were considering the advisability of allowing the British-born widows of Russian subjects to leave the country, and a few days later a decree was published according this permission. In five days we must leave with some other refugees. Permits and passes had to be obtained. No books or written matter of any kind could be taken with us, and I even had to get the Soviet stamp put

on my Bible, and on some photographs that I wished to take with me.

I cannot tell you all the details of my journey out of Russia, for it is a long story. About two in the afternoon of April 13, we finally approached the point near the frontier where persons and luggage were to be examined. The examination was very thorough: all the women were undressed, their shoes and stockings taken off, and even their hair taken down. Even so, many managed to smuggle their diamonds through, and I was able to slip into my box an old glove containing a pair of large solitaire diamond earrings belonging to a friend. I was fortunate in being one of the last to be examined, and so I was allowed to pass more easily.

After the examination we were taken by a train a little farther, to the frontier line, which is determined by a swift and narrow running stream. It is utterly impossible to describe our feelings as we stepped from the bridge on the other side and stood once again on free soil. Many hearts were full of thankfulness to God, who had delivered us from the power and tyranny of the Bolsheviki. It was difficult to realize the fact that now they could no longer harm us, and we need have no more fears, or nights of terror when sleep forsook our eyes from the dread of arrest. When we crossed the frontier, we were greeted by members of the British Red Cross, who congratulated us warmly on our escape. With them were some British and Irish officers who had just been released from prisons in Moscow. One of their number, belonging to a Highland regiment, wore tartan; and when I saw this bit of transplanted Scotland, my eyes filled with tears and my weak knees grew weaker with emotion. I doubt if the pipes of Lucknow created greater emotion in any breast than did that plaid in mine.

I turned to Janet MacDonald, who

had come out of Russia with me after much suffering and imprisonment. The tears were rolling down her cheeks. She buried her face on my shoulder and sobbed out in a transport of joy, 'O Jean, Jean, the tartan breeks, the tartan breeks!'

There is little more to tell. From the frontier we were taken to Terioki on the Gulf of Finland, where we were all examined by a doctor and detained in quarantine for a month. At the end of the month we were taken to Helsingfors, the seaport of Finland, and there embarked on the transport *Dongola* for Southampton.

Just outside of London was a home for Russian refugees. To this home we were all taken, and here I remained for some weeks until I could inquire about my Scottish relatives and friends. I had not heard from them for years, and undoubtedly some of the letters they wrote to me were among the thousands that were stacked in a huge pile in the courtyard of the General Post Office in Petrograd and eventually burned. A small box contained all my earthly possessions, and, as I looked at it, I came more and more to realize the uncertainty of riches and the need of setting our affections on things above. After several months I finally received my naturalization papers and was again a British subject; and in January, 1921, I left England for America, to visit my only brother in far-off Montana.

Here, amid the changing majesty of these mountains, my mind often turns back to dear Russia, and the tears fill my eyes. I spent many years there in a happy home; and the soil in which I laid my loved ones to rest will ever be sacred. Now the newspapers are bringing tales of more suffering and more famine in that unhappy country. May the good God save Russia, and guide the hearts and hands that would rescue her and bring her out of her distress!

A SUGGESTION ON COAL

BY WALTER L. BALLOU

IN his article 'What Shall We Do About Coal?' in the September *Atlantic*, Arthur E. Suffern has suggested a remedy through gradual extension of government control over the waste in natural resources and man-power which present mining methods entail. It is to be doubted whether many who are conversant with the industry will quarrel with his premise; there is every reason to know that there are many who, having the best interest of the industry at heart, will quarrel with his suggested remedy. Nor is the quarrel prompted exclusively by selfish motives — past experience has convinced many of the inadequate costliness of the Government's attempt to control the industry.

It is a truism that the history of American development has been the history of wasted natural resources. Man seldom thinks of conservation until the approach of total consumption of a natural resource prompts him to do so. This is true of forests, agricultural resources, and mines. It is true of man-power and the potential possibilities of man-power, to such an extent, that it has been said that in its treatment of men America is to-day wasting her greatest natural resource.

Conservation is out of the question without the moral support of the public that consumes the product to be conserved. As long as an industry dealing with a natural resource is operated on a competitive basis, so long must waste be the key-note of operation. One mine-operator is forced, for instance, to mine the cream of his potential output,

in order to meet the competition from another operator who is doing the same thing. He cannot mine 'clean,' because the cost of such mining will not permit him to meet the competition of the producer who does not mine clean.

The result is to be found in England, where to-day the pits have been worked far back, and each year sees an added cost of production, making more difficult the competition that the British producer has to meet. It is true that, if present mining methods continue in this country unchecked, America will eventually have to face the same problem.

There is no question as to the over-production of coal in the country, caused by an over-development of mines. That, too, is the result of the basis of open competition that obtains. Good years in the industry call forth the opening of new mines, or the re-opening of old ones that have been idle during dull years. What control, other than through government ownership, can the Government exercise, which will check the natural effort of one man to make money in a market where others are making it?

Admitting the evil, we believe there is a solution which, while at the further end of the social pole, will come nearer to being a solution than that proposed by Mr. Suffern. Let us first consider some of the evils which might be expected to accompany government control, and then state the suggestion.

During the 'tight' coal market of the summer of 1920, various attempts at control were made by the Government,

directed chiefly toward forcing lower prices. These were attempted through regulation of the car-supply by priority orders favoring coal-movements. One priority order alone, however, which in effect permitted the abrogation of contracts with dock operators in the northwest, — if, in fact, it did not force that abrogation, — resulted in adding approximately \$13,000,000 to the fuel-bill of that section, without getting a pound more coal moved into the territory than would have moved without the orders. Other priority orders, intended to make possible greater production, resulted in a dispersion of available equipment to an extent which militated against the object in view.

As to control by the Government in other industries, the railroads and the merchant marine are eloquent of what waste is possible and actual under such direction. Not only was there an actual loss of millions of dollars during federal operation of the roads, but the loyalty of the railroad men was squandered to an almost irremediable extent. Recent figures given out by the present head of the Shipping Board show that the loss in that venture alone ran higher than \$1,000,000 daily during the last fiscal year of operation.

Nor is this condition one that is due to questionable motives or willful intent. Government control lacks that personal interest which nature has decreed must underlie conservation. There is a lack of centralization of responsibility that no idealism of good intent can offset. Delegation of authority and responsibility carries with it a cost which prohibits conservation as it fosters waste. In New Zealand, where government operation of mining in the coal-industry has been tried, it has been found that production costs were higher and labor troubles greater and more frequent than under private operation. The experiment has resulted in less,

rather than more, conservation of both money and good-will.

That control is necessary before conservation can be accomplished is evident, since conservation means control. May we suggest that that control can best be effected by increasing industry control, rather than lessening it through the introduction of government control? Railroad heads to-day are confronted by the evils of divided authority as the result of a paternalistic attitude on the part of Government. They are much in the state in which Browning's Saul found himself, — 'death gone, life not come,' — unable to put into effect those economies that are essential if railroad transportation is to recover from its present chaotic condition. Is it not reasonable to believe that an extension of control over coal to government agencies would have a similar result in this industry?

The history of what is commonly called 'big business' has been marked by a degree of conservation that has not been found in other forms of industrial arrangement. Whether we take the packing industry, the steel industry, or the petroleum industry, the gathering of control into a few hands has made possible a saving and elimination of waste that never could have existed, and did not exist, under open competition between hundreds and thousands of small firms and individuals. 'Big business' not only has adopted modern methods of production, accounting, marketing, and 'labor-adjusting,' but has developed raw natural resources to the highest degree, bringing forth by-products in profusion out of what under former management had been waste. Through maximum production, which this control fostered, prices have been frequently lowered as compared with prices under competitive conditions. Monopoly, with all it is frequently said to imply, has been a benefactor

to the public as well as to the industry in which it is born.

In the coal-mining industry such a monopoly would have even greater possibilities for good than in most other industries. Present overdevelopment in coal lands has resulted in wasteful dispersion of railroad equipment, increasing the cost of transportation of fuel, and, in times of emergency, cutting down the potential haulage of the roads. Were the coal lands of the country in the hands of a comparatively few well-financed corporations, new lands would be held in reserve while old ones were being developed along modern scientific lines. Without the struggle that now is frequently necessary in the attempt to meet necessary overhead expenses, it would be possible to install permanent equipment needed for economic mining; the operator would know that he could depreciate that equipment on a producing-time, rather than on a largely idle-time, basis, and would not feel the necessity to recover his investment in a year or two.

Such control would also tend to minimize the waste in man-power that accompanies present methods. Introduction of modern machinery would be one factor; but the elimination of hundreds of mines from operation would in itself release thousands of men from the industry for other employment, and at the same time tend to increase the annual working time of those who remained. Conservation would be accomplished also in the selling end of the industry, since duplication of merchandizing forces would be unnecessary.

It is true that, as in other industries, such concentration in a small circle of control of the vast coal resources of the country would carry with it possibili-

ties of evils and dangers; but it is to be doubted whether these would be as great, from the public's standpoint, as would the waste and inadequacy of government control. The public has not forgotten that heatless days and lightless nights were never known outside of federal control of coal, and that they happened then even after war-inconveniences were past. It may have forgotten that it was government interference that gave the union miners a wage-rate which is largely responsible for the present high price of fuel; and that it was government operation of the railroads which brought about freight-rates on coal that are the other real factor in present coal prices. It finds it possible under monopolistic conditions in the petroleum field to buy gasoline at a satisfactory price and with satisfactory service. It has voiced its sentiments in favor of private control of private business, and it stands ready, we believe, to back that expression, if need be, by revoking its presidential choice of 1920 if the present administration fails to deliver on its pledge.

The Government has been far more successful in coping with the evils of private monopolistic tendencies than it has been in attempts at direct control of an industry. In those fields where a few well-financed firms have gained control of the output, — as in Franklin County, Illinois, for instance, — a stability of policy tending toward efficiency is to be noted, as well as a stability of price in what may be called runaway markets. Is it not reasonable to suggest that an expansion of this control, rather than that of Government, may in the end prove the solution of the problem, and result in a real conservation of coal?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY WIFE'S ADDRESS-BOOK

I WONDER whether other women's address-books are like Cynthia's. Hers defies definition: it cannot be indexed or codified, but must be interpreted by its amazing creator. To give an idea of the system by which it has been compiled I must quote a specific instance.

The other day a lady who was calling on my wife inquired whether she could recommend a good laundress.

'Oh, certainly!' cried the practical Cynthia, 'I always keep the names and addresses of everyone who can possibly be useful to anyone. Algernon,' she called out to me as I was trying to read the paper in the next room, 'just look in my book of Social and Domestic Emergencies and tell me Nora Mahoney's address. It is something River Street.'

Obediently I took up the little red book with its alphabetical pages, and turning to the M's, ran my finger down the list, encountering on the way an alien group of P's who had somehow strayed into the wrong fold. There was no Mahoney among them. But I knew some of my wife's mental processes, and, nothing daunted, I turned to the N's, remembering that Cynthia had once dropped the remark that very few of the people she had ever employed seemed to have last names. There was no Nora among the Nightwatchmen, the Nurses, the Nellys, and the Neds. 'Is your name M or N?' I murmured as I abandoned both initials and turned to L for Laundress. Again I was thwarted, but my hunting-blood was stirred, and I feverishly, but vainly, sought the needle of a Nora in the haystack of Hired Help.

'Don't you find it, dear?' inquired Cynthia with a note of gentle surprise. 'Perhaps you had better let me look. You can never seem to learn my system of registration.'

When the mystic volume was in her hands, she appeared to go into a trance, and with eyes closed muttered, 'Let me see now, would it be under W for Washerwoman? No. Perhaps it might be under G for General Housework — don't you remember, Algernon, how cleverly Nora was always able to do things that we did n't want her to do? Here are the G's, — let me see, — Gasman, Gymnasium teacher, Mrs. Gordon, Glove Cleansing, Miss Grant, Oh, here we are! General Housework! Oh, no, that is n't Housework, it's General Houston — don't you remember that delightful man with the military moustache we met in Virginia? He gave me his card, and I just jotted his name down in my address-book. I put him among the G's because I knew that though I might forget his name, I should never forget that he was a General; so here he is, just where he belongs — only, where is Nora?'

She knit her brow for an instant and then unraveled it hastily. 'Now I remember! How stupid of me to forget the workings of my own mind! I always used to think that Nora's name was Agnes, — it's so exactly the same kind of a name, — and I probably put her down under A, thinking that is where I should look for her. Oh, yes, here she is!' she called to her patiently waiting friend. 'She leads off the A's, like Abou Ben Adhem. Nora Mahoney, 18 Brook Street — just what I told you, except that I thought it was River Street.'

A few days after this episode I tried to get Cynthia really to explain her address-book to me so that I might be able to assist others, or myself, in some domestic crisis, if she were away or ill; but she found me very literal and thick-witted.

'You see,' she interpreted, 'if a person has a very marked characteristic that distinguishes him more than his name, of course I put him down under the initial of his idiosyncrasy. For instance, there's that deaf old upholsterer that Aunt Eliza told me about, who comes to the house and does n't hear the awful noise he makes when he hammers. He is entered under D for Deaf Upholsterer, because the image that is flashed into my mind when the chairs need recovering is of a deaf man — the fact that his name is Rosenberg is of minor importance.'

'But you have such a confusing way of mixing names and profession,' I objected. 'For instance, those delightful English people who were so good to us in London, Sir James and Lady Taylor, would be flattered if they could see that right on the heels of Lady Taylor follows, "Ladies' Tailor, seventy-five dollars and not very good!" Then here under M is Mason, A. P., such and such a street. That of course is our old friend Miss Anna, but right under her name is Mason, A, with some business address following.'

'Oh, but A is n't an initial in that case,' cried Cynthia. 'A is just A, you know, *a mason* whose name I don't remember but who was highly recommended by the carpenter that time when the bricks fell out of the chimney! Really, Algernon, you don't seem to be using your mind.'

I was still doggedly turning over the pages, and hardly listened to her. 'Now look here,' I triumphantly exclaimed, 'can you give me any logical reason why under the letter F, I should find

Mrs. Charles B. Redmond, 32 Pineland Road?'

'Why, of course I can!' Cynthia informed me without an instant's hesitation. 'Mrs. Charles Redmond was Fanny Flemming before she was married, and people always speak of her by her maiden name, on account of the aliteration, so I put her down under the initial that brings her to my mind, but of course using the names she is called by. Don't you see?'

I saw, but there were still unplumbed depths of mystery.

'Can you tell me, please,' I asked humbly, 'why there should be flowery beds of E's among the O's, and why a little oasis of blossoms beginning with B should be blooming among the weedy W's? I'm sure there is some perfectly good feminine reason, but —'

'Ah, *there* there is some excuse for you!' Cynthia acknowledged; 'but surely even you must always associate certain letters together for no apparent reason. For instance, perhaps you may have forgotten a name, but you are certain that it begins with a T. Later you remember the name and find that it does n't begin with a T at all, but with an L. Of course, there is some psychological reason why those two letters are associated together in your mind. Now to me, B and W are practically interchangeable, so I have put Mrs. Blake and the Burlingtons and old Miss Bosworth in with the W's, and the Wilkinsons and the Warners are among the B's. It really helps me very much to have them like that, but I can see that it would be confusing to people who had different group associations.'

I closed the little red volume abruptly. 'Oh, well, if your address-book is simply an Intelligence Test —' I began.

But Cynthia interrupted me. 'It is n't an Intelligence Test, it's an Intelligence Office,' she gently explained.

'Well, it's no use, I can't understand

it,' I confessed. 'Your addresses are as safe from me as if they were written in Sanscrit instead of ciphers, and were locked into a safety deposit vault. I have no key that fits, and I don't know the combination.'

'That 's because you 're a man,' my wife pityingly explained. 'There is n't a woman of my acquaintance who does n't do her address-book-keeping on this general plan, but the word that opens the combination is one that no man will ever understand.'

'Thank Heaven there are still the Telephone Book and the Social Register,' I cried, stung by the tone of superiority in Cynthia's voice.

But her last word was yet to be spoken. 'If ever you want to look up your own name in my address-book,' she said very sweetly, 'remember the Parable of the Deaf Upholsterer, and look under S.'

FAMILY PRAYERS

If, as one of the younger generation has remarked, 'Religion is the spiritual stream in which we are all floating or swimming or struggling or sinking,' I can only observe that the temperature of the stream is pleasantly tepid in these days, and that it wanders languidly through a flat and uneventful country. It has come a long way from the icy mountain streams and blue lakes that were its source. Back in my boyhood days, in Brierly, it flowed more swiftly, and the water was colder. Some courage was required to plunge into it, and some agility and skill to keep one's head above the current.

I am reminded of a recent statement made, one Sunday morning, by my sister Tryphena, to the effect that in her youth little boys did not play marbles on the Sabbath; and of the crisp note in the voice of my brother Edward's youngest son — aged seven — as

he stood on tiptoe to reach his bag of marbles from the playroom shelf, and answered: 'Well, Aunt Tryphena, you see things have changed.'

True. Things have changed. Edward is a good, Christian father, and he goes to church every Sunday morning, when it is too warm or too cold or too wet on the links. He does his duty by his children, but I can't imagine him kneeling down by Jack and praying, with tears in his eyes, for light and strength and guidance for them both, and then supplementing prayer with a hickory switch, the way father did when John, who was twelve at the time, and a member of the church, profaned the Sabbath and outraged all Brierly traditions by wearing his new baseball suit on Sunday morning.

Of course, it was a particularly vivid suit. The trousers were red-and-white striped, and the jacket blue with white stars. And John, who knew only too well the result if he were caught in such a costume on the seventh day, climbed out of the window of his room and down over the woodshed roof, to show himself to Frances and Caroline, who were washing breakfast dishes in the kitchen. But one of the neighbors saw him, and strolled over to the front gate to chat with father; and father appeared at the woodshed door — an avenging Nemesis, with the hickory switch in his hand —

Yes, things have changed. There is still plenty of religion abroad in the land, but the faith that most of us hold nowadays is a milder, more comfortable variety than the sort that permeated Brierly when we were growing up. It seems to consist mainly of a vague optimism, combined with a gentle tolerance of all differing creeds that might be mistaken, by a skeptic, for indifference.

We were n't gently tolerant of other

creeds in Brierly. The details of salvation were desperately vital. Baptism and confirmation were ordeals of tremendous significance. Frances ran away when she was seven years old, to attend a Methodist revival, and was converted. On reaching home, she lay awake all night, from joy that her sins were forgiven; and though the older boys and girls, who had just joined our church, felt this to be an unparalleled piece of uppishness on her part, and father and mother insisted on her attending worship with her own family, no one questioned the depth or reality of her experience.

Things have changed, indeed; and who can doubt that they are changing for the better? Yet there was much beauty and sweetness in the religious life of those days, and many memories dear to us older ones that the present generation will never know. Edward's children are being brought up much as we were, with this difference: their badness is transformed into goodness because they love their parents and fear punishment, while our lives were regulated by the fact that we loved God and feared the devil—a very different thing in reality, although it seems to bring about much the same result.

Not that we had any lack of love for our parents. They stood as a firm bulwark between us and the devil, and as intermediaries between us and God. Father made public intercession for us with the Almighty every morning at prayers, and three times daily at grace before meals; and I know that mother's private devotions were unceasing. I never heard her pray aloud except once, when a visiting minister called on her unexpectedly to lead the Wednesday evening service, in prayer. That night she rose, said simply, 'God bless this meeting,' and quietly resumed her seat. I always felt that her silent petitions went fully as far as father's; but

he was the nominal head of the family in matters religious. Every morning, directly after breakfast, he gathered us together in the parlor for family prayers,

We came from the laughter and fun of the breakfast-table into another atmosphere. Father, usually the merriest of us all, was suddenly grave and silent as he took the big family Bible in his hands. The hush that fell over us was accentuated by our being in the parlor; for we lived and played and studied in the 'sitting-room,' and the parlor was reserved for occasions of state. There was, moreover, a constraint born of our uncertainty whether our record for the past twenty-four hours would bear the sight of heaven and the family.

First, each child had to repeat a verse from the Bible. Next, father read aloud from the Scriptures, and then led us in prayer, each of us kneeling before the chair he had previously occupied. Mine was a small carved rosewood one, with a hard haircloth seat. I shut my eyes tight and laid my cheek against it, and tried not to see Edward snuggling into his green tufted cushion.

Father's prayers were really wonderful. In all the time we lived at Brierly, I am sure I never heard him say the same thing twice. And there was more to recommend them than their versatility. They were simple, direct, eloquent. He began by thanking God for the blessings of the day and night that had passed. Next he prayed for the conversion of the Jews, and for the ten tribes of Israel. These duties disposed of, he entered upon the real business of the day. One by one, he took his children by the hand, and led them before the throne of Grace. Our little triumphs were mentioned and our virtues extolled,—though this was always done guardedly, and accompanied by a petition that we might remain free from pride;—and our secret shortcomings were brought unflinchingly to the light.

Frances once told me that she knew the Bible meant father when it said, 'There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed'; and I remember thinking that she was the only one of us who would have dared to say it. But it was with mingled emotions of reverence and relief that we rose from our knees at the close of father's long prayer, and gathered around mother at the piano.

The music was best of all — partly because we all loved it, and partly because it came as a relaxation to minds and muscles after the prayer. On week-days we were limited to one hymn, on account of time; but on Sundays we frequently stood around the piano for an hour, while one 'Gospel Carol' followed another. Sometimes we selected our hymns from mixed motives. Once, after John had been sent upstairs to make his hands fit to be seen, Caroline chose to sing 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow'; and on the morning after the twins were born, my irrepressible Frances suggested: 'More and more, More and more, Still there's more to follow'; but was silenced, for once, by a look from father. Each of us had his favorite, and to this day certain tunes bring back those Sunday mornings with startling clearness, and the singing faces of those boys and girls.

'Pull for the shore, Sailor,' — and I see Gerald and Charlie, one on each side of the piano-stool. 'Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!' — John and Arthur, with their heads close together, singing bass and doing their best to ignore the other parts. 'Rock of Ages,' and Tryphena's face shines out of my memory, sweetly serious, and framed in smooth brown braids. 'Count your blessings' means Caroline's laughing blue eyes and clear soprano, with Edward trying to sing alto and not quite doing it; and whenever, in a Methodist church, I hear 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' I see Frances, true to the creed

of her adoption, singing with all her might. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' is father, with the baby on his left arm, beating time with his right hand; and whenever I hear

'O happy band of pilgrims, if onward ye would tread,

With Jesus as your fellow, to Jesus as your head,'

I see the light shining through the east window, across the old square piano, upon mother's face.

The more I think of it, the surer I am that Edward's children are missing something.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

We talk glibly about the greed of profiteers; but there is a sheep-like streak in the human race, which makes us rather enjoy being exploited. How otherwise can one account for the rapidly increasing commercialization of every phase of human affection and sentiment? For instance, the artful and seductive advertiser has so trained us, that the first thing we think on hearing of a friend's engagement is: 'Good Heavens! What shall I give them for a wedding present?' Half-a-dozen weddings in a family are a serious tax on all but its most opulent members; and though something may be said in favor of the habit of receiving wedding presents, the middle-aged bachelor of either sex can find but few kind words for the custom of giving them.

And when the most beautiful festivals of the Church are exploited by the manufacturers and shopkeepers, it is time to call a halt. What idea of the Christian religion would the hypothetical visitor from Mars gain by strolling through the shopping district of any American town shortly before Easter? Easter bonnets, Easter bunnies, Easter eggs are bad enough; but by the time he came to 'Easter corsets,' it would be hard to convince him that Easter was

not as secular and frivolous a date as April Fool's Day.

Christmas has been even more thoroughly commercialized and desecrated, the better to fill money-bags that are already bursting open. Unfortunately, the money-bags have as their firmest allies the well-meaning folk who indulge in orgies of sentiment over what they sobbingly speak of as the 'Christmas spirit.' The scoffers who go on about sun-myths and Druid ceremonies and such-like entertainments will never hurt the spirit of Christmas; it is so human a quality that, like the rest of us, it can be hurt only by its friends. They who bring the Christmas spirit into disrepute are those admirable monsters of forethought who start during the January sales laying in the stock of their nefarious trade; who during December fill the house with reams of white tissue-paper and miles of red ribbon; who positively exude Christmas stickers and seals and tags and labels; who 'remember' everyone with at least a Christmas card; and whose deepest humiliation it is to be remembered by someone they had themselves forgotten. Their preparations endure up to Christmas Eve, their frenzy increasing as the hour approaches. Yet, when the long-expected day dawns at last, does anyone suppose that these virtuous souls can sit back and enjoy life? Far from it! By that time they are completely submerged in the return avalanche; for, to paraphrase the words of Scripture, to him that giveth shall be given; so the rest of the month is spent in writing and receiving unmeaning letters of hollow thanks.

What a horrid parody of what Christmas should be, might still be, if the admirable self-restraint and self-abnegation and sense of humor of my New Year's friend were more widely followed! I can see my New Year's friend in my mind's eye; not her features, — they

are unfortunately rather vague and undefined, — but her delightfully whimsical and kindly expression, her look of gentle seriousness breaking into a delicious twinkle. She is generous, sensitive, reserved, humorous, and romantic, and it shows in her face. Though I know her so well, I fear that, in a court of law, this description of her would not be admitted as evidence. To tell the truth, all I actually know of my New Year's friend is that for the past four years I have received on that propitious date, either by an unknown messenger or by the minions of the late Mr. Burleson, a New Year's card accompanying a golden eagle or its paper equivalent, together with an admonition that it is to be spent solely on myself. The envelope is addressed in an unfamiliar hand and bears no stationer's stamp, nor is there any other clue to follow up. I spend the enclosure religiously on some useless and beguiling article, which I should otherwise never think of indulging in.

No other present has ever afforded me the pleasure, amusement, and interest of this anonymous gift; and I am convinced that the giver gets almost as much fun out of it as I do. She cannot fail to do so; for, though her gift does not coincide with Christmas, she has the real Christmas spirit, giving with no possibility of thanks, no hope of return. I am glad at last to be able to tell her a little of the pleasure she has given me. Luckily there is no doubt that she will see this, for a person of her unusual qualities of head and heart must be a confirmed reader of the *Atlantic*!

Now, having won the war, and made the world safe for democracy and the cider-mill and unsafe for the League of Nations and the purchaser of wood-alcohol, why cannot we turn to with a will and save Christmas for our descendants by following the methods of my New Year's friend? Our gifts need not take the form of hard cash, and

some of them might even be given at Christmas; but at least let them be anonymous and appropriate, let none be given to get rid of an obligation, or, still worse, of a last year's white elephant. We should give and receive fewer presents, but they would come radiant with the sheer joy of giving. We should be spared the agony of writing mendacious notes of thanks, and the horrible and demoralizing phrase, 'Suitable for Christmas gifts,' would disappear forever from the advertising columns of the daily press.

It is high time we remembered that the Christmas spirit has nothing in common with the gains of profiteers or with crowded shops and overworked saleswomen; still less with the giving of perfunctory and awkward thanks for perfunctory and undesired 'remembrances.' It should be as free as air, as spontaneous as a child's smile; and the gifts it inspires should be as anonymous as the other good things of life.

While we are about it, we might also rescue Easter from the clutches of the milliner, florist, and stationer, the Fourth of July from the exploitation of the gunpowder and fireworks manufacturer. These may seem very minor reforms, but a moment's reflection will show us that the commercialization of our pleasures and social instincts is one of the dangers of the world to-day, and that the reaction to this dimly perceived peril was a strong factor in the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment. Let us leave the Constitution alone in future, and reform ourselves. It can be done: my New Year's friend has shown the way.

WINTER MORNING

In winter-time we go to school;
And every day the motor-bus
Stops at the gate, and waits for us,
All full of children that we know,
Sitting inside, row after row.

It stops and gets them, one by one,
And brings them home when school is
done.

Then there is ice upon the pool
Where lilies grow. The leafless trees
Stand shivering in the winter breeze,
Except where here and there is seen
A cheerful, warm-clad evergreen.

There's one I always like to see.
It stands alone upon a hill
Just like some giant's Christmas tree.
I'd like to see the giant fill
It full of giant toys and light
Big candles on it Christmas night.

But when the world is deep in snow
That sparkles coldly in the sun,
And motor-buses cannot run;
They send a pung with runners wide
And two long seats for us inside.

That is the way I like to go.
The horses prance, and ting-a-ling
The bells upon their harness ring.
The driver cracks his whip, and blows
Steam, like a dragon, through his nose.

The birds look lonely as they fly
Across the solemn winter sky.
I wish they were just half as gay
As happy children in a sleigh.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A. Clutton-Brock, critic of art and lover of gardens, has at the *Atlantic's* request contributed a number of papers on modern dangers and difficulties, varied in their subject, but alike in ascribing to religion the real hope of the future. The secret which brought her consolation at a time of anguish many years ago, and which has ever since been the constant companion of her thoughts, Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon now feels it right to share with others. The record is, of course, faithful to the last detail. The writer of 'Shell-Shocked — and After,' for manifest reasons, prefers to remain unknown. After many actual pilgrimages to the Orient, L. Adams Beck now makes an imaginary one into the heart of the Chinese Empire of other days.

* * *

Margaret Widdemer is a well-known poet of the younger generation. Anne C. E. Allinson, author of 'Roads from Rome' and (with her husband) 'Greek Lands and Letters,' was formerly dean of the Women's College in Brown University. From her girlhood experiences upon her father's Southern plantation, Eleanor C. Gibbs recalls these memories of old-time slaves. Her forebears were kinsmen of another Virginia planter, George Washington. Bertrand Russell, long famous as a mathematician and philosopher, is a grandson of Lord John Russell, the eminent British statesman. Mr. Russell has just returned to London from a winter's stay in China, where he has been teaching at the Government University in Peking.

* * *

This interpretative reading of Shakespeare's letters brings Miss Ellen Terry back for one more curtain call. It is characteristic of her discrimination to find in the Shakespearean field a topic quite unworn. During the war Arthur Pound edited a confidential weekly bulletin of trade and commodity information, issued by the Chief Cable Censor, U.S.N., for the guidance of American naval censors in handling business cable and radio messages. Traces of this training in international trade-practices are evident now and

then in the 'Iron Man' papers. Margaret Wilson Lees is a Canadian essayist.

* * *

We wonder how many readers will remember Agnes Repplier's first two contributions to the *Atlantic*, on 'Children, Past and Present,' and 'On the Benefits of Superstition.' They marked the beginning of the long and delightful series, different in quality and kind from anything else America has to show. Christopher Morley, whose 'Bowling Green' is the sportive element of the New York *Evening Post*, advocates newspaper work because it 'keeps one in such a ferment of annoyance, haste, interruption, and misery, that, occasionally, one gets jolted far enough from the normal to commit something worth while.' William Beebe's new book, 'Edge of the Jungle,' is reviewed in this month's *Atlantic*. Harrison Collins, at present a member of the faculty in one of the Imperial Normal Colleges in Japan, bases his story on an actual experience with Japanese goldfish and fishermen.

* * *

Sir Arthur H. Pollen is, perhaps, the best-known naval critic in the United Kingdom. Our attention was originally called to Sisley Huddleston through the warm recommendation of Mr. Arnold Bennett. Throughout the Paris Conference, his journalistic work seemed to us of the highest importance. Since then *Atlantic* readers have had opportunities to judge it through a number of articles which, once read, are not easily forgotten. Jean Sokoloff, the Scotch widow of a Russian officer, after her recent escape from Petrograd, made a flying visit to American cousins, and has returned to her home in Glasgow. Walter L. Ballou is the associate editor of *The Black Diamond*, the official organ of the Coal Industry.

* * *

At Mr. Pound's request, we are glad to publish the following acknowledgment.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The receipt of the October number, containing the first of my articles on 'The Iron Man,' brought forcibly to my mind the absorption with which I must have been vacationing when you wrote me

in August of your decision to run the 'Education' and 'International Politics' articles ahead of the 'War.' Otherwise, I am sure I should not have failed, at the outset, to acknowledge gratefully my indebtedness to an unusual man for valuable material.

Mutual friends, knowing my absorption in industrial problems, brought me into touch a year ago with Ernest F. Lloyd of Ann Arbor, Michigan. After some thirty years as a manufacturer of gas-making machinery, and as a public-utility operator supplying gas to several towns, Mr. Lloyd had acquired, as he says philosophically, 'sufficient worldly credit to forego business with decency untainted by affluence.' He took up his residence at Ann Arbor, entering the University of Michigan as a special student in economics. Thereby he reversed the usual educational process, and was able to check theory by practice, and *vice versa*. Starting from the firm base of experience, he studied acutely the problems of capital and labor, especially those underlying economic principles affecting the organization of employers and wage-workers, their bargaining powers and limitations of reward, the historical development of these relations, the influences of modern machinery thereon, and the status of the corporation as the modern industrial employer. These researches ultimately may be published for textbook use in colleges; some have already appeared in academic journals.

Meanwhile Mr. Lloyd kindly gave me free use of his manuscripts, and I have based the economic aspects of 'The Iron Man' largely upon them. On the political, psychological, biological, and educational aspects of the case, my friend will admit no more than a friendly interest, though his keen criticism has been invaluable even there. However, in his special field our articles are really collaborations, in which my observations in the field have been tested in the Lloyd crucible before being passed on to the public via the *Atlantic*. Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR POUND.

* * *

Mrs. Cannon's frank expression of misgiving regarding the organization of present-day charity has been seriously debated all over the United States. The Associated Charities of several cities have made it the subject of discussion at stated meetings; and letters from charitable workers, both in support and in attack, have poured in on us. We are sorry to find room for only a few.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Cannon's article contains many wise and helpful suggestions, but contains also a pretty serious indictment against the philanthropy of the past thirty years. The author characterizes it as short-sighted and unintelligent, reluctant to coöperate, and apt to be too superficial and selfish to seek the real good of the community, when that implies self-effacement.

He would be a bold man who should affirm

that there are no so-called philanthropists whose work is open to these charges, but are they the representative men and women of this calling? If you have charges to make against the medical profession, for instance, you would not select the tyros, the quacks, or the practitioners before the time of Lister, to illustrate your point. A profession has a right to be judged by its best — its great men and the humble but earnest followers who are striving to live up to their ideals.

The philanthropy of the last thirty years means Jane Addams, Josephine Shaw Lowell, and the thousands of men and women who are spending their lives, like them, in the struggle to bring scientific methods and the profoundest teachings of modern philosophy into the study of human betterment. To private philanthropy we owe to-day most of the public work in that direction. Evening schools, vacation schools, supervised play, the fight against tuberculosis — all these movements and many others were tried out in philanthropic laboratories, and handed over to the city or state after their value and practicability had been proved. Surely 'tenderness and pity' are not incompatible with 'reasoning intelligence'! Sincerely yours,

HELEN CABOT ALMY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please permit one of your readers to pay his respects to 'Philanthropic Doubts,' the leading article in your September number. Naturally, as the work of an accomplished thinker and writer, it is delightful reading; probably no less delightful that one finds, instead of 'doubts,' a confident argument in support of quite definite views. This, perhaps, opens the way to an expression of some doubts touching those views. For example:

1. How will this strike the philanthropists?
2. Are reformed philanthropists the key to improved government and the ideal social condition?
3. Assuming that, when shown the error of their ways, they will refrain from further contributions and aid to charitable undertakings, will the philanthropists pour their charity funds into the coffers of the State, and devote to the State their energies hitherto given to philanthropic undertakings?
4. How does it stand with sound principles of government to attempt to make of the State — the community in its corporate, governmental capacity — a universal providence? N.B. Russia under Bolshevism.
5. Can there be an ideal social condition without ideal human beings?
6. Does democratic government seem to be in a fair way to become the perfect, final form of government, and a hopeful agency for bringing the millennium?

RUTHERFORD H. PLATT.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Social workers have no quarrel with the person who wishes to lift himself by his boot-straps and who refuses a friendly boost by the philanthropist. Such people rarely sit in a Charity office, and if they do, their visit is only an occasional one. Social workers merely supply the knowledge and incentive for self-fulfillment to those people who, through poverty, have grown stolid, hopeless,

and indifferent. Rarely is pressure brought to bear upon a man in order to make him docile to the wishes or caprice of the philanthropist. Health decisions are practically the only ones ever forced, and these, for the most part, only when the welfare of a child is at stake. As to the philanthropist's influence upon the people with whom he deals, that is impossible to measure. Perhaps, as Mrs. Cannon says, the majority of our clients 'act upon our advice if they must, they disregard it if they can, but they preserve untouched the inner citadel of their personality.' This, however, is no indictment against the philanthropist, but against human nature. God forbid that any of us should fling wide to all comers the inner gates of our personality!

Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE SYTZ.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Perhaps I may be permitted to speak a word for the Settlements, which are included in the alleged 'perfect orgy of charitable activity' in which philanthropists are said to have indulged for the past thirty years. The Settlements have consistently endeavored to avoid the dangers of philanthropic work against which the author rightly inveighs. From the very first they have tried to become an integral part of their neighborhood. An attitude of condescension is as abhorrent to them as to Mrs. Cannon. A cardinal principle of settlement work has been to seek the coöperation of their neighbors in improving local conditions. Their aim, as it was put long ago, I believe by Jane Addams, has been to work *with* and not *for* people. I think it can safely be said that they are not hampered by the 'philanthropists' first handicap' — that of making their 'human contacts on the basis of infirmities, poverty, ignorance, sin, never on the basis of any mutual interest or responsibility.' It is precisely on the basis of mutual interest and responsibility that they seek to make their contacts with their neighbors. Again, the Settlements have all along been trying to pass over to the tax-payers some of their experiments in the promotion of social welfare as have proved of permanent value. Mrs. Cannon concedes that certain 'social pioneers' have done essential work, and that, 'in so far as charitable societies catch the spirit of these adventures and hold the ideal of their own labor as pioneering, they do a vital work, and in the future as in the past, will be essential to social progress.' Without, I trust, assuming too much, Settlement residents may take heart from this admission, for they have thought (modestly, I hope) that such pioneering was an important part of their work, and they believe that the time is not yet come for them to shut up shop. As a matter of fact, modern social workers, like the members of the medical profession, are really intent upon putting themselves out of business, but, like the doctors again, they have not yet achieved this desirable end. Let us not neglect the extension and improvement of public-welfare agencies, while, for the present at least, we maintain such private philanthropies as are serving the community. Very truly yours,

GAYLORD S. WHITE.

Oh, the crimes of the Intellect!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The popularity of the *Atlantic* with wide-ranging peoples was demonstrated recently, when our house was entered in the night-time, and, along with food-stuffs, safety-razor, flash-light, and sundry kitchen vessels, the August and September *Atlantics* were taken, with a reading-glass.

Respectfully yours, HENRY A. BLAKE.

* * *

Our readers seem to think, since there is a woman in the case, that twelve hundred, and not twelve, is the requisite number for a jury. From the full panel we have selected one for the body of the magazine, and here is another for the Column.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your story 'The Jury' intrigues me. It recalls by its unannounced verdict *The Lady or the Tiger*?

It is not easy to determine the exact nature of the plea. There is no prosecution and there is not a suggestion of a defense. It is not quite a petition for pardon with restoration of civil rights. The guilty person — I beg her pardon, the heroine — is not a petitioner of any sort; only, as always, a recipient of unrequited favors. The question seems to be: shall other benefactors rush in to fill a temporary vacancy, her late 'protector' having been removed by death?

The principal speaker's status is not quite clear. Is it that of the *amicus curiæ* of the civil, or of the *advocatus diaboli* of the ecclesiastical court, or just 'your orator' of the old court of equity? She herself is, however, sufficiently convincing. And how admirable are her accessories! The first cigarette that she lights seems to dispel all illusions as to old-fashioned social conventions. The second seems to symbolize the weakened will-power that over-indulgence produces. And then the bridge table! It seems symbolic of the ennui of the unoccupied time of the 'idle rich.'

Surely there can be no question as to the verdict. One seems to hear the unanimous cry: 'Tell Violet Osborne to return. The seventh commandment is out of date. No one can expect a rich woman to care for her children. We take no stock in this talk about "much being required from those to whom much has been given."'

But might not the whole company be persuaded to join Violet Osborne 'abroad,' and make room here for a few more who want to vindicate for America a moral supremacy in meeting the needs of a world wrecked by selfishness and self-indulgence? Very truly yours,

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

* * *

The clergy of the old school kept their sermons in barrels. But now — ?

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You are always glad, I know, to hear how useful you are. Even your wrappers are of use — for sermon-covers. I'm sure the sermons acquire a literary quality they might not otherwise possess.

Practical, too; for each manuscript bears my name and address; you can appreciate the importance of that. One, which I had left by mistake in a strange pulpit, I had returned to me the other day by mail. Sincerely yours,

A. D. SWIVELY.

* * *

In the September number of the *Atlantic*, Mr. Newton, discussing his delightful Old Lady, London, made something of a whipping-post of old Thomas Carlyle. The editor, who has loved the cantankerousness of Teufelsdröch for forty years, gladly prints this letter from an indignant disciple.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the September *Atlantic* the author of the *Amenities of Book-Collecting* slipped from amenities in interrupting his tale of love for 'My Old Lady, London' to express some misinformation about Carlyle.

Our amenitor was treading in Carlyle's footsteps in searching out the Gough Square house: and if he proceeds, he may find other points of agreement. His specific charge is this: 'Carlyle! who never had a good or kindly word to say of any man or thing.' Carlyle has lain in his grave for forty years. When Johnson had lain in his grave for forty-seven years, Carlyle wrote of him: 'Johnson does not whine over his existence, but manfully makes the most and best of it. . . . He is animated by the spirit of the true workman, resolute to do his work well; and he *does* his work well; all his work, that of writing, that of living. . . . Loving friends are there! Listeners, even Answerers: the fruit of his long labors lies round him in fair legible writings, of Philosophy, Eloquence, Morality, Philology: some excellent, all worthy and genuine Works: for which too, a deep, earnest murmur of thanks reaches him from all ends of his Fatherland. Nay, there are works of Goodness, of undying Mercy, which even he has possessed the power to do: "What I gave I have; what I spent I had!" . . . How to hold firm to the last the fragments of old Belief, and with earnest eye still discern some glimpses of a true path, and go forward thereon, "in a world where there is much to be done and little to be known"! This is what Samuel Johnson, by act and word, taught his Nation; what his Nation received and learned of him, more than of any other. . . . If England has escaped the blood-bath of a French Revolution, and may yet, in virtue of this delay and of the experience it has given, work out her deliverance calmly into a new Era, let Samuel Johnson, beyond all contemporary or succeeding men, have the praise of it. . . . Since the time of John Milton, no braver heart had beat in any English bosom than Samuel Johnson now bore.'

Better or kindlier words concerning Sam Johnson it will tax the *Amenities of Book-Collecting* to discover.

But enough. Good and kindly words; great, affectionate thoughts Carlyle had for Scott, for Sterling, for Irving, for Elliott, the Corn-Law

Rhymer, for Allan Cunningham, for Dickens, for Tennyson, for Emerson, and had their sincere and lasting love — contemporaries all; and the list might be extended indefinitely.

MERRITT STARR.

* * *

Into each life some rain must fall. The poems penned in wet weather have not infrequently a certain melancholy appeal.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I submit herewith an 'Il Penseroso' for that 'L'Allegro' entitled 'Joy' in the October number of your revered publication. Shall we call it

SADNESS

When I am sad
There seems to be
A big Dreadnaught
Inside of me.

It sags, and drags
Down to my feet;
And yet I lose
No chance to eat.

From my sub-con-
scious mind doth come
(Down in my ep-
I-gas-tri-um)

A 'What care I,
Though there should be
A fleet of woe
Inside of me?

For may I not
Of such a toy
At once disarm,
And so find joy?

Very truly yours,

KATE E. PARKER.

* * *

We always did like a pessimist. He has a way of looking the world right in the eye. But the editor's family is too considerable to admit of his accepting the following proposal.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Am wondering whether you will be interested in a 3000-word article on 'Must Human Propagation Continue?' In a thorough discussion of the subject I suggest the thought that the numerous troubles in the world will cease, and its great problems be solved, only by a cessation of multiplication, sorrow and death be at an end, and the earth itself be better off without human beings. Very truly yours,

The same mail brings us a contribution entitled 'The Horrors of Matrimony'; but that — as we might have guessed, even if the note-paper had not told us so — is by a member of the League for the Preservation of Wild Life.